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A MEMOIR

OF

BARON BUNSEN.

VOL. II.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
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H. Adlard. Sc.

Bunsen

JULY. 1860.

FROM A PORTRAIT, BY ROSTING PAINTED AT BONN.

A MEMOIR

OF

BARON BUNSEN

LATE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AND ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY
OF HIS MAJESTY FREDERIC WILLIAM IV, AT THE
COURT OF ST. JAMES.

DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM FAMILY PAPERS BY HIS WIDOW

FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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1868.

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ERRATA.

Page 80, line 6, *for* Casheobury *read* Cassiobury.
Page 129, line 15, *for* Foster *read* Forster.

MEMOIRS

OF

BARON BUNSEN.

CHAPTER XI.

BUNSEN AS PRUSSIAN MINISTER IN LONDON.

CARLTON TERRACE—KING OF PRUSSIA'S VISIT TO ENGLAND—RECEPTION AT WINDSOR — OPENING OF PARLIAMENT — ILLNESS OF BUNSEN — LORD STANHOPE—LAMBETH—OXFORD FIRES ON THE QUEEN—CAMBRIDGE—DEATH OF ARNOLD—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS—GERMAN 'HYMN BOOK'—NORWICH — THE GURNEYS—DRAYTON MANOR—HERSTMONCEAUX—JOURNEY TO BERLIN — THE GERMAN HOSPITAL—RECEPTION BY THE KING—PRINCE OF PRUSSIA—THE 'ORESTEIA'—EMPEROR OF RUSSIA GOES TO ENGLAND—RETURNS TO LONDON—TOUR IN ENGLAND WITH THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA—CORRESPONDENCE WITH HARE.

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THE concluding days of the year 1841 were marked by the journey of Bunsen's family to rejoin him; it was performed without difficulty or hindrance, in weather unusually mild and favourable. They were received by Bunsen on the 6th January, at the Tower Stairs, and conducted to a place of abode almost appalling in the palace-like effect produced, so wholly alien to the conceptions of a home entertained by either the inexperienced or the mature portion of the party. That Bunsen should have engaged the beautiful mansion of Lord Stuart de Rothesay was thoroughly well-judged, as the character of the house tacitly assumed for its occupant the position which he instinctively felt to be

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indispensable, under present circumstances, even though his predecessors had taken up their abode in very inferior situations.

In the picture of the life of Bunsen in the beginning of his residence in England, recourse will be had to extracts from letters to a beloved mother, which were preserved by her, and form the sole written record of that time.

In the present case, as in many previous ones, much scruple is felt in introducing matter irrelevant to Bunsen's inner life, and to the more serious views, and objects, and interests, of his outward existence: but it was one of his own maxims, variously worded but always acted upon, that without the knowledge and consideration of the surrounding scene and its bounding horizon, a just view cannot be taken either of a man's state of mind or of his course of action. With deep regret it is felt that during the entire period of Bunsen's residence in London his own letters are comparatively scarce, because he was rarely and exceptionally parted from her to whom he failed not to furnish a journal of thought and of action when at a distance. Besides which, politics having become in England the predominant occupation of Bunsen, and being necessarily excluded from these Memoirs (except where contemporary mention casually occurs in any of the passages extracted), there is not more but less to be reported of these maturer years than of those of his first period of private and public life.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Carlton Terrace: Sunday, 2nd January, 1842.

. . . I have to announce two pieces of news,—the first, that Fanny has *set out*, with all the children, all well, in fine weather, on the 28th. . . .

Now the second. The Duke of Sutherland has written to me the most touching letter. They have taken such a fancy

to Henry that they want *him* and nobody else to conduct the education of Lord Stafford. Of course I have sent the letter immediately to Henry, leaving the decision so entirely to him, as not even to offer an opinion,—only proposing to him to communicate the whole without delay to Mr. Pusey. As soon as I have the letter back, you shall see it, or have a copy. Nothing can be more pressing, more delicate, more honourable, than the whole of it. I myself scarcely have an opinion about the matter: and as in my estimation nothing in this world has an absolute value, and everything has only a relative one in so far as it can be brought within the compass of a rational plan of life, based upon duty, and the true consciousness of this world's nothingness,—I can have none, till I know how Henry himself feels about it. Thank God, that duty, and real improvement of mind and soul, always have been the leading motives of his conduct.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

9th January, 1842.

This is Sunday evening. I have rejoiced to attend the church service at St. James's Church, and to have made a commencement of reading with the children and their father in the morning; else there was little in the day like a Sunday. . . . I received lines which gratified me by kindness, but not in attributing to me sentiments which are not mine. I am supposed to be happy in being here. Now, I am aware of but two causes of happiness,—the being with my husband, and near my mother: all the rest forms a change for the worse; my comfort is, that neither I nor Bunsen have sought or wished this splendid misery, and therefore, what is in the way of Providence must be right. I trust God may grant me a home on my native soil, though how the necessary ingredients should come together in London, I am at a loss to conceive. I am so home-sick after the Hubel, that I can hardly look at my elder girls; none of them complain, but their faces show the depression produced by this gloomy change, from everything they could want and enjoy, to *nothing* enjoyable. This state of things cannot fail to mend; meanwhile, it will do me good to have given vent to the suppressed distress. . . . As to this house, you must

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not pity us; I never was in so warm a one, except Pusey. A letter I received at Berne protested against the houses on Carlton Terrace as ruinous in point of rent: that touches us not, as the Government is willing to incur the expense. Another letter declares, they go a-begging, nobody desiring to have them. Independently of either statement, the situation is to me invaluable. Two days ago the sky was clear, and I saw the prospect across the Park to Westminster Abbey, and had the sun the greater part of the day on the windows; and the quiet is delightful—we scarcely hear the wheels of carriages, as there is no thoroughfare. If I have shown myself, as I was, depressed, it was by the serious change from the independence of the most perfect country situation, to the darkness of a London winter, and the slavery of a London life. I neither felt nor intended any complaint of the house.

19*th January*.—Yesterday morning, the 18th, Bunsen embarked on board the Firebrand to meet and fetch the King; but the vessel did not depart by the morning tide—I hope it did by the evening. George arrived in time to see his father, who has taken him with him.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Tuesday, 18th January: on board the Firebrand.

Here I am, in the comfortable cabin of the most comfortable of ships; but we cannot stir, first on account of the dense fog, then because a boiler which was about to burst did burst exactly at the right moment, when all hands were ready for repairs! Nobody knows when we start, but I suppose not before the evening tide. Never mind! I am reading, writing, talking, and thinking, very comfortably, and therefore also of you. . . . We have already made out an expedition to Brügge and Ghent, if we arrive at Ostend in good time.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

On Saturday, the 22nd, I drove to Greenwich, having a card of invitation to witness the King's landing, at the Admiral's house (as well as Neukomm, who was with me), through Lord Haddington. Before the King arrived, I had

much pleasure in seeing Lady Stopford and her daughter, pleasing like all Stopfords that I know; and in being recognised by Lady Bloomfield, the only person not a stranger to me, except Lord and Lady Haddington and Lord Westmoreland. The King's landing and reception were delightful to behold. The sudden appearance of the much-watched-for steamer, the rapid lowering of the flag with the Black Eagle, and as rapid hoisting on the light boat in which the King and his attendants were conveyed to the stairs, leading from the water's edge to the terrace, to which we all descended to see the entrance, in quick procession, of the King and Prince Albert, by a lane formed through the solid mass of life, assembled to behold and applaud. He entered and greeted the Admiral graciously, but declined coming up to the drawing-room (where refreshments were prepared), as he was in haste to proceed to Windsor Castle with Prince Albert. However, being informed that the Princess Sophia of Gloucester was among the assembled ladies, he declared that he could not depart without speaking to her,—but would not commit the disrespect of appearing before a lady of the Royal Family in his morning coat; and in spite of the assurances of Prince Albert that change of dress was totally unnecessary, the King's valet received orders to take out the evening coat, and, thus attired, the King came upstairs, and in his short but cordial greeting to the Princess, gave the party further opportunity of seeing him, before he proceeded, attended by the whole suite, including Bunsen, who was invited to Windsor Castle for the whole time of the King's stay. . . . On Wednesday, the 26th, Bunsen wrote to give the earliest notice that a formal invitation would be sent to me for Friday, 28th, to stay at Windsor Castle till Saturday morning,—on which Saturday the King would be pleased to take luncheon in this house (4 Carlton Terrace),—when such persons would be invited as would not otherwise be seen by the King at all, or not as much as he might wish. On Thursday, Bunsen was at home for an hour or two, in the course of which time visits took place from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, whom I was glad to see, but wished gone, wanting instructions, as I did, as to the invitations I was to write and send. On the Friday, I was at work till it was time to drive to the railway,

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taking up Bunsen by the way at Sir Robert Peel's, whither he had attended the King, who had accepted a luncheon there. We were quartered in the York Tower, the apartment most complete and comfortable,* the rooms all grouped together. Proceeding along the corridor as soon as dressed, we soon met Lord Delaware and the Duchess of Buccleuch, and were directed where to go, that is, to walk to the end of the corridor (a fairy scene, lights, pictures, busts, and moving figures of courtiers unknown), and then through one splendid room after another, till we reached the magnificent ballroom, where guests were assembled to await the Queen's appearance. Among these guests stood the King himself, punctual to half-past seven. Soon after came Prince Albert, to whom Lord Delawarr named me: he said, 'You were long in Rome. I have been in your house at Rome.' We had not stood long, when two gentlemen, walking in, and then turning, with profound bows towards the open door, showed that the Queen was approaching. She came near at once where I stood; the Duchess of Buccleuch named me, and she said with a gracious, beaming smile, 'I am pleased to see you;' then, after a few moments' speaking to the King, she took his arm and moved on, 'God save the Queen' having begun to sound at the same moment from the Waterloo Gallery, where the Royal dinner has always taken place since the King has been here. Lord Haddington led me to dinner. The scene was such as fairy-tales describe, in magnificence. The fine proportions of the hall, the mass of light from above, subdued by thick plates of ground-glass with cut devices, the gold plate on the table, and the side-tables glittering with the thousands of reflected lights, all hung at a proper height above the eye—nothing was wanting but a little more youth and beauty among the ladies to make the spectacle complete: only Miss Cavendish (now Countess Cawdor) I thought pretty. The King's health was drunk as soon as the ice had been carried round, and then Her Majesty rose and departed, fol-

* These indications of the truly royal hospitality of Windsor Castle have been inserted in contradistinction to the well-known recollections of the correspondent, relating to the order of things in the provisional royal residence called the Queen's Lodge, in the time of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, in the years 1784 to 1787.

lowed by all the ladies. As soon as the King, with Prince Albert, came, the ball began, the Queen making the King dance in a quadrille with herself, which he did with suitable grace and dignity, though he had long given up dancing, and though his figure is not good. It was as pretty a ball as could be seen, because everybody danced well, and had ample space in which to move. Nothing obliging that could be done, towards myself, was omitted. . . . My impression of the Queen's deportment is that it is perfect in grace and dignity: she conversed eagerly with the King, laughing heartily (no *company* laugh) at things he said to entertain her. At half-past eleven, she retired, gracefully bowing to everybody; and I set out on my travels towards my bedchamber, Bunsen being bound first to follow the King. I might have wandered far before I found my door of exit, had I not been directed by a kind old gentleman—I believe it was Lord Albemarle.

As we expected the King in Carlton Terrace, we could not remain for the ten o'clock breakfast of the ladies in waiting, but obtained all we wanted in our own rooms, and reached London by the eight o'clock train. Great was the fatigue, and greater the anxiety of getting all things ready, and as far as possible right. In the impossibility of knowing whether all turned out well or not (for those in the heat and heart of the engagement know little but what happens close to themselves) I will hope the best; and at least I am sure the object was attained of the King's seeing, as he desired, many who otherwise could not have had access to him. After the luncheon the King came up to the drawing-room, and there was pleased to notice those younger children of mine who had not before been in his presence, besides two sons grown up, and by degrees the guests; among others (not to name many Germans), Carlyle the historian, Dr. Arnold from Rugby, and Archdeacon Hare, were brought up to him by Bunsen. Moscheles having been commissioned by the King to purchase for him a pianoforte of Erard's, it had been brought to this house for him to hear, and Moscheles was invited to display its powers. A short movement was played by Moscheles and Neukomm on pianoforte and organ, and we wished the King could have heard more of that; but the time was short at best for all that had to be brought into

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it, and was in part occupied by an audience granted to two Dutch statesmen, who came unexpectedly.

On Monday, January 31, I was at Stafford House, where the King accepted an invitation to dinner from the Duke and Duchess, whose manner of receiving me was in harmony with their letters, and that is saying all. After the Duchess had granted me more words, and moments, at first entrance, than I should have deemed it possible for her to spare, she presented me to the Duchess of Gloucester, by whom I was greeted as 'the daughter of her old friend;' then to Lady Elizabeth, whom I found charming even beyond the idea that I had formed of her, as everything really good always is. I was taken to dinner by Lord John Russell, whom I found a very agreeable neighbour, in no common way: he is one of the persons with whom it is possible to get directly out of the emptiness of phrases. The appearance of the house was wonderfully beautiful, the staircase in particular, where a band played all the evening, concluding with a composition of Prince Radziwill's, never before performed in England, as a mark of attention to the King. The Duke of Sussex invited me to the luncheon he was to give on the following day to the King. The way to Kensington Palace was lined by school-children with flags, and a vast crowd of people. I was received first by the Duke of Sussex himself, and he took me into the library to the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia, who greeted me most kindly, and made me sit between them; when afterwards they rose to speak to somebody else, I took the opportunity of gliding away and placing myself at a modest distance. Lord Lansdowne came up to speak to me, and persons without end—there is nothing like standing within the Bude-light of royalty to make one conspicuous, and sharpen perceptions and recollections! At table I sat down between Humboldt and Lord Palmerston, whom I found very ready to converse. The Duke's speech to the King was, I hear, accurately given in the 'Morning Post.' The King, on being asked by the Duke for the toast, gave—'To the greatest, most illustrious, and most amiable lady—great by her vast dominions, her ancient descent, and most of all by the qualities of her heart and mind—to the health of Queen Victoria!' This was the sense—the words may not be accurate. The moment the

dinner was over a vast silver ewer made its appearance, which the Duke of Sussex took, and, rising, presented it to the King, who dipped his napkin in the rose-water, starting up with a demonstration of horror at being so served, and, most dexterously taking the ewer from the Duke, offered it to him in return, after which it was carried round to each guest. The whole was an animated fête, admirably arranged —the Duke's colossal Highlander adding originality, if not charm, to the whole, by perambulating the dinner-table at the close with his deafening bagpipe—the more bewildering in its effects from the smallness of the space between the backs of the guests and the wall, the dining-chamber being small for the number of the party. Leaving the Duke of Sussex's at six, I dressed again at ten for the Duke of Wellington's fête to the King. Music was provided—the selection irrational, as consisting only of commonplace pieces, such as the King might often have heard, besides a composition of Lord Westmoreland's, poor Miss Adelaide Kemble and other good singers straining their voices to be heard above the buzz of the company, and the unequalled tones of Dragonetti and Lindley degraded to mere accompaniment. The Duke's house shows the want of female superintendence—it is cold and windy.

On Wednesday, February 2, the King's visit to Lambeth was perhaps the most suitable and most agreeable to him of any that he has yet made. The magnificent building, the historical recollections, the perfection of style, well understood, the company so properly chosen—bishops and clergy, and few besides, no ladies but one near relation of Mrs. Howley and Mrs. Blomfield: everything pleased the King, and he enjoyed himself, and sat after luncheon was over, some time, talking to the Archbishop. He took leave of Lord Ashley most kindly, saying he must come and visit him at Berlin. At six I got home, and at ten dressed for the Duchess of Cambridge's, where the King had dined, and whither he returned after midnight, having enjoyed in the meantime the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' and a most heart-cheering reception. . . .

On Thursday, February 3, was the opening of Parliament, —the great scene from which I had expected most, and was not disappointed. The throngs in the streets, in the windows,

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in every spot where foot could stand—all looking so pleased—the splendid Horse Guards, the Grenadier Guards—of whom it might be said, as the King did on another occasion, 'an appearance so fine, you know not how to believe it true'—the Yeomen of the Body-Guard; then, in the House of Lords, the Peers in their robes, the beautifully dressed ladies, with many, many beautiful faces; last, the procession of the Queen's entry, and herself, looking worthy and fit to be the converging point of so many rays of grandeur. It is self-evident that she is not tall; but were she ever so tall, she could not have more grace and dignity, a head better set, a throat more royally and classically arching: and one advantage there is in her not being taller, that when she casts a glance, it is of necessity upwards and not downwards, and thus the effect of the eyes is not thrown away—the beam and effluence not lost. The composure with which she filled the throne, while awaiting the Commons, was a test of character—no fidget and no apathy. Then, her voice and enunciation could not be more perfect. In short, it could not be said that *she did well*, but she *was* the Queen; she was, and felt herself to be, the acknowledged chief among grand national realities. Placed in a narrow space behind Her Majesty's mace-bearers, and peeping over their shoulders, I was enabled to hide and subue the emotion I felt, in consciousness of the mighty pages in the world's history, condensed in the words, so impressively uttered in the silver tones of that feminine voice. Peace and war—the fate of millions—relations of countries—exertions of power felt to the extremities of the globe—alteration of corn laws—the birth of a future Sovereign, mentioned in solemn thankfulness to Him in whose hands are nations and rulers! With what should one respond, but with the heartfelt aspirations, 'God bless and guide her! for her sake, and the sake of all?'

The King had expressed the wish of being accompanied or followed by Bunsen to Berlin, to make an opportunity for the conversations for which no time was found during the sojourn in England; but he gave up the project, as it became clear to him that Bunsen's presence, if elsewhere desirable, was now, in the beginning of his fixed position, indispensable *in London*.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

London: Monday, 14th February, 1842.

The complication of Bunsen's illness, following directly on the King's departure, has only increased the difficulty of mastering contending elements, and of spending time according to any plan, determination, or inclination. He is all at once better, sooner than I expected, from the degree of fever and cough: the difficulty will be to prevent his being again harassed and over-excited, for the late indisposition had no other cause. Coughs are the rule in the house—myself as yet the exception, although I live in a sort of fever, not comprehending how I can go on, whirling round the circle with a sensation as though I must drop at last. To-day I feel cooler, but then I always am so on Monday, after Sunday quiet and comfort. The bright moments of last week were those of seeing Lady Frances Sandon, Lady Emily Pusey, and Madame de St. Aulaire—and I have also seen other persons with whom I was glad to renew my acquaintance. On Saturday evening, the 12th, we had the great indulgence of having the music of the Holy Week (as Neukomm arranged the ancient compositions, Roman and German, to the materials combined by Bunsen) performed in our own house, by a small number of good voices (Germans and Danes) sought out by Neukomm and Moscheles. It was droll to see Sir Benjamin Hall walk in,—in the midst of a performance which might not have been supposed to interest him: however, he seemed pleased with what he heard, and afterwards went in next door to Lady Palmerston's, whither we also had been invited—but Bunsen had been in bed till the preceding day, and was quite unfit to go out. On Friday evening I enjoyed the Oratorio of 'Solomon,' taking the two girls: instead of going to Lady Lansdowne's, for which omission Bunsen's illness was sufficient ground of excuse.

Bunsen to Miss Davenport Bromley.

London (4 Carlton Terrace): 15th February, 1842.

Imagine that Neukomm has contrived to find *ten* most excellent professional performers, Moscheles at their head, who

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executed here the other evening the whole music of the Passion Week—and so much to their own delight as well as ours, that they have offered to repeat the performance on March 4. It was so like *Rome*, and like *home!* Since that day I begin to feel at home in our beautiful house.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

22nd February, 1842.

Were it possible to overcome and manage the incongruous mass that presses down one's very soul, how many are the persons and things, the best and most interesting, to be found in London! But one has but one life, and the day and hour cannot be made to carry double and treble. My internal ejaculation is daily—*how long?*—when shall I get out, and get the children out of a place in which I feel not that we ever can *live* what can be called life? And first and foremost, when can I get Bunsen out?—for he will not be himself again without country-air, sea-air, and quiet.

Thursday, 3rd March.—On Monday, the last day of February, we had a most agreeable dinner-party at Lord Stanhope's—just what is enjoyable, few persons and much conversation. Lady Wilhelmina is a very fine creature, and also a very agreeable converser, full of intelligence and information: but I was not prepared for the genius which her drawings denote—original groups from tales, from history, from an imagined cycle of events in a female existence, beginning with babyhood, to old age and death:—from opera scenes, not servilely adhering to theatrical representation, but giving human beings with human reality of feeling—from ballads, in part finely illuminated; extraordinary and individual conceptions of beauty, expression without distortion, and a degree of correctness of outline and proportion very rare even among professors of the art—at the same time no scrawling and blotting to hide defects, no colour or shadow to give effect: pen and sepia outlines neatly finished, in the manner of Flaxman, only—not like the antique—her subjects and costume are of the middle ages. No subject had she treated that was not a good subject, no quotation written by the side that was not poetical. I was very glad to make Lady Mahon's acquaintance—an engaging being, intelligent, conversible, naturally gay, giving the impression of a mind and

character as well proportioned as her face and figure. . . . I have not yet seen more than two or three sketches by Miss Stuart, because the house at Whitehall which she and Lady Stuart now occupy is undergoing repair, and the portfolios had not yet been brought thither: but the little I saw gave token of the highest order of talent—as her Grecian outline and eye of soul displays a style of beauty still more refined: not to speak disparagingly of the first-named, whom I truly admire: but Rubens is not Raphael. . . .

19*th March*.—To-day we were invited to Lambeth, where the Queen will take luncheon with the Archbishop and Mrs. Howley. Her visiting Lambeth is, it seems, a novelty. Mrs. Howley said, 'We have to thank the King of Prussia for this distinction.' All turned out well,—the Queen was very gracious, and seemed pleased: the whole was beautifully arranged, with luxury of flowers and plants. The Queen noticed Sir Robert and Lady Peel more especially,—she came up to the latter first, before she spoke to any other lady: and returned to her after bowing round the circle.

We are to go to Lord Bexley's, Foot's Cray Place, in Kent, on Easter Tuesday; this was the third invitation, and I am glad Bunsen has accepted it, because rest and country air are much needed by him.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.]

London: Downing Street: 13th March, 1842.

I write these lines in the antechamber, while I am waiting, and can thus reply to your dear letter most literally by return of post. You have heartily scolded me, but still with affection, and, according to appearances, you were in the right. Your former letter arrived just when the King was here—but with yours came legions of other papers, and when three weeks ago I began (after a short illness brought on by over-exertion) to arrange them, I had first, about a hundred letters to the King to reply to, according to his directions, which I completed only the day before yesterday—and then, your letter could not be found! neither by myself nor my wife. So, in the quiet of to-morrow (Sunday), a new hunt shall be made.

Thus stands the case—I could not answer what I had not

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read—I could not read what was mislaid: and for the mislaying there were 'circonstances atténuantes,' which I beg you, like the French jury, to take into account, and absolve me from the extreme penalty. For you have really brought a regular accusation against me. Believe me, that I never forget, even when I do not write, and may seem not to exert myself: but where nothing can be done, *che vuol che gli dica?*

I should like to give you an idea of our life. I have again in this place, as I had in Rome, the most remarkable situation, and acknowledged the finest, for my dwelling-place: on the spot where Carlton House, the residence of George IV. formerly stood, which was pulled down, 'not to interfere with a great plan of embellishment:' and thence the name of Carlton House Terrace. On the other side of the broad street is a garden, and beyond that the palaces called Club-houses, five in number: this is on our north side—on our south side spreads St. James's Park with its verdure and sheet of water, to the right of which is the residence of the Queen, to the left the ministerial offices (Downing Street and Whitehall, &c.); in the background of the Park, Westminster Abbey, with Westminster Hall and the new Houses of Parliament. My present Capitol is not in ruins,—God be thanked! The distances therefore to the Ministers cost me little time, but the waiting for an interview, even when appointment has been made, costs much. Matters of business are innumerable here,—visits and notewriting are a real distress: and, in one word, the labour to be accomplished is enormous. I hope in time to master the monster: I have now but one secretary and one clerk, but reckon upon obtaining two of each sort. Just so is it with salary: as much as three and a half Ministers of State in Prussia, seemingly enormous, and yet inadequate.

In the evenings we are alone, when we have not made or accepted an invitation. Yet I should like to have a Capitoline Club—on a fixed day, for the old friends, if to be found. Sunday is in truth a day of refuge and of blessing, when custom forbids making visits: and the Passion Week is comprised in the same privilege. You will imagine that general relations to society are favourable, when one has started with one's King! It was a joy indeed to my German heart to see him receive the homage of a free nation with such

royal grace and dignity, and his own original supremacy of intelligence. Queen Victoria is most engaging—Prince Albert, amiable and full of tact as ever. Friend Neukomm leaves us to go to France—the same high-minded, attaching philosopher and man as ever.

Extract from a contemporary Letter.

Friday morning, 7 o'clock: 8th April, 1842.

After the fag of the Drawing Room, and much besides, yesterday, I am glad to be up fresh and early. How hard did it go with me to spend money on a Court dress! how depressed and put out of countenance by my own conscience! But I was obliged to silence myself with the consideration that royalty is a thing most useful and necessary in the world, and that if one is pushed up close against it one must show the respect one feels in the manner appointed by custom. . . I was much struck by the splendour of the scene, . . . and standing near enough to see every lady come up to the Queen and pass off again, I had occasion to admire many beautiful persons, regretting the difficulty of annexing names from the faintness of the tone in which they were announced. But it was Mrs. Norton whom I most admired, and the face of Lady Canning always grows upon me. . . . Bunsen has just despatched Abeken as courier to Berlin, to prevent, if possible, being obliged to go himself. . . . The name of our present guest is Madame Helfer (*née* Baronne des Granges) belonging to the Saxon province of Prussia, whom we were led to invite by an urgent recommendation from the Princess Wilhelm of Prussia, who desired she should be helped and protected, as a widow returning from India, and having an application to make to the East India Court of Directors. She is handsome and agreeable, and pleases everybody; she has been in Tenasserim, and has much to tell of her travels—having accompanied her husband (who was a naturalist) years ago on the great expedition to examine the course of the Euphrates.

Will Bunsen be excused from going to Berlin? Alas! I have many fears about that.*

* The King's desire for realising the often-delayed conference with Bunsen would seem to have given way to the consciousness that his duties in London admitted of no interruption.

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The last week in May and the first in June formed a period of respite from the tumult of London life, and Bunsen with his family breathed once again freely on the cliffs of Ramsgate, although Bunsen himself could spare but a small part of that fortnight, the arrival of a courier from Berlin having soon called him away from the sunshine, the sea-breezes, and the green meadows; this absence, however, gave occasion to a renewal of communication in writing, from which extracts shall follow.

Bunsen to his Wife.

London: 1st June, 1842.

Yesterday, early, I was received by Prince Albert. The following is the order of circumstances:—As the Queen with the Prince on Sunday was driving back from church, over Constitution Hill, the Prince observed (on a spot where it was afterwards proved that Oxford had stood) a pistol held out towards the Queen, which plainly had missed fire. On re-entering the Palace he questioned all attendants and servants, but no one had seen it. On Monday morning, early, came a boy of fourteen years of age, bearing witness to the fact. Thereupon a council was held, and it was resolved that the best plan would be for the Queen to drive out that same day at the accustomed hour, the carriage closely attended by the equerries, fifty policemen being on the road disguised in common attire, it being calculated that the man of evil intentions would then take the opportunity to renew the attempt. It was the Queen herself who freely resolved thus to proceed; 'for,' she said, 'I should else not have a moment of peace as long as the shot had not been fired.' They set out upon the drive—think only with what feelings! the Queen *hoping* that the shot would only take place; the equerries (Arbuthnot and Wylde) hoping that the ball might hit one of themselves or their horses, and horse and man striving to cover the Queen! The shot was fired—the Queen exclaimed, 'God be thanked! now we are safe. I heard the report.' At the same moment the miscreant was seized—a youth twenty years of age, a London reprobate. Being

questioned he answered: 'Patience, gentlemen, by-and-bye you shall hear everything.' No ball has been found; it may be difficult to bring an intent to murder home to the fellow.

The tone of feeling is duly solemn in the whole Palace, which I rejoice to observe.

The Queen is admirable, she would not allow Lady Portman to accompany her on Monday, saying, 'I must expose the lives of my gentlemen, but I will not those of my ladies.' She was perfection in demeanour all yesterday.

Thursday, 2nd June.—I have been at that glorious ceremony at St. Paul's (the annual assembling of schools of young children) with Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, and the two sons of the Duke of Sutherland, and Henry. I am now going to Lady Hardwicke's christening, then dine at Stafford House, to hear afterwards Choruses of Handel's at the Duchess's.

To the Same.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge: Sunday evening, 18th June, 1842.

We are just come in from the fourth time of public worship. All is beautiful as a scene of enchantment. I have as usual reckoned, as to time, without the host. The Installation of the Chancellor is not to-morrow, but on Tuesday, and it is absolutely impossible to depart before Wednesday at midnight. I hope to get off by the mail, and on Thursday at five o'clock in the morning to be with you again.

Gerlach,* and also the two other friends, will receive an invitation from Carus to come. Pray urge them to set out directly by the railway, and go to Trinity College straight, enquiring after Mr. Carus and myself.

The Duke of Cambridge is here, and almost all the world. My chief object is Thirlwall, with whom I have had earnest conversation on the Church. Lady Denbigh is here, and sends you kind messages. It was right and well, no doubt, that you should have stayed with the children, but yet it is a great pity that you are not here! this present way of life of ours is a state of hurrying and chasing, certainly without its fellow.

* The Rev. Otto von Gerlach had been for some time an honoured guest, having consented to undertake the preparatory examination and instruction of Bunsen's two eldest daughters, previous to their Confirmation, which took place in July of this year.

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Francis, the miscreant, will be transported to Norfolk Island. All are convinced that he had no intention of killing the Queen.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Julius Hare. (*On the death of Dr. Arnold.*)

London: Sunday morning, 19th June, 1842.

My Dear Friend,—My heart has been with you, as I am sure yours has been with me. I returned last night from Rugby. O, what is the death of a great and good man! What distraction (humanly) and yet what consolation! Read the enclosed—I add nothing. All who saw him during the last month were struck by something more than usually heavenly-minded and awfully unearthly. . . . . He has left the new volume of Sermons just filled; and it appears that it contains some of the finest he ever preached. His third volume of 'Rome' is completed to the fortieth chapter. Another colossal *Torso* of Roman History! . . . But there is a still more sacred trust. He wrote in 1838 a book on the Church, to prove, in his way, the general priesthood of all Christians, as the doctrine of the Gospel and of the Fathers, and the groundwork of the Church. The whole may form a volume of no more than 150 pages; but it is pure gold. It has formed the groundwork of long debates, as it in part originated in serious conversation and correspondence between us, in many a hallowed hour. He desired me, when at Fox How in 1839, to write my remarks, or rather confessions of faith, on the blank sides of the leaves, which I did with pencil, and thus it remained. His note in the last volume of Sermons about the Sacrifice in the Pfaffian fragment of Irenæus, would form an Appendix, and perhaps the whole long note relating to the sacrifice might be added. Arnold had a favourite idea . . . a critical and orthodox edition of the Greek text of the New Testament. His plan was this:— . . . . Each of his chosen friends was to take one or more of the sacred books:—he intended himself to take the Gospels. I propose that this work be done as *Editio Rugbyana*, dedicated to *Piæ Memoriæ Arnoldi*. If you could undertake it, the thing would be done. I would give what I promised Arnold—the Epistle of James, the two of Peter, and that of Jude, of which I have already written out the

text, and sketched the commentary and introduction. Besides you, I know not *who* in these shallow times cares for a thing of so little practical use as a good text of the Greek Testament; or, if he does, is not frightened at the idea of *proposed corrections*. Truth is nothing in this generation except a *means*, in the best case, to *something good*; but never, like virtue, considered as a *good*, as *the* good, *the object* in itself! X. dreams away in twilight. Y. is sliding into Puseyism. Z. (the Evangelicals) go on threshing the old straw. I wish it were otherwise, for I love England with all her faults. I write *to you*, now *only* to you, all I think. All the errors and blunders, which make the Puseyites a stumbling-block to so many,—the rock on which they split, is no other than what Rome split upon—self-righteousness, out of want of understanding justification by *faith*; and hovering about the unholy and blasphemous idea of atoning for our sins, because they feel not, understand not, indeed believe not, *the Atonement*, and therefore enjoy not the glorious privileges of the children of God—the blessed duty of the sacrifice of thanksgiving through Him who atoned for them. Therefore no sacrifice—therefore no Christian priesthood—no Church. By our fathers these ideas were fundamentally acknowledged; they were *in abeyance* in the worship of the Church, but not on the domestic altar, and in the Hymns of the Spirit. With the Puseyites, as with the Romanists, these ideas are cut off at the roots. O when will the Word of God be brought up against them? What a state this country is in!—the land of liberty rushing into the worst slavery, the veriest thraldom!

Bunsen on Arnold, 1842.* (*Translated by Anna Gurney*, 1852.)

I.

The fight of faith undaunted
Thou to the end hast fought,
Whilst foretaste harsh of evil
Thine own experience brought;
Thou saw'st the doom impending
That might not pass away,
Hast mark'd the sun rise lurid
Before the carnage day.

* For the original German lines, see Appendix.

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II.

Then grew on thee the longing
That lays the storm of life,
In love, in pious trusting,
Thy heart reposed from strife:
How gladly then, our champion,
Didst thou the angel greet,
Sent, to thy home to guide thee,
Thine habitation meet!

III.

And now, the surging tumult
Is still'd beside thy grave,
Whilst thou, a brilliant beacon,
Yet tow'rest o'er the wave:
From seeds in youthful bosoms,
By thee profusely sown,
The germs of holy purpose
And noble deed have grown.

IV.

Apart from earth's wild turmoil
Thou calmly tak'st thy rest,
The worst of sorrows spared thee,
Vouchsafed of joys the best:
The mystery of ages
Unveiled to thy sight,
Each sequence clear before thee,
In God's unchanging light.

V.

And we would still be waging
The warfare thou hast waged,
With hope and love and fealty
On Virtue's part engaged:
Eternity before us,
Eternal truth our end,—
For this, our life's brief moment
How freely would we spend!

On July 1, Bunsen and his wife enjoyed a social meeting at the Admiralty, where Lord Haddington then presided—one of those well-selected dinner-parties, which are not so rare in London as, from common parlance, and only too frequent experience, might be inferred. On this occasion the guests were chiefly men whose names are marked in their country's annals; and the cheerful and unflagging conversation was all the more interesting as proceeding from minds habitually engrossed with the weightiest questions relating to the weal or woe of nations. The grand appearance of Lord Lyndhurst, his enunciation and elocution, drew the more attention to his utterances, which needed not his name to command interest; and the amiable and witty Lord de Vesci (who had, as Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, spent a winter in Rome some years before, the charm of whose society had been much enjoyed by Bunsen) communicated of his fullness to the general abundance. One of the subjects of conversation, in this Midsummer of 1842 was the recent Embassy, with a present of horses, from the Imaum of Muscat * to Queen Victoria, and the accompanying letter, entreating 'the great Queen not to disturb the writer's small slave-trade,—very necessary to the prosperity of his finances. She, as being possessed of such great wealth and extent of dominion, would surely not grudge an inferior ruler his trifling profits on the only produce of his dominions which he could turn to advantage.' For this slave-trade, convenient opportunity was found in the Arabian districts on the coast of Africa, south of Cape Guardafui, where the incessant wars of the surrounding tribes favour a regular system of kidnapping for the purpose of traffic.

In the oppressive fullness of that year, so important to Bunsen, such times of social intercourse as this, and others afforded in many a house of genuine hospitality—

* Or, more correctly speaking, the Sultan of Oman.

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by Sir Robert Inglis, by Mr. Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), by Mr. Rogers, by Sir Alexander Johnston, by Baron Alderson—(how many more names might not be added, mostly of the dead?)—Bunsen found the thorough refreshment of mind, which made it possible for him to struggle on under conflicting cares and subjects of uneasiness connected with public, fully as much as with private, interests, and under the worrying succession of interruptions, more wearying to the spirits than any amount of labour.

The correspondence of Bunsen with his Royal master, should it ever reach the light, would record the main subjects of interest in this year as well as in many before and after. From 1842 date the beginnings of many friendly connections, which grew and strengthened as time wore on; among which that with Florence Nightingale claims the first notice. Bunsen and his family met, and from the first valued her, on a few occasions, when nothing occurred peculiarly to rouse and reveal the soul which subsisted in her, in the fullness of its energy, or the powers which only waited for an opportunity to be developed; but her calm dignity of deportment, self-conscious without either shyness or presumption, and the few words indicating deep reflection, just views, and clear perceptions of life and its obligations, and the trifling acts showing forgetfulness of self, and devotedness to others, were of sufficient force to bring conviction to the observer, even before it had been proved by all outward experience, that she was possessed of all that moral greatness which her subsequent course of action, of suffering, and of influential power, has displayed. The date cannot easily be ascertained when she first began to enquire the opinion of Bunsen on the question which occupied her mind, 'What can an individual do, towards lifting the load of suffering from the helpless and the miserable?'—but a correspondence which yet exists (though not with Bunsen

personally) shows that she had already thought and observed much with regard to one of those needs of humanity with which her name has since been connected. The excellent Dr. Sieveking (now physician to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales) had given much of his time, gratuitously, to attend to, and to investigate the condition of, poorhouses and hospitals; and in the full consciousness of one of the awful evils which almost nullifies the benefit of hospitals, the vice and incompetence of the usual attendants on the sick, and, on the other hand, of the large amount of unemployed power of labour among the female inmates of workhouses—he was anxious that ladies might be induced to combine for the purpose of giving help on both sides, by the transference of willing and capable females from the idleness of poorhouses, to a sphere of well-remunerated usefulness. His reflections were submitted to Florence Nightingale; the result of whose considerations upon them was, that from her acquaintance with the inmates of poorhouses, not a single individual among them, however willing to obey a call to another condition, would be found competent to fulfil the arduous duties of the hospital, *without a regular training*; and for such training, a place, and persons themselves instructed, were indispensable. It was owing to Bunsen's suggestion, that long after this date, Florence Nightingale went to Kaiserswerth, not only to study the system, but to serve through a practical apprenticeship in each and every subdivision of the labours there performed, previous to her arduous study at Paris among the 'petites Sœurs de Charité.'

The letters of Bunsen have often borne testimony to the benefit and the relief he experienced from a work of the highest art, such as the successful performance of a piece of Shakespeare, in clearing the mind of care, and restoring elasticity to the overstrained powers; and he often had opportunity, during the managership of Mr.

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Macready, of enjoying that recreation, and adding his meed of applause to the completeness of the entire arrangements, as well as the excellence of individual representation—for instance, in the case of Macready's Brutus (as in later years of Lear), in which he felt that the conceptions of Shakespeare were made more perceptible than the mere dead letter could render them. More than once did he enjoy Händel's 'Acis and Galatea,' then brought out in the full perfection of the combined fine arts, as each could be brought to bear on the performance—the bright and graceful, though frivolous poetry of Gay; the depth and breadth and versatility of Händel's musical feeling; as he endeavoured to represent the tragedy first in preparation and then in solution; the luxury of decoration achieving the effect and earning the praise of landscape-painting; the pastoral groups elevated by the just choice of drapery into a peasantry of ancient Greece; and last not least effective, the voices and demeanour of the performers. The only incongruous portion, indicating decline and corruption of taste, he observed to be the dance of shepherds in the common *figurante* style of the opera stage; he admitted, however, that even had Macready been able to conjure up and reanimate the style of the ancients, it might have proved to modern perceptions insipid. With the opera stage, Bunsen had no patience, and though he visited it in London, in attendance on the Prince of Prussia, even Jenny Lind (although he entirely felt her power of grace as well as voice) failed to enable him to find pleasure or even amusement in that form of dramatic representation against which he peculiarly protested, as being the betrayal of a good cause, and the caricature of a kind of composition which he acknowledged to be founded in reason, and desired to see revived by a real master of combined verse and harmony. The ballet he considered a thing of unmixed evil, and its highest and most applauded efforts as the exaggeration of un-

gracefulness; nor could he refrain from comments in sorrow and anger on the power of fashion, which draws the modest and the pure into the multitude of spectators of a different class. Often did he wonder, in this respect, at the contradictions in English life:—no difference perceived in the tendency and effect of styles of art,—conceived in conditions of mind and with intentions and purposes the most various:—the tinkling strains, addressed to the sensual side of human consciousness, being allowed to find their way into houses, where 'whatsoever things are pure and lovely,' are striven after, and every approach to evil and corruption in other directions are strenuously avoided; the inmates of which would in no case enter a theatre, and yet will suffer in the decoration of their apartments objects utterly unsuited to their habitual tone of mind and tenour of life.

Bunsen urged upon Mr. Macready the practicability of bringing out 'Judas Maccabeus' and other oratorios of Händel with scenic decoration, and when he found him not disinclined to adopt the idea, only apprehensive that the public would consider such representation as desecration, Bunsen managed to gain the sanction of Bishop Blomfield, who raised no objection to the plan, on the ground that the Maccabean history formed part of the Apocryphal books; and there actually was a probability of this plan being executed, had not Mr. Macready soon after resigned the managership of the theatre.

When the annual lull came over the rough waves of London life, Bunsen found his comparative leisure absorbed, not only by the unceasing succession of public business, which he still had to encounter alone (the younger Baron Canitz, then Counsellor of Legation, having obtained a renewal of leave of absence), but by the preparation of the second edition of his 'Hymn and Prayer Book,' first published in 1831, when the entire edition having been immediately sold, a reprint was

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earnestly asked for by the publisher, Perthes, of Gotha. The account which has been given of events and avocations since that date may render the non-compliance of Bunsen with the friendly demand intelligible, without reconciling the minds of his friends, and those of the cause, to the result of the delay, which in a great measure defeated the end Bunsen had proposed to himself, and to which he devoted the freshest period of his life and faculties. The first edition met with so much favour, that had a second edition in a more popular form and of diminished size followed upon it, the matter might have pervaded the public mind, instead of being confined to the knowledge of a few; and Germans might have accepted the evidence brought forward to prove their neglect of one of the principal glories of their nation—the possession of the finest devotional poetry in existence; and to demonstrate the necessity of reforming and restoring the collections of hymns in use, whether in public or private worship, according to Christian principles, and the rules of sound criticism. But the purpose of republication, which Bunsen unceasingly entertained, was not effected, because he contemplated a larger amount of alteration than others deemed necessary, and therefore put off the commencement of revision, in the hope of being enabled to look forward to a time when he might devote to the new edition his own undivided attention. This was, in the summer of 1842, as far from practicable as it ever had been; and Bunsen was obliged to confine himself to the general arrangement and supervision, leaving a great amount of detail to the numerous, intelligent, and indefatigable assistants, who were his household guests and inmates during nearly two summer months. It must be confessed that the omission of many much-cherished portions of the first edition, and the retaining and insertion of much that must be termed ultra-dogmatical in the second, was not done in the spirit of Bunsen, so

thoroughly coinciding with that of the 'Union,' for which his late Royal master and patron had earnestly laboured, and in which the members of the Lutheran and Calvinistic Confessions might consent to worship and communicate together. The work in its present form was straightway sent to the so-called *Rauhe Haus*, near Hamburgh, to be printed (at the press which formed part of the various establishments of the admirable reformatory institution of Wichern) without the name of Bunsen, although his authorship was no secret. But though Bunsen's '*Gesang und Gebetbuch*' was formally introduced only at Jerusalem, in Rome, in a congregation at Liverpool, at the German Hospital at Dalston, and in some colonies of Australia, yet the whole of that immense impression has in process of years been exhausted. Meanwhile the hope shall be indulged, that much of what he desired to bring home to the hearts of his countrymen may yet be, however silently, percolating the mass of the German-speaking populations, which are spread abroad among the nations. The work never met with any official notice or recommendation: and the desire of Bunsen, earnestly expressed, was well understood, that no support of authority was in any way to promote its circulation. The King generously assigned 1500 thalers towards the expenses of printing, or, in other words, presented to Bunsen copies to the amount of that sum.

The presence of Lepsius in London, as the guest of Bunsen, for the sake of a complete examination of the Egyptian monuments in the British Museum (previous to the expedition to the East, which he was about to undertake on Bunsen's recommendation, by the command and at the expense of the Prussian government), furnished to Bunsen the much desired opportunity for prosecuting his favourite study, and for carrying on the complicated system of enquiry resulting in his work on Egypt. He accomplished this in the manner most delightful to him, in the way of a daily conference with

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one whose zeal in the common pursuit equalled his own, thus procuring for himself that complete refreshment which became a necessity after the long course of official work which he had so unremittingly pursued; so that he needed, as little as he desired, to absent himself during the (so called) dull season, from his delightful London residence, which entirely satisfied all his requirements.

If, however, his own health as yet stood the test of town air, that was not the case with his children, and it had gradually become clear that, used as they had been to a purer atmosphere, the confining them to that of London was out of the question. When, therefore, his wife departed in the last week of July to take the family (for the sake of two among the number) to the baths of Aix in Savoy, Bunsen combined a search after places in the country with a long-desired and promised visit to his beloved friend, Julius Hare, at Herstmonceaux, in Sussex, finding the desired object where least expected.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

London: 13th August.

I am, God be thanked, as well and as active as ever in my life. This morning I have given Lepsius my last *rédaction* of the first volume. To-morrow I shall rewrite *my chapter* of the Jerusalem book. Abeken's task is done, entirely to my satisfaction. Kuhlo is working hard at the Liturgies; Kappel at the Psalms (the execution of which leads to many discoveries as to their original construction); Stip at the Hymn Book, Sydow at the Prayer Book. At breakfast, and again at dinner in the evening, we all meet. I am up generally at five in the morning, and the air agrees wonderfully with me. I walk in the parks, and drive to Kensington, and the Surrey Gardens, &c. You, of course, my beloved one, are *always* wanting! but there is the prospect of the blessed hour of meeting at Blackwall, and of renewal of immediate communication. May God grant that blessing as soon as it can be!

HURSTMONCEAUX

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 25th August, 1842.

The celebrated and gifted architect of the new Houses of Parliament in Gothic style, Mr. Barry, is about to make a journey to Munich, to see the fresco-paintings that have there been executed, and judge of their effect. He has declared himself warmly (as a member of the Committee for the ornamentation of that grand edifice, unique of its kind) in favour of the introduction of fresco-painting, after the German model; for which Eastlake, his friend, is also an advocate. I therefore recommend him to you, as an artist of genius, as well as a man of worth, and a very important instrument for the advancement of your noble art.

The King was so delighted with the building and the architect, that he said to me, 'I have made the acquaintance of one remarkable man more in England, and the building is the greatest of the present time.'

You will soon have more than one book of mine to read! God help me!

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

London: Sunday morning, 28th August, 1842.

Once more I have a quiet day and hour in which to write to you. Yesterday at one o'clock Abeken departed, to hasten over the sea; the book he carried with him, our common work (sixty quarto pages of mine, and an equal number of his), was not finished till Wednesday evening, the 24th, being the last labour of the remarkable year of life just closed on that day. As last year, so was August 25 this year, one of the busiest and most important of my life. I had six political reports to write, among which one was perhaps the most weighty I ever wrote, with twelve others of inferior rank, one accompanied by forty samples to serve for comparison of quality and price between English and German manufactures,—a remarkable juxtaposition, for the possibility of which I am indebted to Sir John Guest. Thus did the newly-beginning year of life again bring together, distinctly and strangely, the two poles of the orb of existence in which

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I am placed; a thread of connection extending from Zion in politics to the glove and stocking interest! Finishing seemed impossible, but yet it was accomplished. Among the *twelve* was a report on the Casa Tarpea (Archæological Institute, hospital, &c., on the Capitol) superintended by Braun; a detailed statement of the needs and requirements of the undertaking was made out by Abeken, and accompanied by three separate letters from myself to the King—the proposal and petition signifying payment of all the debts of the house, and an appointment from January 1, 1843, of a regular 'House-father and House-mother' (as we call the steward and matron), in the persons of the Organist Schulz and his bride elect, who would live *for* and *in* the daily and hourly management of all household concerns. This plan (which I fully believe the King will graciously accept) implies a peculiarly personal gratification (*Angebinde*) to myself—as the confidential reply of Schulz, the organist, to Abeken's private hint of the project, was that 'the execution of such a design would make the happiness of two hearts.' You will imagine how this providential dispensation of blessing comes home to me personally! May I ever keep it in thankful memory! At half-past six all was done; and at seven we sat down to a remarkable parting-meal:—Abeken to Berlin,—Lepsius with Weidenbusch to Africa,—Sydow, Kuhlo, Stip, Maurice, and Prentiss,—the latter departing next day to America, an admirable man, and who has shown me much attachment. Having in cheerfulness eaten and drank, we removed upstairs for singing, as a finale, the 'German Fatherland' and the 'Song of Blücher,' until the hour, a quarter before twelve, converted mirth into the solemnity of farewell. From twelve to one o'clock I wrote the three letters yet wanting for Abeken (to the King, to the Minister von Thile, &c.) and let him depart, with heartiest wishes for every blessing.

I am thankful for all that has been realised, and for all that might be added to the picture—Zion and much besides—which could not enter my mind three years ago. To God be the glory! I will also thank Him for my being fixed in the land of the mighty Unicorn, in the wave-encircled dwelling of the highly-favoured nation. Early on Saturday I began the revision of the Psalm Book, and read with Kuhlo in the Hebrew Psalms cxxxi. to cl. . . Here have I written a long

letter, without saying that I have received your consent, and have engaged Herstmonceaux! Yet, what joy did your letter cause me, and how I thank God, that you do not *merely agree*, but that you feel as I felt, when I first perceived the possibility! It seems a dream, so fabulously desirable is the whole. So by October 25 you will have house and garden at your disposal, sea-air outside your windows, one of the finest ruins of the middle ages within a walk, and Hare for our pastor!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: Saturday, 10th September.

Your letter of the 3rd, and the preceding, brought me to a consciousness (confirmed by the porter's day-book) that I had actually not sent you a line between August 28 and 30! The time passed like one day; never had I worked more, perhaps never more effectively. The necessary departure of Abeken and Lepsius compelled the making a close; and so were things the most various worked at day and morning, *not* day and night. I have nothing to tell but what is to be rejoiced in. First, the King has received my work on Jerusalem with the greatest satisfaction; Abeken arrived with the MS. at Düsseldorf when the King had been obliged to keep his bed from gout; he caused Abeken to come in at once, and read it aloud to him for five hours consecutively. Abeken says, the King had great pleasure in finding his own self in my representation; referring to expressions such as 'the King thought.' He sent me his thanks in the kindest terms, and will adopt the writing as an expression of his own act and intention.

To-day my 'Bible-reader' (a cycle of Bible-lessons for the year) has been finished, and written out fair by myself. All fits wonderfully, by carrying through the plan designed. To-day also the daily morning and evening service has received its final formation. Stip and Sydow have suggested excellent improvements, which I have accepted with pleasure. I hope I may not die without having joined in worship after this form, whether in the fatherland or in Zion! Essentially it is the same that I designed in the blessed years from 1817 to 1821, and which we often have prayed through together. I cannot express my joy!

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London is indescribably delightful just now. Nobody there to disturb my leisure—no Court, no Foreign Office; most heavenly weather. Every other day we drive to the charming heights above London—Hampstead, Highgate—walk about there, drive home again, dine, walk again (when there is no rain), talk, have some music, and then go to bed.

The King has again excited the enthusiasm of the nation by his speech, &c., at Cologne. He is as inexhaustible in his resources as in his own kindness and benevolence; and also full of *daring*. Only *he* could venture upon taking part first in the Protestant worship, and then attending the High Mass at the laying of the foundation-stone for the restoration of the Cologne Cathedral—in both with the Queen and in state. The Pope and the good people of Elberfeld will both grumble.*

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

London: 6th September, 1842.

. . . I do not expect Fanny and the children before the 24th—and shall in the meantime go to Norwich, for the Bishop's sake and that of the Musical Festival. If Ernest and Charles arrive in time, they may accompany me for two or three days. I accompanied Lepsius to Southampton—he embarked on the 1st (for his Egyptian expedition). May God speed it!—it is as if my eldest son had left me! Abeken is gone also to meet the King on the Rhine. . . . . We go to our place in Sussex the end of October. I am sure, if you consider all the circumstances, you will find it (as Fanny also considers it) a God-send.

London: 10th October.—I must thank you with a line for your kind and maternal reply to my letter,—I cannot say how thankful I am that you feel satisfied we are right in going to Herstmonceaux. I can assure you I attach not the slightest importance to the judgment of the world in this, as

* In August 1842, King Frederick William IV. inaugurated in a scene of great splendour the recommencement of the labours connected with the completion of Cologne Cathedral (began in 1248), assisting his eloquent appeal to all lovers of German Gothic by a grant from the public funds of 7,500*l.* annually, which the Prussian Parliament (since its establishment in 1849) has faithfully continued to vote. Bunsen's enthusiasm at the time was expressed in a paper, first published in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and then printed separately, under the title of *Die Vollendung des Kölner Doms.*

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in many other points concerning my doings. The longer I live, the more I see that you must judge for yourself what is right, and that (to use the words of your child) 'we must follow up our plan of life with singleness of heart,' not looking to the right or left. The world must take us (strange beings though we may appear) as we are,—able and ready to give what we can; or else let us alone. I am jealous to perform my duties in the high station entrusted to me,—even such duties as made me refrain from seeking after it. But there is no art of the tempter more insidious than that which works upon the higher classes, to reckon among *duties* those practices, which for the most part are nothing but means and devices to make themselves and their fellow-creatures unhappy, and prepare agonies of regret for the dying hour, when they feel themselves at last before the Judge, whom they cannot deceive as they have deceived themselves and others. Besides, the world, that cold-blooded animal, pities you not the least for the inconvenience you get into by following its views as to your duties,—nor does it love you for sacrificing this precious life to its idols. But the world is right therein, for those sacrifices are at last only made for our own selfish gratification. Still, I do not like to appear presumptuously foolish towards the world, nor unwise to those whom I love and esteem. You can therefore hardly imagine how thankful your words have made me. It will do your heart good to read Hare's letter, which I enclose: as well as one from that excellent man, Dr. Pritchard,—to whom I hope I may have been of use, in causing (through Lord Ashley) the mind of the Lord Chancellor to be directed towards him, with reference to a place of importance.

In a letter of 23rd September.—Dr. Pritchard has been named one of the two physicians who are to inspect all the lunatic asylums in England. . . . I have been at the Musical Festival, and found on my return such mountains of papers, that Ernest and Charles have been writing for me from morning till night. I think I never was more busy—nor in better health. As to repose, I shall have none, till after Canitz returns in November, when his leave of absence terminates.

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Extract from a Letter of Bunsen's of September 1842.
(*Uncertain to whom addressed.*)

[Translation.]

. . . . One thing I must beg of you: cast not away the yoke of Christ,—it is not only 'an easy yoke,' but of force to raise you above all the sufferings of earth:—from it can no one withdraw unpunished, for the false freedom of the age is spiritual death. I do not utter this by way of instruction, but as a profession of faith: by the help of which, all other things become equal or indifferent.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*In answer to an enquiry as to the nature of his anticipations, when he had alluded, in a letter of* 1*st July, to trials in prospect.*)

[Translation.] 3rd September.

Here you have my share of the thoughts of July 1!—I apprehend that much care and sorrow may be in store for us respecting the children. Of our *ten*, only one is provided for. It were, in our case, not merely to be 'of little faith,' but altogether faithless, after the providential guidance which we have experienced, if we could make matter of doubt and dread out of any cares which may arise; even to such I would address the words of the Hymn,—'Cares belong to the Creator'—but, however, they exist, in full reality. As to what concerns myself, nothing more painful and difficult can come over me, than what has befallen me. If I live, I may yet find the harvest of my earthly endeavours there, where I am as yet misunderstood—in my own country. But great trials of good or evil fortune are before us in the coming time—that I feel distinctly.

Lepsius has departed. I saw him embark at Southampton on September 1. The next morning I began to withdraw from Egypt to the Land of Promise. I put my own hand to the work, and all help me with insight and willingness; but it is an enormous work.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Tuesday, 20th September, 1842; 8 a.m.

. . . I begin my day's work,—after a walk on the terrace with the sun rising, and the lamps expiring around, under the clearest sky,—with a line intended to greet your arrival on the Belgian coast. You will come, alas! into the midst of the equinoctial gales, but the Lord can conduct you and yours as safely through the waves on the 24th, as on the 1st September. You will find us well (please God),—your two boys, myself, and the friends. The beauty and charm of London in August and September belong to the blessings generally unknown and unacknowledged. A delicious repose, and yet all the advantages of a well-arranged social existence, as in the whirling time called 'the season.'

The days spent at Norwich (Monday we travelled thither through the night, and Saturday we came back in the day) were rich in interest. I had taken the liberty of quartering my two sons at Keswick Hall, with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Gurney (as I wrote to you, I had made *his* acquaintance, and received an invitation for myself to his country residence)—they were cordially received, and treated (as we say in German) 'as the apple of the eye.' I too was not ill off at the Bishop's Palace. Lord Northampton, Lady Williams, Miss Trotter, Mrs. Baring, and many other guests were there. The mode of life of the Stanleys is dignified and rational. The music was very fine—'the Creation,'—Spohr's 'Fall of Babylon' (a musical drama, called oratorio)—and 'Samson.' The text of the latter had been modified by Mr. Edward Taylor, so as to coincide with and comprehend that of Milton almost entirely, incorporating the newly-introduced portions by interspersing other Händelian passages, selected from his forgotten works, whether operas, or small and little-noticed oratorios. According to Mr. Taylor, Händel had adopted a movement from Palestrina, and worked out a passage of 'Samson' upon that guiding-thread: this suggested and gave occasion for the introduction of a hymn, founded upon an inexpressibly fine conception of Palestrina's. Nobody was aware of this, and all declared it to be the most striking part; the Bishop caused it to be repeated, and the

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whole assembly (above 2,000 in number) rose and remained standing, as during devotional pieces. After this piece, the greatest effect was produced by a short chorus, which no one had heard before: and that was, equally from the *Septime*, borrowed from Carissimo. This system of intercalation is in itself indefensible: but I must confess that the text, as it is, has a fine effect: the action progresses dramatically, and nothing could be easier than to make a representation with entire dramatic effect of this 'Samson': an idea for which I sought to obtain acceptance.

Abeken writes from Berlin that all are satisfied to whom he was allowed to communicate the MS. My proposal as to the Law of Divorce is vehemently contended against in the Cabinet Council: and it is believed that this will give occasion for the King's calling me to Berlin, when I should be '*obliged* to come.' *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*—that is, I see not any possibility of my aiding the good cause—the only gain would be to remove from the King's mind all the deceptions which he makes to himself about my position at Berlin, and the yet greater entanglement into which he would bring me by such a summons. They have in writing my unchangeable opinion on the subject. Nitzsch, at Berlin, is entirely agreed in the contents of the MS.,—which was as little expected by, as it has been agreeable to the King, and to Eichhorn.

Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.]

London: 18th November, 1842.

. . . . I am comforted by what you say as to a second Secretary in this Legation—your sympathy and that of Schleinitz and Philipsborn does me good. Much longer, indeed, it will not be possible to go on in this manner. What I have had to do for to-day's post to Berlin—(which could neither have been done sooner nor put off later)—you will see: and you must believe me that, in addition, I have had to get through diplomatic conferences, the eternal newspapers, matters of public concern to despatch, at least ten letters in England itself and concerns of private persons to treat, German, English, and French, such as the Chief of this Legation never ought to be troubled with, further than to

inspect, consign over to other hands, and lastly sign. How is it possible with such an amount of work to keep fresh in spirit, with eyes open and ears quick, in this focus of life, with such men by one's side or opposite, as Neumann, Brunnow, St. Aulaire, and Van de Weyer,—who all have assistant-power double and treble, and besides think of nothing but public business? (in which point, however, I envy them *not*:)—and at this moment, when complications are so manifold! For eighteen months I have never been out of harness. You calmly utter a weighty word, when you speak of 'working Counsellors of Legation, such as they have in Austria'—most truly, such and nothing less are what the principal Legations require: where are they? Pray take the matter to heart, for my sake and that of the public service. A staff of public servants ought to be formed: and what is earnestly sought after is sure to be found. Had I but a helper like the three who in former days have stood by me—it would be worth much for the public service. I could effect much more, with a real hand, and a faithful intelligent counsellor—a man of business and a hard worker, attached to the service, and neither hating nor ignorant of England.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*Addressed to Herstmonceaux Place.*)

[Translation.]

Drayton Manor: Tuesday, 20th December, 1842.

I had intended to send you a journal of 'Three Days at Drayton Manor'—about this delicious and important stay with that truly great man. I should have remained here till Friday—were it not for the Committee I had summoned. You shall at least have this line to thank you for your dear letter, and to say that I shall return, D.V., on Christmas Eve, expecting the carriage to meet me at Lewes.

Alas! dear Lady Denbigh! she called at our door the last day of her life—her birthday. She died, after her infant was born, in convulsions, caused by pressure on the brain.

It is grievous not to be able to supply from memory, out of Bunsen's abundant communications by word of mouth, the want of the intended '*journal.*' Many superior men were among the guests, and the conversation

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was incomparably interesting. It was Bunsen's desire and aim to elicit from Sir Robert Peel such sentences on matters touching the weal or woe of nations, as he had the peculiar gift of uttering, when the right question had been asked, in a few words of weighty import. He said, in reference to the King of Prussia, 'I hope he will be ready to concede to the wishes of his subjects —it is well to make concessions while they yet can be made:—many Sovereigns have had cause to lament having let the hour of concession go by—which returns not.' Bunsen observed upon Sir Robert Peel's rare power of condensing enquiry into a question, the answer to which, if duly made, would be voluminous.

The party were among the listeners to a sermon of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, preached in Tamworth Church; all joined in astonishment and admiration, whether matter or manner were considered: but neither Sir Robert Peel nor his guests, with the exception of Bunsen, could bring themselves to believe that the sermon could be extempore, as they considered that a composition, so faultless and yet so forcible, could not have originated but in an hour of quiet and seclusion, when it must have been carefully written down and committed to memory. Bunsen was better acquainted than the rest of the party with the effect of such practice, it being universal (except in the case of exceptional talent) in Germany, where congregations do not allow of the reading of a manuscript in the pulpit. He felt the manner of Stowell to be throughout contradictory of such a supposition,—arguing (but in vain) to convince the parliamentary orators that could they but attribute to the preachers of Christian truth as entire a possession of their subject, as great a warmth of feeling, and as thorough a conviction, as they knew by experience to be the stimulus of eloquence in their own case, they would have no difficulty in crediting the spontaneity of '*d'alta facundia inesauribil vera.*' Sir Robert Peel insisted that the position of the

man who was called upon to treat subjects, the highest and holiest—not only to set forth the truth, but persuade others to accept it,—was very different from that of one speaking on worldly interests:—'if in Parliament one chances to use the wrong word, or an insufficient expression, one may correct it,—if one has formed a sentence awkwardly, one may correct it in progress of speaking;—but how should a man be thus at his ease, and not hesitate when treating of sacred and spiritual things?' Nothing more can be given as an authentic record of the conversation in question: but those knowing the mind of Bunsen will believe that his reply will have marked to the honoured objector that his attributing greater anxiety of mind to the preacher could only apply to him on the supposition of his having but a limited freedom of utterance, and of a possible consciousness of the boundaries drawn by forms of belief or theological circumscription;—a condition which would necessitate premeditation and the weighing of words. But the preacher whose intellect is fraught with the knowledge, as his heart with the fervour and reality of religion, may fearlessly draw from the depth of his own heart, believing that the Spirit which 'gave utterance' will guide that utterance.

The great statesman and Bunsen felt a mutual attraction towards each other, and the fact of their so rarely meeting only proves the incompleteness of this our human existence, in which even the most active and well-ordered course of life will be found on retrospection to resemble a web the threads of which we have been unable to carry on to the end according to the design proposed. It is highly probable that on the occasion of this visit at Drayton, some word of Bunsen's, or certainly his wonderful earnestness of manner, must have struck the mind of Sir Robert Peel, and sunk deep into his heart, to emerge again at the hour of death; for in 1850, when the sufferer was almost

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past speaking, Sir Robert Peel is reported to have demanded three times that Bunsen should be summoned to his bedside. As the meeting was prevented by the rapid approach of the last moment the feeling which dictated this most affecting call must remain a mystery.

It was at this time that when an allusion was made to hardness of hearing, Sir R. Peel mentioned his own unceasing inconvenience, not to say suffering, from a sound in his ears like that of boiling water,—which began in consequence of the report of a fowling-piece, going off unawares close to his head very early in his life; and from which he had no respite. When Bunsen commented on the peculiar hardship attending such an infirmity in the case of the parliamentary debater, bound not to lose or misconceive a word, Sir Robert Peel admitted the effort of keeping up unbroken attention to be severe.

In the calm and solemn brightness of Christmas days, in family intercourse, with the precious addition of the society of Archdeacon Hare and of the widow of the Rev. Augustus Hare, the year 1842 closed to Bunsen and his family, in their beloved refuge at Herstmonceaux.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Herstmonceaux.*)

[Translation.]

London: Sunday morning, 12th March, 1843.

To me the case stands clear before the mind's eye that you will outlive me, and be called upon to guide the dear children farther in life; this thought is firm in my mind these many years, although not from the very beginning. The Lord order the event according to His holy will! But I will this day make my will; a short one, for, God be thanked! I have little to dispose of, and what I have is yours; of that I shall speak no more. But what I have to say to you, in consciousness of our indestructible bond of love, is that your letter has caused me to look deeply and sorrowfully into my own heart. . . The wheel of life whirls

round, and we with it, expecting that the motion will some day slacken, and that then life may be ordered anew, and omissions may be made good. But real wisdom consists in seizing the flying moment, and in pressing upon it the seal of the eternal and enduring; that is the great course of moral endeavour under which life receives its due form, like the block of marble under the hand of the sculptor. The eternal and enduring here on earth consists in the morally-artistic use of time. This is but another form of expression for justification by faith. The amount of what is done, formed, accomplished, matters little so long as it is done in faith in that which is Unseen and only True. In this way, sanctification is the highest expression for the creative completeness of the Spirit's impress. Rightly understood, all these considerations lead us back to the consciousness that of ourselves we can do nothing good, and that *self* and *reference to self*, *me* and *mine*, are the spoiling of all, inasmuch as the proper and peculiar work of God is attributed to one's self; faultiness, therefore sin, cleaves to all that we do: but in Him, who is without fault, it will be pardoned in us. We must ever be brought back to the conviction that nothing but evil comes of our self-righteousness, thus only may we be kept in the reality of faith. All urging and hastening helps not: the time of quiet comes not, except we have it within us. The word of the Lord must be spoken over the waves of life, that they may be stayed: but then they are stayed indeed. Help me to pray, beloved, that this spirit of unselfishness (*Entselbstung*), and of tranquillity be granted to me, that I may perceive what belongs to my peace; what I can be to you, and especially what I can do for our beloved children, and therewith cause them to feel the love that I bear to them in my heart's depth. Our life, in its present torn condition, has many disadvantages, but that is not to be dwelt upon; for it has on the other hand great advantages. So it is also with our frequent separation; it is a cause of pain and trial, which implies its being good and wholesome for us. . . I will not to-day write on other subjects, but bless you in spirit, as being your gratefully faithful—C.

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Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

London: June, 1843, Saturday.

Pray read the Duke's wonderful speech on Thursday. It is an *historical* one, more than any we have probably heard these many years; he delivered it almost fluently. As a piece of oratory, Roebuck's philippic is said to have been the finest thing that ever proceeded from his mouth.

As to Lord Ellenborough, it comes out (as a statesman here told me a month ago), that 'he has made blunders, and will make blunders; he has been disagreeable, and will be disagreeable;—but that he will always do great things well.'

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: 3rd July, 1843.

The day before yesterday appeared a work which will mark an epoch in the Church history of England.*

9th July.—In order to seize the connection clearly between the sermon and the commentary, place before your mind the simple question of the Reformation—Is the Godhead—*latens dictus*—in the consecrated wafer, which by the consecration is made the present body?—or is the bread and wine simply *nothing*, either before or after the prayer of consecration, except *in* and *with* the soul and body of the believing receiver—in which connection it may be termed the symbolical or substantial body, according to the school that affixes the term?

Whosoever maintains the former is a Romanist, a servant of the Mass, and is under the obligation to take all consequences.

But that is asserted everywhere in the sermon,—just because without this assumption it is unintelligible. And why is this assumption at the bottom of the whole? Because, instead of the living God and the Eternal Word—whose utterances are spirit and life—Dr. Pusey invests the priesthood, called by him the Church, with a magic power to give

* The well-known sermon by Dr. Pusey.

or to retain the blessing; therefore to create the body and to offer the sacrifice. This can be said in a thousand different ways; it was also clearly expressed by Luther, when he wrote the principles of defence to be maintained in the expected Council: 'The Mass is the Dragon's tail;' and it was God's judgment upon the unhappy Romanic humanity, that the Council in question confirmed that expression of its prophetic opponent; for the words of one of its Decrees are: 'Missa est sacrificium propitiatorium pro vivis et defunctis:'—the precise inversion of the death of Christ is the propitiation for all mankind.

My own method of giving utterance to this fact will, I believe, be adopted by many, when once the conflict shall have entered into the consciousness of the age.

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 3rd August, 1843.

My Beloved Friend,—Five years have passed since we parted at Munich. Much has gone over our heads in the meantime; but our love to each other has remained fresh—it is one of the enduring joys of my life. Your powerful, self-possessed, creative, persevering activity is a constant consolation to me in the abundance of absurdity and unsoundness of our time—in Art as well as in all other things. As to Art, an inclination towards the true and historical is awakening here. An attempt will be made to render fresco-painting by Englishmen a home product, and for that purpose they go to Munich to learn.

Twelve well-intentioned feeble cartoons have earned great approbation. Many of them might look well if executed as vignettes in the Annual for 1844. I have often thought that an exhibition of *German* Cartoons would be an excellent thing, and useful, too, for the possessors. The journey of the worthy Hering, art-publisher, &c., whom I hereby recommend to you, rouses these ideas again in me; he is a man of credit and of good taste, who represents German art here, and works at its diffusion.

You speak of the religious confusions of Germany and England. That your firmament at Munich would be overshadowed by such, I told you long ago, only hold out firm

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in faith. Truth and falsehood, reality and sham, must soon separate, as fire from water. Whoever was not before convinced of the eternal truth of Gospel faith and the doctrine of justification by that living faith in the Saviour, would now become so here on beholding the deathlike superstition of the Puseyites. Be not led into error; the people of England are more strenuous than ever against this party, whose decided adherents are few. They lead astray many green girls and old women, and they have altogether the advantage of the reaction of the Middle Ages against the eighteenth century to make use of—which with us began fifty years ago, and had its consequences—witness Stollberg, Schlegel, &c. All that is told of 'thousands of Puseyites' is a falsehood; were you here, you would see it with your own eyes.

What our intentions were with regard to Jerusalem is told in the small book which Hering will bring you. It is by Abeken, written here; if you should discern the pencil of your friend in the first part, keep to yourself the fact that you know it to be from his hand. The establishment will in five or six years show itself for what it is. 'Patience and silence.'

Your 'Niebelungen' are my joy and my pride. The book meets with much approbation here. Lachmann's publication of 'Twenty Songs of the Niebelungen' (in Simrock's translation) would deserve to be treated in a similar manner. They are more easy for the general reader, and also more grand in style than the former.

We go on better as regards the health of our children. We old ones are well.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

24th August, 1843.

In remembrance of to-morrow receive the best edition of the divine Plato. Take him as being, next after the Gospel, the best means of assisting us in consecrating our life to God, and the most powerful help in the struggle with it. And may God bless you!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Herstmonceaux: 30th December, 1843.

Fichte's 'Speeches on the Present Time' (1804), I read with inexpressible delight last week: that *is German!*

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

London: Saturday, 3rd February, 1844.

This has been an eventful day. The King has sent for me to come to Berlin 'for some months, to talk over with him many subjects;' so Bülow writes, and desires my answer to fix how soon I can contemplate availing myself of this leave of absence.

I shall write that I wish 'to await here the decision to be obtained at Constantinople by Sir Stratford Canning (about Jerusalem), and to sign the treaty with Venezuela, unless His Majesty commands my immediate departure.'

I do not think he designs to place me in the Ministry. I do not believe the King *can* do it. I am still very unpopular. He might follow another old plan, that of dividing the Ministry, and giving me the department of *Public Instruction*, the only thing I could not refuse.

This is a sad stroke through all calculations, and the separation from you is more sad to me than ever it was. But still, there is that in me which would either rush into the cannon's mouth, or fight in peace the battles of our country or the Church, rather than sit still at a time of crisis like the present. And I feel my blood as youthful as it was twenty years ago when that chord is touched; hoping, by the mercy of God, to act with more calmness and less of self and of self-confidence.

To Archdeacon Julius Hare.

London: Tuesday, 12th March, 1844.

. . . In the sad days of parting (the King's most gracious, but wholly unexpected order having arrived for my going to Berlin) I must address a few lines to you, whose image has been continually before my mind since I left dear, ever dear Herstmonceaux. [After particulars of his writings, and

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referring the inscription upon Arnold's tomb wholly to Hare's correction and decision, he continues:—] Let me thank you once more for the days of happiness which your friendship, unwearied kindness, and ever ready help and advice, procured me at Herstmonceaux. I look back to those days as to one of the happiest portions of my life, and I cannot help hoping that Providence will bring us once more near together, to exchange thoughts and feelings.

I go with very mixed feelings to Berlin; but the idea of seeing the King—also Schelling and my two boys, and so many kind friends—of settling the printing of the Liturgy, and possibly the Divorce question—fills me with hope and thankfulness. I shall *not* remain; there is no place for me now, and in my opinion there never will be. If I can from time to time go over to Berlin, and *see Germany*, I cannot imagine a more desirable arrangement of life.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Brussels: Friday, 15th March, 1844, half-past two.

Twenty-four hours and a half after you and all my friends had vanished from my sight, I landed well and cheerful at Antwerp; never have I had more prosperous seafaring expeditions than since I have been Envoy to the favourite of Neptune, the Queen of Great Britain! The cause is self-evident. I had begun by making myself at home in the state cabin, by using the upper hammock as a standing desk upon which I placed my book, supported on each side by book bags. When the rain had ceased I walked on deck, the sea was smooth, but the N.E. wind most penetrating.

The dear Arnims are as kind as ever; I have left them to return in two hours to dinner; to-morrow, at half-past seven, I go on to Cologne. When I have dressed for dinner I shall write my comment upon Ewald's book.

Ewald does not admit the historical personality of Joseph—because he cannot explain it from want of knowledge of Egyptian chronology; although he remarks, with great acuteness, that Joseph is never placed in the series of the patriarchs. He perceives that Joseph came to an *Egyptian*, and not to a *Shepherd-King*: therefore he concludes that Joseph came *before*

the Hyksos, i.e., the kernel of the one-half of the Israelitic nation, a race which thus preceded the allied race in Egypt,—there became powerful, and drew the others after them. But hereby he entangles himself in contradictions: for he cannot help believing as an historical fact, that Moses carried away with him out of Egypt the embalmed corpse of Joseph; therefore must the actual living Joseph have been in Egypt, who yet disappears under the hands of Ewald. Lepsius has fallen into the opposite error, with Champollion and Rosellini, in supposing the children of Jacob to have entered Egypt at the time of the Hyksos. To me the thing is made clear thus: that one must drop the chronology of Scripture, but hold fast the several characters; neither sacrifice these to the rest, nor deny the personal truth of the narrative in its core, because some portions of it may prove untenable. Joseph converted the Egyptians into hereditary farmers, in consideration of their paying a fifth part of their produce, with exception of the priestly corporation: according to Herodotus and Diodorus, this was the act of the old Sesostris, and that old Sesostris is no other than the King Sesortosis of the 12th dynasty—the same who in the sepulchres of his dynasty, 2700 B.C., is represented as calling in a friendly pastoral people, with women, and children, and domestic animals, as 'the great strangers.' Thus was Joseph the Grand Vizier of Sesortosis. But eighty years later (or thereabouts), the overthrow of the monarchy took place by means of a shepherd-nation, which was no other than the Philistines, of Hebrew lineage, intermingled with Amalekites—according to Arabian and Egyptian tradition. Probably they were enticed by the well doing of the Jacobite Hebrews; and an insurrection in the country may have favoured their irruption. The Jews lived on about 1,000 years by the side of this kindred people, many of whom (according to the Scriptures) followed them later, when they withdrew from Egypt; that retreat, however, took place not till thirty or forty years after the Hyksos had been expelled, and the oppression of the residue of the stranger inhabitants had commenced. In this way, it seems to me, all may be explained; I shall merely state it in the first instance, and, in the fourth volume, work it out in detail.

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Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Cologne: Monday, 18th March, 1844.
(Soft breath of Spring), eight o'clock, A.M.

Already I have plunged into the open sea of the life of my people, and into the arms of old friends. I left Brussels early on Saturday, and arrived at seven o'clock in the evening at Cologne, where Helmentag fetched me from the station. We talked until after two in the morning. On Sunday Zwirner's assistant showed us everything in the cathedral; for the first time I saw the apsis completed, according to the original plan. Helmentag suggested to me to visit the Archbishop, and one of the principal patricians of Cologne, the President von Grote. I enquired whether he believed the attention would be taken in good part? He was sure that there need be no doubt; and offered to ascertain the suitable time. Then we proceeded to the Protestant church, full to the very street door; the preacher, a true servant of the Gospel. Then I flew by railway to Bonn, and by one o'clock was on my pilgrimage to the monument of Niebuhr, which I beheld with unspeakable emotion. Then I went to Hollweg, with him to Brandis, with the latter to Arndt and Nitzsch, whence Hollweg again fetched me, and he with Brandis accompanied me back to Cologne: on my arrival there, I was met by Helmentag with the intelligence that my announced visit would be very agreeable to the Archbishop. I drove to the Palace, where I had not set foot since the eventful day of September 17, 1837; and had a conversation of an hour and a quarter with the coadjutor Archbishop, who met me in the most friendly manner, and after the first half hour treated me even confidentially. Having returned to Helmentag I met the President von Grote, at supper, and we sat in friendly talk together till midnight. Now, in half an hour I shall be on the way to Düsseldorf, passing by the side of a hospital building, where a fine Roman mosaic has been excavated, 500 square feet, with the images of the seven sages and their Grecian names. The kind President promises to show them to me. We two had never seen one another before, and we have parted as friends. The Archbishop re-

quested me to express to the King his deep respect—that will please the dear King!

At noon, please God, I shall be at Düsseldorf, and go with Gröben to Kaiserswerth; to-morrow to Elberfeld, from thence after an hour's stay to Brunswick, hoping to arrive at Berlin in good time on Thursday, after travelling through one night.

Alas! my beloved, things take a gloomy aspect here!—all out of tune, bewildered, dissatisfied, anxious. Arndt's poem, which he calls '*Zug zu Gott*' (impulse towards God), expresses what is in every heart; it appeared yesterday; I shall take a copy to the King, and I send you another, which you will not read without emotion. Show it to Thile. God alone can help!

Paraphrased Translation of the Poem by Ernst Moritz Arndt, 1844 (just quoted).

O God! our God! in darkness drear
Is wrapp'd our lonely way—
Come, and with mercy's sunshine clear
The chaos where we stray!
And if Thy sunshine cannot pierce
The tangled mass of woe,
O come with lightning flashes fierce,
And all Thy terrors show!

Then both the servant and his lord
Shall once more know Thy might,
And trembling own who wields the sword,
Who holds the highest right.
The cry of licence wild shall cease,
The rebel tones be dumb:
The howling turmoil be at peace—
Thou, only conqueror, come!

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Düsseldorf: Tuesday, 19th March, 1844.

I have been obliged to take a day more, on account of indisposition (the fault of Cologne suppers!), in spite of which I spent delightful hours with the excellent Count G. He looks at the condition of things as I do, if not more

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gloomily still. With the noblest intentions and the highest gifts, *mistakes* continually take place; and the public mind (which is unjustly embittered) seizes upon them. Whatever is done is sure to be misinterpreted—everything that takes place is disapproved, either because it is really faulty, or because it is not *that* which is demanded, the desideratum being a Representative Assembly (*Reichstände*). That the King should have accepted the protectorate of the 'Gustav-Adolph Verein' has been matter of great irritation among the Roman Catholics, who intend to have an association for the benefit of poor Catholic communities (as the other is for Protestants), which they will call the *Tilly* Society (!) They will not accomplish this. The Minister has despatched a letter to the Catholic Bishops in defence and explanation of the acceptance of the protectorate, to obviate groundless suppositions; which step is vehemently blamed—it is said, '*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*' If things look ill here, it is worse in the old provinces, as I am assured.

One word about Kaiserswerth, which is an admirable institution, superior to what I expected. Not before next year (the autumn of 1845) will Fliedner be able to send us four or five deaconesses (for the German Hospital in London).

A short notice must be given of the institution of a Hospital for Germans in London, alluded to in the letter of Bunsen of March 19, 1844, though there is no paper in Bunsen's own handwriting to notify his discovery of the great need of such an establishment, or of his own sedulous labour to bring it into reality. Such statements were no doubt made in his communications to the King, who granted munificent assistance as soon as it was applied for, the application not having been made until Bunsen could represent the undertaking as both existing and in a state of forwardness, according to his principle and invariable practice with regard to claims on the Royal beneficence.

The existing need of medical and surgical aid for the very large German population of London was not owing to any objection or difficulty being made to the admission of German patients into the London hospitals, but

merely because the hospital room is (or was, at least,) insufficient in that monster city, even for the wants of its own native denizens; and because even if that had not been the case, the hardship to a sufferer, and the embarrassment to a medical adviser, owing to the want of a language in common, called loudly for a remedy. A subscription was made, to which not only the more affluent among the German mercantile class contributed, but to which a great number of English merchants and manufacturers (employers of the German working men) gave efficient help; and the English subscriptions grew year by year more liberal, as the German establishment became known as a benefit to the whole neighbourhood, —advice and medicine being given gratis to any and every poor applicant, wounds and injuries from accidents receiving immediate relief, without respect of persons—a help the more prized and acknowledged, as no English hospital is to be found within a circuit of several miles around Dalston—a cheerful, sunny village, one of the many about to be swallowed up by the ever-advancing growth of London. Further details of the German Hospital (the arrangements and management of which have been much approved and admired) are not necessary here, where its mention only finds a place as one of the many subjects of interest which occupied Bunsen's time, and claimed thought and attention, not merely casual or superficial, during the whole of his residence in London. He brought it to the knowledge of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and other personages of the Royal Family, who were pleased to grant to it their countenance and support.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Berlin, Hotel de Russie: Monday morning, 24th March, 1844.

Here I am, safely arrived, and received by the King graciously, and the Ministers kindly. So much by way of a

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preface. Now for the continuation of my narrative. My last letter was from Düsseldorf, on Tuesday; at half-past two I proceeded to Elberfeld, and there saw Gräber, the President of the Synod, and F. W. Krummacher. With the former I talked over the Law of Divorce; he shares my opinion, that the law is not tenable except on the scriptural foundation, and that must be understood in the sense of the Reformation and of our ancient Liturgies: that is, that marriage is essentially indissoluble, except on the ground of adultery, or of malicious desertion. He declared himself to hold personally the same view, but that many voices, even in the Synod, would be against it, when the proposal should be laid before them; the clergy, he believed, would willingly conform to it as *law*, and he and those agreed with him would thankfully support it, if it were reformed according to my proposal. This testimony rejoiced my heart, in opposition to such fearful infatuation as exists elsewhere.

The accounts I first received of the temper of the public are confirmed in every place. . . Clubs are everywhere in process of formation. It is not insurrection that is aimed at, but agitation. Shortly before reaching Minden, I met so heavy a fall of snow, with a north-east wind, that the postillion had to be lifted off his horse, so greatly was he stiffened with the cold. The snow continued to fall all night: but by eight o'clock next morning the finest sunshine brought in the first day of spring, and at Hamela after having breakfasted, I hastened on, on foot, before the carriage, for, as I was now in the kingdom of Hanover, waiting for the horses was a matter of course. By a quarter past six (Friday the 22nd) I arrived at the Berlin station. . . Yesterday I went early to Bülow, who received me with his accustomed heartiness, and gave me at once the *carte du pays* with reference to myself; it was just what I had anticipated. The granting to me the Star of the Order had called forth great indignation, and my being called to Berlin great alarm. Next Wednesday the last conference of the Council of State on the Law of Divorce is to take place, and they expect that the King will send me there to preach the Gospel. I found General von Thile, and was most affectionately received, and confidentially informed of the questions that awaited me.

The King, I find, has adopted the Ministerial proposal, to

banish decided improprieties from the practice of Divorce Courts, and from the list of the *fourteen* allowable motives for divorce which now exist:—the introduction of a Law of Divorce founded on Gospel principles being for the present given up, on account of the violent excitement to which it would give occasion.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 27th March, 1844.

. . . The King received me the day before yesterday in his closet, from six o'clock to eight. Imagine! on coming from the Queen's apartment into the Gothic hall where I awaited him, he at once led me up to a portrait of himself, saying, 'Here is the return for the head of Christ;* it has been long finishing,—I hope you will be pleased with it.' You can hardly imagine what a splendid gift the King has made me. It is a colossal enamel, or miniature, a foot and a half in diameter, on porcelain, of the finest finish; the frame of gilt bronze, expressly designed, and in great measure by the King's own hand, is the result of three years' artistical labour. The elder Schadow said to me, 'That is indeed a royal present!—you will be much envied, and intrigued against.' I answered, 'That was the case already, such matters could not be made worse.' . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 10th April, 1844.

. . . The audience granted by the Prince of Prussia was very important. The Prince spoke with me more than an hour, and in the first place about England, then on the *great* question—the Constitution. I told him all that I had said to the King of facts that I had witnessed. Upon his question, what my opinion was? I requested time for consideration, as I had come hither to learn and to hear; but so much I could perceive and openly declare, that it would be impossible longer to govern with Provincial Assemblies

* A head of Christ with the crown of thorns, a much-admired piece of sculpture by a Belgian artist, Kessels, had been offered by Bunsen to the King, and graciously accepted, before he came to the throne. A portrait was asked for in return.

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alone;—it was as if the solar system should be furnished with centrifugal powers only. The Prince stated to me his own position relative to the great question, *and to the King*, with a clearness, precision, self-command, and openness which delighted me. He is quite his father; throughout, a noble-minded Prince of Brandenburg—of that House which has created Prussia.

This audience has created much surprise, and all those who as yet had avoided taking cognisance of my existence, are now full of attention and consideration. I have informed the King of what passed, and I now wait to see whether the Prince will give me an opportunity again to speak to him on this greatest of all the questions of the present day. I have the King's permission to tell the Prince that I am informed of all that the King thinks on the subject, and to communicate my own opinion. Will all this help? That, no one can know; but I trust God will give me strength to speak openly, and yet to be prudent. As to the first, I have no fear; but that prudence I shall never learn which consists in not saying what I think. I see the King almost daily. The day before yesterday I read to him the Introduction to my Egyptian work. Last night I was two hours alone with the King. The aide-de-camp (Colonel Willisen) was commanded not to announce me, but to desire me to go straight into the closet.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Monday, 15th April, 1844.

BEST BELOVED!—Only two words—particulars another time. I am well, and *very happy*. My heart expands in the thought that I *may be* of service to King and fatherland in their immediate need, in *the* question of the time.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Tuesday, 16th April, 1844.

I work in the morning at the 'four preliminary questions.'* In the afternoon I meditate on the great cathedral

* These *Vier Vorfragen* were treated in four essays, proposing certain preparatory laws and regulations to be decided upon by the King (according to Bunsen's opinion), without any delay, so as to prepare the way for the promulgation of a Prussian Constitution.

building, going through all the designs, and discussing them with Stüler, the architect. The King committed to me the whole matter of consideration in the most delicate manner. 'I know,' he said, 'that you are not quite satisfied. Think the whole well over.' I have, of course, given up my opposition to the style chosen—the Gothic would not suit in the collective plan, which embraces the Palace, the Church, the Campo Santo, the Museum, the Galleries of Art, the new Library, the University—as far as Monbijou. I shall only have in view and endeavour to effect this much—that the style chosen, as being the most suitable, may furnish the requisite conditions for the church, considered at least by the King to be necessary.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 21st April, 1844.

Yesterday evening, Tieck's 'Puss in Boots' was performed admirably, in the Concert-hall. The King had invited 300 persons, chiefly belonging to the learned professions. Although the execution was successful beyond expectation, yet one could not help feeling that the mockery of the public is spun out too much; besides which, the fairy-tale loses its attraction by the method of treatment. The merely negative can never furnish a thorough artistic enjoyment. I enclose the playbill, on which I have marked the names which are given by the wits of Berlin to each of the performers—they say the piece has long been performed at Court—and in the distribution of parts, that of '*Souffleur*' (prompter) is assigned to me. Never mind!

Yesterday at noon I went to Count Stollberg, for the first time. He was clearly shy about our meeting, thinking that I should have taken his avoidance of me ill; but that was not the case, as I know that he is not actuated by any mean motive. I opened to him my whole heart, explained my whole conduct; and he responded with equal confidence to mine. The whole misery and calamity of the King and the fatherland was brought before my mind in that hour and a half more strongly than ever;—with such splendid powers, the noblest gifts, the noblest heart and principles, so few results: so

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much care and vexation, so many mistakes, so much discord and misapprehension! Since this interview, I feel my heart free; I feel again that I am reconciled to my old paternal friend.

To-day I have invited my two sons, with Gerhard, Panofka, Franz, Kramer, Marcus Niebuhr, Usedom, Roestell, Baron Liphart, Reumont, and Stier (twelve in all), to an archæological dinner party, in the strangest and most agreeable locality in the world—Kroll's, in the Thiergarten.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Sunday morning, 21st April, 1844.
(2597th anniversary of the birthday of Rome.)

I have had an important week. My proposal with regard to the reconstruction of the ancient *Schwanen-Orden* (Order of the Swan) consists mainly of two measures proposed as immediate and contemporary:

1. The foundation of an establishment at Berlin for the care of the sick by means of self-devoted and trained females (deaconesses).

2. Restoration of the original communities of *canonesses* (about ten in number in the monarchy), according to the original idea of the institution. You know that these were originally aristocratic convents, retained at the time of the Reformation as places of refuge for the unmarried daughters of the country nobility. The old Elector of Brandenburg decreed that the inmates should 'hold Divine service daily, and lead a pious and contemplative life,' but the Chapters have naturally become mere receptacles of old maids and of gossip.

The King has resolved to announce to the abbesses of these establishments that he 'does not desire to exercise any compulsion, but if any of them will undertake and carry out any work of charity (such as infant schools, for instance), the residue of the revenues of the establishment (hitherto appropriated by the State, after payment of the several allowances and expenses) shall be placed at the disposal of the ladies for public purposes; besides which, every establishment which should thus form for itself a new rule of life, should be

received into the projected "Order of the Swan," for objects of Christian benevolence.'

These two admirable ideas of the King I have suggested to him to begin putting into effect at once, that when the statutes shall be determined upon and published, something of a practical nature may be referred to and publicly explained.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Wednesday, 24th April, 1844.

. . . Last Monday evening I gave my lecture before the Royal Commission,* which lasted an hour, and the comments made upon it two hours and a half; it ended with a declaration of entire agreement from all the ten. Indeed, several members had already pronounced opinions on most points to the same effect, which they had withdrawn in consequence of an express declaration of disapproval on the part of the King. I expressed, more especially to Herr von Rochow, my great pleasure in this happy coincidence of opinion. It was determined that the printed scheme should be worked out afresh, to be laid before the King, and that I should revise it. I have a firm confidence in being able to gain the King over, if I can represent the matter to him by word of mouth. Should I succeed, I shall have helped the Ministers out of a great embarrassment; for it was indispensable that something should be done—the King had thrown his banner into the hostile camp, and that must be taken in order to recover it.

I have here much to learn, and I do what I can for that purpose. Pertz and Roestell and Usedom are very helpful to me in this matter.

The people here have not the slightest instinct to discern *who* and *where* are their friends. On the last occasion they received the Emperor Nicholas well, because he was believed not to be on good terms with the King! The Prince of Prussia is considered to be a Liberal, as opposed to the King, because he is Grand Master of the Freemasons.

* On the question of granting a Constitution in Prussia.

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To the Same.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Potsdam: Wednesday, 15th May, 1844.

I came here, by command, after despatching my letter of this morning to you, and while awaiting further orders, I employ the moment in intercourse with you. My task for to-day is indeed an important one! The reform of the ladies' establishments would be a real blessing. The King as Crown Prince opposed their suppression, because he would not give up the hope of making use of them for purposes beneficial to the Protestant community, instead of allowing their revenues to fall into the general treasury for the disposal of Government. The election of a truly religious abbess in the most considerable of these institutions (that of the Holy Sepulchre) seemed to be at the same time an unhoped-for opportunity for the beginning of the work. The plan of the abbess would include (after indispensable preliminary regulations) the establishment of an infant school, that of a hospital, and of a school for girls; but she necessarily waits for the King first to clear out the old leaven, it seeming indispensable to allow and to oblige those inmates, who are unfit and unable to live according to new regulations, to consume their annuities elsewhere, at the same time retaining their rank—a thing much cared for, as canonesses take place in society before others who are their equals in birth.

On the same principle, the rich prebends of the Cathedrals at Magdeburg, Merseburg, and Naumburg, will be dealt with; but these rich morsels fall to the share of persons in whose case it is difficult to find the form by which to make such an alteration as to restore those revenues to their originally useful destination,—a difficulty shared with England in the case of Holy Cross, the Charterhouse, Dulwich, St. Alban's, and many others.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Sans Souci: Whit Sunday, 1844.

. . . The King having desired that music to the great Trilogy of Æschylus should be composed by Mendelssohn, Professor Franz has, at my request, made a new translation, in three acts—brought together by omission and conden-

sation. It is the greatest dramatic work in the world as concerns effect.

I. *The Murder.* 'Agamemnon'—the arrival of the news by beacon-light of the taking of Troy—solemn entrance—murder of Agamemnon and Cassandra.

II. *The Vengeance.* Procession bearing offerings to the grave, the 'Choephoræ'—Orestes, roused by Apollo, meets Electra—the vengeance resolved upon and effected (Ægisthos and Clytemnestra).

III. *The Expiation.* The 'Eumenides.'

There is nothing essential left out, and yet the 4,000 verses are reduced to 2,270, of which 482 are to be set to music as chorus. To last *three hours.*

The new version is very lucid, in many places for the first time rendered intelligible. Only to Germany is it possible to accomplish such a work in a fortnight.

In the evening I took it to Tieck, who was much pleased with the work, which he will thoroughly examine. As soon as we are both of one mind about it, he will read it at Sans Souci, and then I take or send it to the beloved artist who has to perform the *creative* part—whereas the rest of us are mere *mechanics.*

As the piece now is, it may be set to music quite as easily as the 'Antigone.' Mendelssohn will not leave us in the lurch; he has as good as promised this in an admirable letter, which I have received from him.

The King never having read the Greek tragedies in the original, or in a German translation, had only taken in an idea of them through the systematising phrases of his tutor Ancillon, and thus was enraptured, as with a new and splendid discovery, when Tieck, in one of his evenings of poetical reading at the Palace, chose for his subject the 'Antigone' of Sophocles, as translated by Böckh. The delight which the King experienced, he knew not how to give vent to more royally than by expressing a desire to see the tragedy completely performed, the success of which, on the Berlin stage, with the splendid compositions of Mendelssohn, was considerable, and yet not such as to silence the opposition of a criti-

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cal and gainsaying public, which, instead of beholding in the performance the gratification of artistic taste on the part of the King, was resolved to believe in a design to regulate or school the general taste by authority. At a later period, the 'Œdipus at Colonos' (the Choruses by Taubert) was performed with good effect, and by the desire of the King, under Bunsen's direction, the great works of Æschylus (the 'Agamemnon,' the 'Eumenides,' the 'Choephoræ') were compressed by Professor Franz into one piece, called the 'Oresteia.' It was hoped that Mendelssohn would have undertaken the arrangement and musical composition of the Choruses, but after much consideration, for reasons indicated in the second volume of his published correspondence, he was obliged to leave the royal wish unfulfilled.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Palace of Sans Souci, Potsdam: Whit Sunday, 1844, twelve o'clock.

Here, as at Berlin, all is in the greatest excitement—the courier announcing the Emperor's arrival having come but two minutes before him. The Emperor had accomplished the 250 German miles in 106 hours, including the *four hours* that he passed before the gate of Berlin (in order not to rouse the Meyendorfs out of their sleep), changed his dress, drove to the Greek Russian Church, which was decorated with fresh flowers and branches for the festival, and all present on their knees, the Mass having begun. The Emperor by a sign commanded stillness, and knelt close to the entrance, remaining thus (in his tight uniform) for half an hour, and then proceeded to his proper seat, before the singing of the 'Te Deum;' after that, to the railway, and on to Sans Souci. He is going by Holland to England, where he will remain eight or ten days, and so you will see him. A grand presence! The journey hither, and to England, may become matter of universal history. All is in the hands of God, and this is the festival of the greatest of miracles!

Four o'clock.—I have been presented to the Emperor by the King. He said, he had expected to find me in London. The

King for a moment considered whether he should not send me direct by Ostend to London, but gave up the idea at once.

He is, every inch of him, an Emperor. What courage, to go for his pleasure into the midst of five hundred Poles, who have all sworn to kill him! The King accompanied him back to Berlin, from whence, early to-morrow, he will proceed to London by the Hague, and arrive in thirty-six hours; sooner probably than this letter can reach you. That would have been a surprise, if I had brought it myself! 'Meglio così—anzi, molto meglio!'

Extract from a Letter to Bunsen, dated Carlton Terrace, 7th June.

Scarcely arrived here yesterday (from Oakhill) two invitations were brought to me, to meet the Emperor—one from the Queen, for this evening, the other from the Duke of Devonshire, for Chiswick to-morrow afternoon. I shall thus twice be enabled to behold the object of universal curiosity. Whenever he has been recognised he has been cheered. John Bull likes a good-looking man—it is a national weakness, and he is flattered too, to have his Queen and himself visited and paid attention to. The Emperor frightened Brunnow and his attendants by rushing alone into the thickest of the crowd at the Ascot Races; they followed and reached him with difficulty, as he was pressing through the populace in his uniform. He smiled at their alarm. 'Qu'avez-vous donc? Ces gens-là ne me feront rien.' But everybody recollects the Poles with apprehension.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Sans Souci: Whit Monday, 1844, twelve o'clock.

The King is gone to church at Berlin, so I am at liberty, and profit by it to send you some of my thoughts.

I cannot cease to wonder at the Emperor's determination to make this journey. What is his object?

First: To vex King Louis Philippe.

Secondly: To emulate King Frederick William IV. in princely gallantry towards the Queen of the Isles.

Thirdly: To tune the minds of Queen Victoria, of Peel, and Wellington, to friendship with himself, and withdraw them from France.

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This last would be the *one* rational aim, and therefore a political intention, of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, as it is the foundation of Brunnow's policy. He wishes to influence them. To what end? To what, but for plans as to the future —the near future, in which he would fain not see England and France pursuing the same line! Thus he may yet more strengthen the already ruling conviction of the Government, that he will *never* lend a hand to a combination with France, such as all other Russian politicians demand, in order to take a share of Turkey, without asking leave of England or of Germany. But *further*. There is the world's prospect barred up from our view. England never gives an *eventual* assent, and takes upon herself no eventual obligations: not one of her present statesmen is capable of a prescient, systematic course of politics respecting Turkey; but were there even such a systematic course adopted and followed up, it could only be for the present, not for a future transaction. And what inducements can the Emperor offer?

It may, after all, have been only a whim of autocracy that has decided him personally to examine into the state of men's minds. But a courageous autocrat in truth he is! No police in London can protect him from the daggers or pistols of the Poles, or of any possible madman; and how many of his bitterest enemies are there, in despair, breathing forth vengeance, setting life at nought! He has a firm belief in Divine protection; yet upon what is such faith founded?

No confidential intercourse has taken place *here* between the King and the Emperor,—of that I am convinced: it was scarcely possible; and, besides, they are upon no confidential footing. Were that the case I should now be on the way to London. The Emperor himself brought the matter near to me—'J'avais cru vous trouver à Londres. Quand y serez-vous de retour?' 'J'attends les ordres du Roi, Sire.' 'Je peux donc me charger de vos commissions pour Londres?' A low bow on my part. End of the conversation; the Emperor moved on; the King came near; Humboldt remarked, as in joke, 'You ought to travel after the Emperor, and return with him.' 'Yes, indeed,' said the King, 'that is true!' 'But he would not arrive in time,' observed Humboldt. 'It might be possible, by Hamburgh.' 'Rather by Ostend,' rejoined the King. I was silent, for I saw it was

not the King's intention, and could perceive no use in such a journey to and fro; on the contrary, it would give rise to erroneous suppositions, as though there were a great political plan between the two Courts, into which I was to help to induce England to enter; but that is not the case—the Emperor has indicated no such design. Of course I should go, had the King given the least sign of a wish to that effect. I believe he would like it as little as myself. Ideas or imagination the Emperor has not; but there is an inward dignity in him.

As matters now stand, it is clear to me that *now* no measure can or will be taken from which an important result could be expected. The temper of minds in the country *may* improve, just because it cannot be worse. As long as the aim and the means of attainment remain separate, there is nothing to be done, but to pray and to hope and to believe.

I was with General Thile the day before yesterday. He assured me that he would make use of the leisure he should obtain, by the King's short absence on a visit in Prussian Saxony, to study the subject of my Political Memoirs. So it is here—everybody has to do with so much current business, that there is no time to bestow on the weightiest concerns; that is, just now, the very question of life—not even to *think* of it, much less to work it out. Imagine (the fact is significant) that during the *fortnight* in which the two Memoirs have been in the General's hands no clerk has had leisure even to transcribe them—*they* are too much engaged with writing on daily business to find time for anything unusual!

As I know that I should perish at the end of a few years if I was obliged to remain here, I often seem to myself like the insect, which, though singed, yet flies ever and again to the flame. I do that to which my innermost feeling urges me, without consideration of consequences to myself; but when I fully contemplate realities I see that no danger exists of my being detained here. That nothing whatever will be done is a matter of the highest probability: should anything be done some of my ideas may be made use of. *That* is what I must consider the gracious ordinance of God's providence for myself personally; and it would also be well-judged to act without me, for I am not suited to the execution of affairs, or not suited to the men with whom I should have to act. I cannot even

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comprehend how business can be performed as it is here—I mean really great and necessary business. All seem to be gliding quietly down the stream to the cataracts which are actually before them. The daily life of the Court and of the Ministers experiences no interruption for a single day, as though we lived in the most commonplace period; and yet every one *says* that we are in a time of crisis! *Non ci capisco niente!* Often am I haunted by the spectre of the Court and Ministry at Paris in 1788-89; but then, I say again, Prussia is not France, and, above all, Frederick William IV. is not Louis XVI. I have shown throughout my life, that I am not nervous: I can sleep in the storm, and be silent in the fire; but if I sat at the helm, I should have no peace until a resolution had been taken, and I could then set about the work resolved upon. For delay between determination and action is as intolerable as between betrothal and wedding.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Tuesday in Whitsun-week.

The day that the Emperor was here at dinner, I sat, as usual, opposite to the King, who addressed me, in conversation, more even than usual. He began by explaining the sense of Beethoven's 'Overture' to the 'Coriolanus' of Shakespeare, which was performed under the windows of the dining-room, remarking that the composition designated all parts of the action, &c.; his subject led him to speak of the 'Eumenides,' and I mentioned that I had induced Franz to make a fresh translation, condensing the three parts into one whole, in three acts, by the omission of unnecessary portions. The Emperor enquired what the matter in question was? and the King related, shortly and humorously, the subject of the tragedy, concluding with—'The thing ends thus: the Furies receive the title of *Excellency*, and a house rent free outside the gates,—and withdraw, on these conditions, well pleased!' All the allusions contained in this jest you must get Thile to explain,—one allusion, among many others, is to a set of grumblers who a few days ago were dismissed and paid off with the title just mentioned and other desirable things. The Emperor must have remained as entirely uninformed as before, and have thought his Royal brother-in-law original

in his jokes. The rest sat in mute unconsciousness,* with the exception of clever Meyendorf. . . .

Trinity Sunday.—The King has expressed to me his 'wish' that I should remain till the return of Mendelssohn, 10th August, that I may work upon him to execute the idea of the King as to the cathedral choir of Berlin. He has named Mendelssohn Director-General of Sacred Music in the whole monarchy, and desired to hear only the highest and most genuine style of choral singing, with compositions ancient and modern. Mendelssohn declares his interference impossible. The King says, 'He ought not to be withheld by the cry against *catholicising*, which should be despised.'

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 6th June, 1844.

Come! I am convinced it is right to do so. Time, season, opportunity, all are favourable; therefore, in God's name, come! I shall go Monday or Wednesday, 17th or 19th, from hence to Hamburgh, to arrive, at any rate, before you. . . .

I have to-day arranged with Dr. Filitz that he shall undertake the arrangement of the 'Choral Book,' after my design, under the guidance and correction of Winterfeld and Mendelssohn, and also the revisal of the printing; moreover, this book and the Hymn Book are to appear together.

I am busied with a plan for the formation of a *Conservatorio* for sacred music, to which the King will gladly lend a hand. Meanwhile, once or twice a week, I hear the performance of psalms and similar compositions by eight singers in Usedom's room; on Friday evenings I hear at Winterfeld's by degrees all the pieces that he gives as specimens in his book. Imagine that we have more than twenty great composers in the style of Palestrina, all Protestant, mostly Prussians—one and all, hitherto, buried in oblivion—in whose works are choruses giving the ancient German choral melodies in four, five, and six parts, like the *Inni* of Palestrina. Of these I shall place many in the 'Choral Book.' But how does my heart yearn after other and weightier reforms! Could the Church of Christ but be freed from the

* That is, unconscious of the analogy between certain passages in the history of the Emperor's family, and in that of Agamemnon.

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stains fixed upon her by unbelief and false belief, by despotism and anarchy, by aristocratic greediness of gain! It will not be long before I shall be called a Jacobin, as before I was reckoned a Jesuit. Never mind! With God's help I may yet attain the end. Next week I am to go to the King; this week I requested him to leave free to me. To-morrow is the anniversary of the late King's death, which the King keeps in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg.

[In English.] Berlin: Thursday morning, 13th June.

I have to tell you an important fact, that I must be in London soon after the middle of July. The commercial discussions are becoming too important to allow of my being longer detained. Bülow has written in perfect accordance with my own declarations and convictions, at my instigation, to the King, that he must not keep me longer than necessary. I was to have been yesterday at Sans Souci, but the telegraph announced the flying Emperor's arrival here to-day, and that I am to dine with the King *here*, and go with him to Sans Souci when the northern gale is blown over.

The King has my two Memoirs, and I have announced to him my *last word*, which contains the *Key*, and which I have shown to nobody else. I do not *work* much now; I merely *think*, which costs me no trouble; I eat and drink (homœopathically), which gives me none either; and I sleep, which does me much good. Besides, I lounge about, doing nothing, and enjoy the society, first of the King, then of friends, from five to eleven every day. What interesting letters from Lepsius and Abeken! It is with the Ethiopian hypothesis (i.e. that Egyptian civilisation came from Meroe), as I said in 1841, in my instructions to Lepsius,—it is all a bubble, humbug, and nonsense. No Ethiopian monuments before the Ptolemies! Possibly the name of Queen Candace. . . .

To the Same. (*At Berlin.*)

[Translation.]

From Sans Souci: Wednesday, 26th June, 1844.

. . . I am still here, and shall probably also be here to-morrow, and the day after (Friday). I am to have a solemn audience—*the* audience. To-day is the birthday of

Prince William, and the Royal Family all meet at the Isle of Peacocks, where Tieck will read aloud the *Oresteia* ('Agamemnon,' the 'Choephoræ,' and the 'Eumenides'), in Franz's translation, as I suggested to the King; afterwards, I am to hand it over to Mendelssohn for composition. . . .

My heart is heavy, yet less so than last Sunday. God alone can here direct me to do the right thing, and He alone can give success! The King is in real earnest, the Court very curious to see the beautiful English lady accompanying you, of whom Humboldt has said so much!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

From Sans Souci: Saturday, 29th June, 1844, half-past eight.

. . . I have to announce to you that you will receive the Queen's commands to wait upon her to-morrow (Sunday, June 30). It is the great festival, when a selected number of soldiers and non-commissioned officers, taken from the entire army, dine, 400 in number, with the King, in the arcades of the New Palace, at one o'clock; later, at two, in the inner apartment of the Palace, the great dinner party of the King and Queen and Royal Family, with those specially invited, takes place. By four o'clock all is over. Divine service for the troops, the King being present, will be at eleven o'clock. . . .

Very gratifying and important to Bunsen was the favourable change in the sentiments of his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia (the present King) towards him. At the date last mentioned, the Prince seemed determined upon a journey to St. Petersburg,—but the next letter of Bunsen notifies his having decided upon visiting England, accepting Bunsen for his guide: and the favourable opinion, founded on the personal acquaintance begun in July 1844, ceased not to be evinced by his Royal Highness in innumerable proofs of confidence and kindness, as long as Bunsen lived, and most touchingly, far beyond all expression, after he died.

The medical consultations, with a view to which Bunsen had summoned his wife to bring her invalid

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daughter to Berlin, ended in the recommendation of a cold-water treatment, to be undergone at Marienburg, near Boppart, on the Rhine; and Bunsen and his wife departed in different directions from Berlin at the same time—he to be ready in London for the Prince's arrival, and she for a temporary banishment, which prevented her being present to receive his Royal Highness at the dwelling of the Prussian Legation, then No. 4 Carlton Terrace.

To the Same. (His wife being at Berlin; while he was at the Palace of Sans Souci, at Potsdam.)

[Translation.]

Saturday morning, seven o'clock: 6th July, 1844.

I am still here,—for how long?—one knows nothing here beforehand. . . . The King said to Count Redern that I *must* now go back to London, on account of public business, but that I was to return to fetch *you*. Humboldt insists that the King said the same to yourself (when he spoke to you at the New Palace), of which I know nothing. For my own part, I have no desire to return; I see no reason for it, and all reasons against it; but if the King should command, I must do so. Will he indeed command? that must depend upon events. All this troubles me not, for I have *cast my die*, let it fall as it may. I have chosen my line, and on that I will run my course, as long as God gives me strength. . . .

10*th July, Thursday, half-past eleven.*—I am deep in work, and, spite of the name of this residence, deep in cares. Never mind!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London, Carlton Terrace: 24th July, 1844, Wednesday.

. . . You have been informed of our prosperous voyage, and you also know that the Prince of Prussia, in all probability, will arrive to-day, and receive the intelligence of Queen Victoria's safety, and the birth of a second Prince;—he will also find all things here prepared for his reception. I must consider this as providential. How extraordinary, at least, that the Prince should just enter the house I inhabit,

who had only three weeks ago determined to leave his country, if certain measures should be adopted which he supposed me to have advised! And all this change, without any interference of mine!

I have found the public mind with reference to Prussia much changed; it is fancied that Prussia and England are no longer cordial in their relations to each other. I shall therefore go to-morrow to the Agricultural Dinner at Southampton, and make a little speech to my friends, the English farmers.

On Saturday evening, I went to Oakhill, and found the children inexpressibly charming, and cheerful. O! what a blessing are such children!—emulating each other in love and zeal for all that is good and right! all fresh and blooming, the body as well as the soul. F—— and M—— divide the government of the house in the most sisterly manner.

What happiness, if it should be seen good for us to live there for some years in rest and peace! If it *is* good for us, it will be granted to our prayers. . . .

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 22nd July, 1844.

The Marquis of Northampton (a high-minded, cultivated lover of the arts, long known in Rome in our time as Lord Compton) is about to travel for pleasure by Munich to Venice. He saw Munich four years ago, and I wish you to show him what it has since become; he will be glad to make your acquaintance.

You will know that I have been four months at Berlin. It was a serious time, from the importance of the concerns on account of which I was called thither; otherwise in every respect a happy one. I learnt much there, and hope that I have advanced many a good cause. All the rest lies in the hand of God, who alone knows the time and means. My wife brought Emilia to Berlin to consult Schönbein and Dieffenbach, who have sent them to the Water Cure Establishment at Boppart for two months. My children live at a country place two German miles from town, in a real paradise; and there I pass Saturday and Sunday; the rest of the week generally here, engaged in official business, and in my

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work on Egypt. At Oakhill (the country-house) I work at the completion of the 'General Evangelical Hymn and Prayer Book,' the printing of which is to begin on August 15, at the Rauhe Haus in Hamburgh, in 10,000 copies. This is essentially my work of life and love; and it has in the latter years constituted itself, in its form and its matter, into a popular German form. A book of choral melodies will appear simultaneously; in which you will find the genuine ancient harmonies, with equal notes for congregational singing, and, on the opposite side, a rhythmical arrangement for the choir. For each and both these works I have declined all favour or concern on the part of Government, as I desire that the work should appear before the congregation entirely as a private undertaking. The Hymn Book contains sixty-two psalms and 450 hymns; the Prayer Book contains the Church Prayers as its liturgical section, and forms of private prayer extracted from those of the former publication in 1832.

Much besides, humanly speaking more important, was also agitated at Berlin, but is not calculated for communication in a letter. Still I must say a word on one subject—that of the Cathedral and the Campo Santo. Only the latter will be built in the first instance; before the present church can be pulled down, the Petri-Kirche must be finished, which will require three years. The designs of Cornelius for the Campo Santo are the finest that he has ever made. He will execute the Cartoons, but that he should ever paint them is most improbable.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

London: 7th August, 1844.

. . . I am just returned from Windsor Castle, where all is prepared for the friendly and dignified reception of the Prince. Prince Albert very happy in the birth of a second son, the Queen as well or better than ever. . . . . I shall to-morrow write and try to induce the King to cause the oldest Obelisk in the world—that of Sesortosen (under whom Joseph was Vizier)—to be sent to him from the Fayoum. . . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Badminton (residence of the Duke of Beaufort):
Friday, 30th August, 1844.

. . . At length, on the twelfth day of the journey, a day of rest in this truly royal country-seat! We have seen Edinburgh (the magnificent) and Glasgow (on 24th August, the day on which Knox founded the Kirk of Scotland), the Lakes, and Liverpool (before this tour we had been at Portsmouth and at Oxford), the splendid seat of Chatsworth (more than royal), Stowe, Warwick Castle (where I thought of you, as well as at Edinburgh), Lowther Castle, Belvoir. To-morrow to the Queen; on the 4th (September) to London; the Prince will embark on Saturday evening, the 7th.

This journey was a refreshment, and a *great event*. The Prince of Prussia has taken an affection for England—admires her greatness, which he perceives to be a consequence of her political and religious institutions.

The old relation between the Prince and myself, of 1822, has been restored; he it was that broke the ice, and began to speak upon all the weighty points, even *the* question of questions. He listened to my expression of opinion with composure, entered into all subjects, sometimes assenting;—that same Prince, who could not endure the King's listening to me, even during the past month! To God alone be praise! I am always alone with the Prince in the carriage, with Captain Meynell, who, not understanding German, is no check upon our conversation.

From the King I have had an admirable letter to-day—here it is:—

'*Erdmannsdorf*, 20*th August*, 1844.—DEAREST BUNSEN,—I have received your four parcels with the many splendid letters, and read them all with the greatest interest last night, until after one A.M.

'On the subject of the attempt on my life, you speak as a friend and as a Christian; for which, God reward you! He will turn, as it seems, the curse, in the purpose of man, to abundant, heavenly blessing. So be it!

'I should consider my preservation as a miracle, worthy to be placed by the side of those recorded in Scripture, were not I myself the object of it. The ball, fired at the distance

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of less than a foot, tore through all my clothing; but I experienced not the slightest sensation, and it rolled off from the breast-bone, powerless into the carriage! Be silent, and adore! is my motto.

'The Obelisk will be lost to me. But, may the Arazzi be mine! I will give the sum out of my pocket, and into the bargain the twenty guineas for the cameo of my great-uncle. Pray settle all at once. God be with you!—F.W.

'To William all that is cordial and affectionate!' Talk over with him all things as much as possible—politics, Church matters, the arts, Jerusalem in particular. I have begged him, on his part, to discuss everything unreservedly with you—that will be most useful and very necessary.'

Whither will the Lord guide us, beloved? Not to greatness; but I say in words of the hymn:—

> Thus lead'st Thou, Lord, Thy people still to blessing—
> To blessing still, by strange, unthought-of ways.

I say *Amen* to all that you express in your two last letters, so full of love. I rejoice in Christiana's visit to you. A thousand greetings to her!

A letter to Bunsen from the banks of the Rhine, dated August 20, 1844, records a condition of weather strongly contrasted with the report repeatedly given of the clear sky and bright sunshine which favoured the tour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia in England.

Since the 10th there has been scarcely a cessation of pelting rain, and the Rhine is swollen to such a degree as to cause apprehension of the low grounds being flooded; at the same time it is as cold as in November. Yet in despite of this state of weather, a troop of 400 pilgrims set off on foot this morning at four o'clock (from Boppart) to attend the festival at Trêves on the occasion of the displaying of the *Holy Coat*—supposed to be that of our Saviour for which the soldiers cast lots, as being 'without seam, woven from the top throughout.' This is a relic, as a rule, shown only once in a century; but the Pope has issued a permission for its being exposed on August 23, and again on September 8, and tracts on

the subject have been distributed for some time all about the country. . . . A travelling woman, who offers for sale pieces of fine guipure, said that most of it was purchased of the peasant-women, who sell it to obtain the means of defraying their travelling expenses to worship the Holy Coat at Trêves! These pieces of lace are considered as the necessary decoration of the wedding cap, worn on festivals for life, and intended to descend from one generation to another. To see them set off, in procession, headed by their priest, and chanting as they walked, was solemn and edifying, looking like devotion; but wretched was the sight as they returned, with clothes wet and muddy, and countenances worn and expressive not of fatigue only, but of discontent also. All the most serious-minded Catholics wish for the prohibition of such travelling and crowding under plea of devotion, which the late Archbishop Spiegel used to check by charges and admonitions to his clergy, as tending to more moral evil than can be told.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Thursday morning, 5th September, 1844.

. . . . I am this day to receive the Raphael-tapestry, and forward the pieces to the King, I hope before the equinoctial storms. On the journey with the Prince of Prussia I had occasion to see and know fine specimens of human nature, besides Wellington, Peel and Aberdeen, with whom I have really *lived*, and conversed much and confidentially:—Lady Adeliza Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland (who translated Tholuck's sermons), I saw at Belvoir Castle; and Lady Westmoreland, with whom I first became acquainted on this occasion; and this flight through the country will save me half a year of future travelling, both time and expense, for I have seen much that I had need to see, and should long since have seen. One *friend* too have I gained—Stockmar. He will accompany me next Sunday to Oakhill.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: Monday, 9th September, 1844.

The Prince has departed, and the end has passed off as happily as the beginning and the middle of the time. The Prince has heaped all possible kindness upon me, and, as he

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is true and sincere, I can thoroughly rejoice therein. He has not only allowed me to lay before him all important papers, but has discussed them with me.

Numerous additions might have been made to this scanty report of the important and prosperous journey of his Royal Highness to and through England, in particulars related by Bunsen of conversations with the distinguished men whom he presented to the Prince, always endeavouring to lead to topics on which they might be moved to utter opinions, which he then reported in German to his Royal Highness. The Duke of Wellington readily replied to questions on military subjects, and his answers (as was always the case with every word that fell from him) would all have been well worth recording; but only one is remembered—when asked about military regulations:—'I know of none more important than closely to attend to the comfort of the soldier: let him be well clothed, sheltered, and fed. How should he fight, poor fellow! if he has, besides risking his life, to struggle with unnecessary hardships? Also, he must not, if it can be helped, be struck by the balls before he is fairly in action. One ought to look sharp after the young officers, and be very indulgent to the soldier.'

Bunsen to Archdeacon Julius Hare.

[Translation.]

Board of Trade: 4th September, 1844.

I reply to your invaluable letter not till the third day, and from this place!—that must show you that I have had as much impediment to writing as I have had desire to write. May God's richest blessing be upon the great and important change in prospect! I call it down, with truly confident belief that it will be granted to you. I feel as though a long-desired personal benefit had been conferred upon myself, when I see that happiness conferred upon you which I have so often desired for you. I am convinced that your heart's impulse has guided you rightly, having felt myself drawn

from the very beginning of my acquaintance towards that rare being who has won your heart, and given you hers. . . In blessing to be blessed, is the secret of earthly happiness, and an earnest of heaven—and that will be the lot of both of you dear and precious spirits, in a measure as full and ample as I desire for you!

On November 12, or any other day, will I gladly come to Reading, with my daughter, perhaps also with her mother, whose return will, I hope, have taken place before.

I have passed through four laborious and unquiet weeks, but, God be thanked! not in vain. My being together with the Prussian heir presumptive, a Prince whom in his very early years I had known and loved, but whom events had alienated from me, has been the occasion of important conversations, in the result of which I have all reason to rejoice.

To the Same.

4 Carlton Terrace: 5th November, 1844 (Gunpowder Treason).

It is too great a happiness to have the privilege of accompanying you to the place where so blessed a tie will be closed for life. I shall meet you with F. at the station, in time for the two o'clock train. Your arrangement seems to me excellent, and I hope to join in the Holy Communion with a blessing on that day, together with you and yours. I think it certainly wise, not only *not to enjoin* it (which I should consider wrong) but even not to *press* it—for it must, as human nature is, soon sink (as it is in all Roman Catholic countries) into a mere formality, like that of *hearing* a Mass. I should therefore think it wrong to go further than your Church has done, when it enjoins the newly-married couple to attend the Holy Communion *soon afterwards*; this, I suppose, is meant at an early occasion with the congregation to which they belong; *coram ecclesiâ*, in the proper sense. And this I think the more to be the right view of the case, as the original contract of marriage, *coram ecclesiâ*, meant nothing else. But this need not prevent individuals from receiving the sacrament with their nearest and dearest friends, if they feel it right so to do. It is the same with the Communion every Sunday: as a general custom, I should deprecate it, the history of the Church showing what the consequences

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are of suffering it to become a custom or rule. But who will doubt that many persons find it a comfort and a blessing? and the opposite view, in the Roman Catholic Church, where the popular habit (in Rome and Italy) in the *one* paschal communion, is, as Calvin so truly says, 'an invention of Satan.' . . .

The article in the 'Times' on Arnold was very malicious and insidious. Not venturing to ignore his book, and not daring to trample him under foot, the Tractarians do after the method of their brethren the Jesuits,—they praise the schoolmaster, declaring him to have been the greatest that ever lived, but, *of course*, nobody ever failed so signally as a controversialist. 'A splendid boy, he was indeed,' as Moseley says in the insidious Review in the 'Christian Remembrancer.' 'Luther was a great popular writer' (*Volksschriftsteller*), says King Louis of Bavaria, 'only no theologian.'

Niebuhr's Lectures—what a treasure!—we read them every evening. And how admirably are they rendered by Dr. Schmitz! The character of Cicero is given like the description of a friend with whom you have passed your life.

To the Same.

Oakhill: 27th November, 1844.

I have received, from a highly respected quarter, a very strong recommendation of a young man of twenty-two years of age, much thought of by Schelling. He has made himself known by a new edition of the 'Hitôpadêsa' from the Sanscrit, and is a *general* scholar, altogether distinguished. He desires to live some years in England. . . He is the son of the celebrated poet and philologer Wilhelm Müller (author of the *Griechen-Lieder*, and *Römische Ritornellen*), of high moral character, and, as far as I know, of serious convictions.*

* This is the first indication of an important event in the life of Bunsen,—the acquaintance (which at once became warm friendship) with Dr. Max Müller, now Professor at Oxford; and his approach is hailed as the rising of a beneficent luminary on the horizon. The kindred mind, their sympathy of heart, the unity in highest aspirations, a congeniality in principles, a fellowship in the pursuit of favourite objects, which attracted and bound Bunsen to his young friend, rendered this connection one of the happiest of his life. Bunsen had always made advances to meet men of the

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My dear friend, what a turmoil is this in your Church! As yet is the storm only beginning to whistle: but the idols of the Tractarians must be blown to the four winds. Were but your sermon published about 'Unity and Uniformity!' I have often told you I was sure there was an anti-Tractarian fermentation in the bulk of the nation, which would burst out one of these days. The Tractarians wanted to impose on the Church (i.e. the Christian people and their ministers) formularies and rights, not because they were well inclined towards them, but in *spite* of their not liking them. Why?—in order to *test* the authority of the Church (i.e. the clergy), and in order to bring about that sham sanctification which in the blindness of their hearts they oppose to justification by faith. It is quite natural that under such circumstances forms should be rejected *as forms*, with the Rubrics (out of which you can make anything) and without them. But this is still but a very preliminary step: the deep-seated forces in opposition must in their turn come up in sight, and then people will see that there is no power but in Christ, the living Son of God, and in the faith, which grasps the Divine grace,—in which, as our atmosphere, we live, with that awful *free-will* by which we can choose to die rather than to live, by refusing to inhale it. Arnold's words will become every year more prophetical.

30th December.—It is exactly as you say—there is the Church in flames, and nobody sees that her members originally set fire to her themselves, in sacrificing to their idol Uniformity. I found this bugbear in my way when I was treating about Jerusalem; it now stares you in the face everywhere, proudly proclaiming itself to be Unity.

X. seems to me to be the man fated to make mistakes,—to be for ever exciting a higher contest when he is backing out of a former one. When on the point of giving up Surplices, he invoked the spectre of Authority; and now that he is giving way as to the Offertory, he is conjuring all the latent demons of doctrinal strife!

I thank you for the hint to speak of our German philosophy. I had, indeed, a great mind to say something on the

younger generation, who sought his influence and were willing to accept what he was always ready to give; and those who met his encouraging approach in the consciousness of close alliance in spirit, may congratulate themselves on having exercised a soothing power over his latter years.

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text, 'That it cannot be a heresy to try to prove that which is delivered to us as an historical fact, to be *also* true, independently, in its idea.' And that seems to me the connecting idea of whatever has been said on the subject since Kant. As to Hegel, I confess that I think every year more highly of his power to embrace reality, although the method remains to me unpalatable.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Oakhill.*)

Carlton Terrace: Tuesday, November, 1844.

I had a charming dinner-party at Peel's—Sir H. Pottinger, Sir R. Sale (who leaves England to-morrow for India), Everett (disconsolate at the election to the Presidency of Mr. Polk, the representative of slavery and repudiation, with what in America is called ultra-Radicalism, and therefore of prime quality!), Dodd, Stanley, Graham, Gladstone, Lord Lonsdale. . . . Peel invites me to Drayton during the winter.

To Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 4th December, 1844.

I admit fully a degree of uncertainty upon many historical particulars: but as long as the two principal points,—personal responsibility towards God, a resting upon a sense of the immediate relation of the soul to Him,—and faith in the Holy Scripture,—are held fast,—then a serious, Christian course of life will and must bring the Christian nearer and nearer, every year of his life, to the Gospel, if he has but once known it.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: 11th December, 1844.

. . . The criticism of the historical school endangers not faith, but, on the contrary, is calculated to strengthen and confirm it. We do not in the least give up prophecy, but consider it as specifically different from divination and subtle combination: we place prophecy in its true light, by proving it to be based in every instance on historical facts.

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Prophecy is essentially *not* the foretelling of an external event as *such*, that is with indication of name and time: it is rather the perception of the divine and eternal element in the palpable facts of the present. There is no single instance of actual foretelling of the future with its details (names of persons and specification of years)—and wherefore? that would be dealing with mere externals, and at the same time an encroachment on the freedom of God and man. Equally certain is it that not all prophecies are fulfilled: the prayers and the sins of men must retain their power: and both are frequently expressly taken into account. Whoever thus believes in the Prophets believes in them essentially as the Apostles did, and the Fathers of the Church, Augustine and Luther at their head, only the language is not the same—our mode of expression is a more exalted one, but can confer salvation as little as any other.

I know nothing more grand than the succession of the Prophets, contemplated in this spirit. Throughout all good and evil fortune, hemmed in by all individual and national trammels and limitations,—ever to have kept the kingdom of God, the reign of the True, the Right, the Good, in view, and to have interpreted all things by that standard!—all this forms a spectacle without example in history,—and, without taking into account the support of Divine grace, incomprehensible.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

'CHURCH OF THE FUTURE'—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY—BRÜHL—STOLZENFELS—VISIT TO CORBACH, BUNSEN'S BIRTHPLACE—DEATH OF MRS. FRY—THE OREGON QUESTION—JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY—EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—CASHEOBURY—WINDSOR — TRENTHAM — THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION—FELIX MENDELSSOHN—PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE — AUDIENCE OF THE QUEEN — DR. HAMPDEN — WOBURN ABBEY—ALTHORP—LADY LOUISA STUART — THE NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION.

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THE following letter was addressed by Bunsen to one of his sons, then on a visit to Corbach, his own birthplace, in the Principality of Waldeck. After giving directions for the erection of a monument to his parents in the cemetery of his town, he proceeds:—

[Translation.] London: 11th March, 1845.

Be sure to see my friend, Syndic Wolrad Schumacher, at Arolsen; he was the best-beloved of my youth in the school-years, and I have never ceased to be attached to him with all the peculiar tenderness of youthful feelings. Make a point of visiting Louise Cramer, with whom I was confirmed —an old maid, living in poverty. Remember me to Frederica Wigand, a Bunsen by birth, my cousin and playfellow, now a widow and a grandmother. Visit the *schoolmasters*. I should like to contribute to the Strube Fund.* Tell Curtze that I shall send my works for the school library. Greet the thatched roof under which your father was born, and where he lived for seventeen years; the Eisenberg, on which he often sat in waking dreams; and pray in the church of the old town, for yourself and us, and for the cherishing light and warmth needed by the whole country!

* A foundation towards assisting needy scholars at the Corbach Latin Schools, in commemoration of Dr. Strube, for a long time one of its most meritorious masters.

To the Syndic Sieveking, in Hamburgh.

[Translation.]

London: Thursday, 10th April, 1845.

. . . The first part (of 'The Church of the Future') was added after the entire work had been written. I felt the need of clearly stating beforehand the idea which the work was intended to unfold, in its deepest roots, and in its most extensive ramifications, shortly and yet fully. I am quite aware that I have thereby rushed into a new danger, but I could not do otherwise. I chiefly apprehend having given the ill-disposed a pretext for considering me a semi-Pelagian, a contemner of the sacraments, or denier of *the Son*, a perverter of the doctrine of justification, and therefore a crypto-Catholic theosophist, heretic, and enthusiast, deserving of all condemnation. I have written it because I felt compelled in conscience to do so. Again, however, I think that many a German reader will understand me all the better, for (as Reck says) 'a thorough German cannot convey the soup to his mouth, without the spoon of metaphysics!'

The course of the Leipzig Council (as it may be called) shows how just was the opinion of —— with regard to the majority of members of the conference. That will become a rationalistic Church, but a free, congregationalist one. Can you suppose the members had any *more* faith *previously* to making the present negative profession? I rather think they believed less, or nothing at all before. Upon the degree of moral earnestness with which men treat the matter, depends the giving it a right direction. It was an experiment, and as yet seems to me sadly abortive; but the Being which ought to have been born into the world is the child in the Apocalypse saved from the dragon in the desert,—it is the child of Eternity, which will reveal itself in Time. Christ will become the State, as eighteen centuries ago He became Man.

At the same time, what remarkable conferences have there been on the Rhine! 'O, that thou knewest, now in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace!' May the Lord and God of His people and of His Church ward off from us the consequences!—otherwise the End is at hand.

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Contemporary Notice.

6th April, 1845.

. . . Since Monday, the last day of March, when we left Oakhill after a bustle of country business, I have been plunged in London business. A few persons were invited yesterday evening to meet the Arnims, for conversation and to hear Ernest sing. Tuesday, we had the duty-undertaking of a great dinner party to the Dietrichsteins and other diplomats. Wednesday, dining out at the Dietrichsteins, and refreshing ourselves afterwards at the St. Aulaire's. Thursday evening, we were at the Hebelers. Friday, a small party at home in the evening; and Saturday, the Grand Duchess Stéphanie to luncheon, with a party of twenty in all (Lady Palmerston, &c.). On leaving the table, we conducted the Grand Duchess to the Clubs—the Reform and New Conservative; before luncheon she had been to Westminster Abbey, and the new Houses of Parliament. Besides all the engagements mentioned, I have had daily sight-seeing with the Arnims, and very glad have I been both of their company and of the sights. They are delightful people, and know how to enjoy everything. Our music was fine on Friday evening; Hausmann played on the violoncello exquisitely; Frances accompanied at sight, and was much praised by Neukomm; then Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) sang, as if inspired, a Scottish ballad—poetry, melody, expression, all wonderful.

Contemporary Notice.

Tuesday morning, 22nd April, 1845.

This date and no more was written yesterday, and I wonder how much more will be added to it to-day! for besides writing notes, and having had a party of guests at breakfast, and a walk since to Covent Garden for flowers, (not for enjoyment, but decoration,) I must rest, arrange rooms, look after the dinner-table, dress, and be ready for guests at dinner, and be at the Duchess of Kent's by ten in the evening. Last Friday, we dined at the Duchess of Kent's, who had a very good concert in the evening: the Queen was present. We missed a musical evening at Mrs. Sartoris's through the Duchess of Kent's invitation. Satur-

day we dined at Lord Palmerston's. Yesterday, we had the Duc de Broglie and Lord Sandon to breakfast—a very interesting conversation: the Duke knows much of everything English, and has an unprejudiced judgment. He is greatly interested about the Church parties, and desires Bunsen's opinion, never failing to procure and study all the *new* books he mentions on such subjects—the older ones he has already read, and remembers them well.

Bunsen to Mrs. Fry.

4 Carlton Terrace: 17th May, 1845.

. . . I can assure you I never passed a more quiet and truly satisfactory evening in London than the last, in the Queen's house, in the midst of the excitement of the season. I think this is a circumstance for which one ought to be thankful; and it has much reminded me of hours that I have spent at Berlin and Sans Souci with the King and the Queen and the Princess William; and, I am thankful to add, with the Princess of Prussia, mother of the future King. It is a striking and consoling and instructive proof, that what is called the world, the great world, is not necessarily worldly in itself, but only by that inward worldliness which, as rebellion against the spirit, creeps into the cottage as well as into the palace, and against which no outward form is any protection. Forms and rules may prevent the outbreak of wrong, but cannot regenerate right, and may quench the spirit, and poison inward truth.

The Queen gives hours daily to the labour of examining into the claims of the numberless petitions addressed to her—among other duties to which her time of privacy is devoted.

Bunsen to Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 30th June, 1845.

. . . Again and again do I wish that you could once, if only for a time, come out with your family from the present suffocating air of Munich, to see and feel what life there is in German hearts, where no hierarchical oppression spreads around an atmosphere of falsehood. What I think and feel,

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you shall read, please God, next month, in a book which I shall send you, entitled 'The Church of the Future.'

Bunsen to Kestner. (*In Rome.*)

[Translation.]

Oakhill (near London): Monday, 30th June, 1845.

My dear old heart's-friend, this day closes the twenty-eighth year of the happiest married life; and this day it was given me to write to the beloved bride-elect of my dear Ernest the first letter, as to a daughter; and now do I approach my desk again to announce to you this family event. You were always fond of my Ernest. Elizabeth Gurney is the same that he saw five years ago at Berlin, with her father and aunt, when the latter, Mrs. Fry, visited Germany.

In my letters to Mr. Gladstone, I have maintained the lawfulness and the apostolic character of the German Protestant Church. You will find the style changed in this work, bolder and more free; I hope also easier to understand. It is my endeavour to write as I speak; and I try to exercise both writing and speaking as an art. Frances writes to my dictation: she enters quite into my ideas, which is a great enjoyment to me.

To act as a statesman at the helm, in the fatherland, I consider not to be in the least my calling: what I believe to be my calling is to be mounted high before the mast, to observe what land, what breakers, what signs of coming storm, there may be, and then to announce them to the wise and practical steersman. It is the same to me whether my own nation shall know in my lifetime or after my death, how faithfully I have taken to heart its weal and woe, be it in Church or State, and borne it on my heart as my nearest interest, as long as life lasted. I give up the point of making myself understood in the present generation. Here, I consider myself to be upon the right spot: I seek to preserve peace and unity, and to remove dissatisfaction, wherever it is possible. And then I learn daily in this country much from life itself. Therein consists English greatness; in art and science we have still the advantage. The true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that same life. I was never a better German than since I have lived in England. Of Rome, I think

as of another planet, with all the longing of recollection, without the faintest wish ever again to breathe its atmosphere.

In August Bunsen was summoned by the King to Stolzenfels, on the occasion of the visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to Germany.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Aachen: Monday morning, 10th August, 1845.

I must announce by this day's post that, after a fine passage, a night's rest, and an agreeable evening with the dear Arnims, I arrived happily at the old friend's house (Brandis' at Bonn), and, not having found other orders, I proceeded at three o'clock to Brühl, where the King was expected, and whither he came at four, to go on after an hour's rest on the way to Aachen, to meet Queen Victoria at the frontier. I hastened to join the King on leaving the train, which stops, as you know, just before the Palace. The King called to me from the carriage, saying, 'Well, Bunsen, have you received my letter?' On my replying in the negative, he said, 'What a pity!' Hardly had we entered the Palace, when he embraced me in presence of the whole group of attendants, and said, 'My letter was intended to have met you on your entrance into Cologne, to take you by surprise, and give you the first greeting as *Wirklicher Geheimer Rath* (Privy Councillor of the First Class); they believed you would have arrived with the Queen, and so, I now greet you here.' The Prince of Prussia congratulated me, and the whole Court echoed the 'Excellency.'

I drove on with the King (the Queen remaining in the Palace of Brühl) through Cologne to Aachen, where the King alighted at the house of the President von Wedel, and held a great reception; an hour afterwards to supper, which proved dinner to me, and was very welcome. Then appeared a procession of torches, with singing, and acclamations animated and general. To-day at ten o'clock the King proceeds to the frontier. Immediately after Queen Victoria's departure, the King will accompany his Queen to Ischl, and I shall then be free in about a week from this time.

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The Prince of Prussia sends kind congratulations to Ernest; the King wishes all joy to him and you and me; and he commented (in the railway-carriage) in his animated manner upon the desirable circumstances of such a connection,—'to have Mrs. Fry for an aunt, and the excellent grand Samuel Gurney for a father-in-law!' He added, 'The first free hour we have, we will write a letter to Mrs. Fry; I shall give you my thoughts in German, and you shall put them at once into English.'

I had of course got into one of the carriages of the suite—when the King, who was in the central carriage reserved for him, with the Prince of Prussia and the Ministers of State and General Thile, called to me to get in, saying, 'Bunsen will fill the whole carriage with English comfortableness, which does me good.'

I shall not attempt to give you an idea of the tasteful and judicious regality of style in the arrangement of the Palace of Brühl, because such descriptions are tiresome. Queen Victoria's apartment is the only thing *magnificent*, —and in that the only thing *costly* is her dressing-table, with the cover of finest Brabant lace. 'After Stolzenfels all this is not to be looked at,' said the King; 'but comparisons are odious—*there* all is romantic,—here is the spoilt antique, which yet has a style of its own;'—like the Romanic languages, and the French literature of the time of Louis XIV,—*I*, his 'younger brother Dunce' (as the Chinese say), should have added!

Humboldt is here, greatly depressed by the tragical failure of Bülow's health, at the moment when he might have had a brilliant close to his political life. Canitz and Radowitz are to arrive to-morrow. I believe the King's object is to bring us three together; we have never yet had such an opportunity. I was to have been lodged in the same house with Bülow in the village of Brühl, but am now to have Arnim for my companion.

I shall write to Miss —— as soon as I can find time. The Spirit moves me to urge upon her, that she can be saved only by casting off all theological contests and modes of utterance, and by seeking to rekindle her faith in the love of God, which in the New Testament, and especially in the Gospel of St. John, speaks in every part to the seeking soul, and

speaks the word of life, after which every soul longs, and towards which every soul is attracted, as the iron by the magnet, and as the earth by the sun. Faith is the original life of the soul, which only comes into full consciousness when all human fabrications have been renounced. Is it not so, beloved? Embrace the dear children for me; God reward them, and you, that you all make life so easy and delightful to me! How should I, without you all, and above all else, without yourself, struggle through all these waves and breakers of life? The Lord grant me grace not to misuse, but in love and thankfulness to use, His mercies!

When I am once more at home, I shall remain with you. I cannot perform the charioteer-duty together with those who desire to put on the drag, in the apprehension that they are rushing down a steep, when *I* want to put on *leaders* to proceed up the ascent, slowly but safely! Fill up for yourself the details of this image; with all my pondering, I can find no better.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Palace of Brühl: Wednesday, 13th August, 1845.

I have just a moment to tell you that I am alive and well. We are enjoying magnificence here. The first really grand effect was the drive through Cologne; the chief street being decorated with flags on poles, and carpets out of the windows, filled with a waving multitude; great care had been taken to sweep and clean it as for a procession, sprinkling it with Eau de Cologne, by order of the town authorities. Within the Palace all was lighted up, the garden and its Italian colonnades and fountains and statues, all made bright and visible: the Court-yard was, in comparison, but moderately illuminated, but was soon filled with beautifully ornamented lanterns; 485 musicians placed themselves in military array, and 'God save the Queen' sounded forth, the roll of drums filling up the pauses. I could not have fancied this mode of performance, which is called the great *Zapfenstreich*, that is, the military retiring salute. Then followed some fine music, the Wedding March by Mendelssohn, from his 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' closing with a chorale, in the far-echoing and responding tones of horn and trombone. The

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Queen herself declared that she had never heard anything to equal the effect. The prose of life disturbed its sublimities by unheard-of scramble and disorder, with which I can entertain you when I return.

Yesterday, the whole party went to the uncovering of the statue of the pride of Bonn, Beethoven. Speeches were made and songs sung, in the open air, on the space before the Minster at Bonn; and then the King, with the two Queens, and Prince Albert, drove to the house which the latter had occupied in his University years,—afterwards through the Avenue of Poppelsdorf, and back to Brühl, where dinner followed, the first at which Queen Victoria had been present; for on the preceding evening, owing to official mismanagement, neither her waiting-women nor her clothes arrived till after eleven o'clock!

The King gave the following toast:—

'Gentlemen, fill your glasses! There is a word, resounding in British and in Prussian hearts, which thirty years ago echoed on the heights of Waterloo from English and Prussian voices, as marking the result of a glorious, hard-won, brotherly deed of arms; *now*, it resounds on German ground, in the midst of the blessings of that peace, which was the blessed fruit of the great conflict. That word is, *Victoria!* Gentlemen, drink to the well-being of Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland (bowing gracefully towards the Queen) and (making his glass ring, according to German wont, against the glass of Prince Albert) that of her most illustrious Consort!'

The Queen bowed at the first word, but much lower at the second. Her eyes brightened through tears, and as the King was taking his seat again, she rose and bent towards him and kissed him on the cheek; then took her seat again, with a beaming countenance.

At six o'clock the Sovereigns rose from table; from six to eight Lord Aberdeen and I were with the King. At a quarter past eight all set out to see Cologne illuminated. We embarked on the steamer before nine o'clock, proceeding down the river about five miles, as far as Rothenkirchen. Many houses, bridges, and gardens, were illuminated, the splendid river reflected the lights on the vessels; at the appointed spot the vessel turned, and an indescribable scene

commenced; from towers, walls, gardens, bastions, one burst of fireworks, soon becoming a sea of fire; the lower towers glowed in Bengal light, while the higher seemed to kindle gradually. The churches became visible one after the other, till at length the Cathedral was before us, and, in spite of the pouring rain, in a few minutes shone forth in Bengal fire. It was midnight when we returned. I stood near Prince Albert on the bridge of the steamer, above the wheels, where the captain usually stands, and saw all in perfection, as the Queen did from under a tent. To-day there is a concert in the University Hall at Bonn; in the afternoon we go to the Cologne Cathedral. Yesterday the Archbishop was presented. To-morrow by the Drachenfels (if the rain ceases) to Stolzenfels.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Schloss Stolzenfels: Friday afternoon, 15th August, 1845.

I send these lines by the English messenger, to inform you that the Queen intends to leave to-morrow—the King sets out on Monday—and I return to London in the course of the week, according to all possible human calculations.

Prince Metternich informs me, 'that he has occupied himself for three weeks almost exclusively with me and my pursuits: the great work on Egypt has attracted his most particular attention; this book, and "Cosmos," and a few similar great productions, give him comfort in the midst of the follies of the day.' I expressed to him the hope that I might succeed in rendering the two remaining volumes more worthy the attention of such a statesman: and that I desired to dedicate my life to researches connected with the ancient world.

I have no mind to write more—the day is gloomy and rainy, and 110 persons are quartered in 47 rooms, besides 40 extra guests, like myself, who, having their quarters at Coblentz, have undertaken not to leave this place of shelter to go away and return between dinner (at two o'clock) and the concert of the evening!

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To the Same.

[Translation.]

Castle of Stolzenfels (in the room just left by Lady Canning):
Saturday, 16th August, 1845 (after the departure of Queen Victoria).

My Beloved,—I take possession of the only sheet of paper left behind by the late amiable occupant, to tell you in continuance of the letter sent from Coblentz by the messenger) that I am promised my audience of leavetaking for to-morrow, and then on Monday intend to proceed to Bonn.

The clouds collect, darkly and heavily. The telegraph has just brought the intelligence of an insurrection at Leipzig, in which thirteen men were killed and many wounded; Prince John having with difficulty escaped. I was with the King when the news came. He lamented deeply that with the much-talked-of ministerial declaration of right of protection over the Evangelical Church, a resolution of Government had not been promulgated, announcing the most entire freedom of religious confession, and for the formation of religious communities, based on *constitutional right*. 'The commotion can only be met and overcome by freedom, absolute freedom.' Golden words! in the sense of which may God maintain the King!

Queen Victoria has given 500*l.* towards the completion of the Cologne Cathedral. Prince Albert gave 100*l.* to the building of a new Protestant church at Bonn. Having been informed by Lord Aberdeen of the Queen's intended gift (which she would have made 1,000*l.*, but Aberdeen thought that too much), and happening to come across Archbishop Geissel, I was enabled to tell him the good news, as a secret, for which he thanked me warmly. The King was alarmed at the effect which this might produce in England, and commissioned me to tell Prince Albert of his anxiety. The Prince replied: 'That does not concern *us*, the responsible Minister is here,'—a state of composure which astonished the King.

The most striking moment of the journey was the passage of the Rhine between Ehrenbreitstein and Coblentz. Four thousand men stood on the lines, and, as the royal vessel approached the nearest batteries of Ehrenbreitstein and Fort Aster, commenced firing, which continued gradually along the whole line, Coblentz, the forts called 'Franz,' 'Alexander,'

and 'Constantine,' every shot from the right being answered by one from the left bank, and all by thousandfold echoes from the hills. Every one must have felt overwhelmed. It was as if the Spirit of 'Germania' was come forth visibly and audibly, proclaiming, 'Here I stand, and from this place no one shall drive me!' Above a thousand shots were fired as royal salutes. General Thile, the Minister's brother, had arranged the whole admirably. Lord Aberdeen, who had not seen the Rhine since 1814, was greatly affected. Soon after we came in sight of the tower of Stolzenfels, and drove up the ascent in carriages. Later at night the neighbouring church and castle towers were illuminated, including the Marksburg of Nassau, and from Stolzenfels sounded forth the booming of guns between rockets and fire-dropping, just as at Castle Sant' Angelo.

The King and Queen of the Belgians are here still. The Queen wins all hearts by her grace and charm. King Leopold is continually gaining a firmer footing, at which I cordially rejoice.

Usedom made the wise determination to come here. Radowitz is also here, and almost all the Prussian envoys in the neighbourhood.

The rain is unceasing; the corn is sprouting in the fields. May God grant help and consolation!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

At 'Brandis-ruhe,' Bonn: Tuesday morning, 19th August, 1845.

Man proposes, God disposes! His name be praised! His dispensations bowed to, even from the dust!

On Sunday, early, I went to church at Stolzenfels, and the King intended directly afterwards to speak to me. I had commissions to receive, relating to three several persons, besides receiving my *congé*. Count Stollberg (of whose kindness and friendship I cannot say enough) watched the whole day for a moment at which I might see the King, in vain. At length, after tea and after eight o'clock, the King sent me word that I must come to Sans Souci, there he would be on the 28th, and there he should have leisure; and the same he repeated by word of mouth early yesterday morning as he went off towards Frankfort. He then for the first time desired

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that I should at once accompany him on the vessel; of which no mention had been made before. I said of course I was ready, if such were his commands, but I should think it was better to go by Cologne and await him at Berlin. He left me free to decide, and I remained standing on the pier as he stepped into the vessel, which instantly departed. Stollberg had been entirely of my opinion. Metternich and Radowitz were both on the vessel, the one to go to Johannisberg, the other to Frankfort. The King was indescribably excited by the telegraph news just arrived from Leipzig, and by another report from Posen, showing that his commands (forbidding Czerski to go about from place to place) had not been carried out; therefore, amid such a variety of thoughts and of opinions my presence could only have increased the existing disturbance of spirit. The King's last words were, 'At any rate, we meet at Sans Souci,' from whence, on September 6th, he will go to hold a review at Stettin.

In all this you will have felt what my thoughts are. What has taken place is as much without any preconceived plan on the part of the King as it is against my arrangements. What is the fate of man? Is it true that a man fulfils the fate appointed him?

I go, of course, by Corbach, Göttingen, Halle, Leipzig, Wittenberg, to Berlin. I should gladly go to Carlsruhe also, only that I should have no time for Christiana and Rothe, because I must necessarily wait upon the dear Grand Duchess Stéphanie, and present myself at Court, besides seeing Radowitz. My stay (at Berlin) will certainly not be a long one; the King's heart is like that of a brother towards me, but our ways diverge. *The die is cast*, and he reads in my countenance that I deplore the throw. He too fulfils his fate, and we with him.

I return ten years older, but unbroken in spirit of life, and in the faith, which God has given me, and which may He preserve to me! My heart longs after the invisible world and its eternal centre—after the secrets of the human mind, their products and results; but in humble conviction that no mortal can attain to the knowledge, otherwise than as in a mirror or image. *Latria, patria, atria,** Church,

* The ancient motto of the Port family (of Ilam, Staffordshire), to which Bunsen's mother-in-law belonged.

State, wedlock; to those will I bear witness, if God will grant me life and strength as hitherto; and whatever the turn of fate may be, thus will I walk on through the path of life, to its end, by your side! with upward gaze towards Him. For that do I constantly pray, best beloved!

I was startled to hear of your illness: thank God that you are recovering! rest and refreshment among children and friends in the country, in the sight of nature, which you so greatly love and understand, are what you require. Only dwell not on cares and anxieties. 'Cares belong to the Creator,' says the hymn; and that is the highest and deepest sense of that wise saying of John Bull, '*Never mind!*' I may hope, after a day with Sieveking in Hamburgh, to embark there so as to be in London and Oakhill early on September 10th.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Corbach: 25th August, 1845.

An unhoped-for day of rest has been granted me, in the place of my birth, on my birthday. I came with the 'Snail-post' (*Schnell-post*) from Elberfeld yesterday, and arrived, at two on Sunday morning, at Arolsen, whence, after some pleasant sleep, I proceeded at seven o'clock, accompanied by my ever-beloved friend of boyhood, Schumacher, towards Corbach, entering the old town of my fathers, with my sister Helen and her husband (who had driven to meet me), at nine. I had only reckoned upon staying over Sunday; but my birthday anniversary just following, I thought that to remain was indicated—if any day is a man's own, besides his deathday, it surely is his birthday! This morning my first walk was to the graves of my dear parents. I had visited the spot after church with my sister and Siebert; this time I went alone, and the half-hour spent there will, I hope, not have been without its due impression upon me. This day will be passed in the company of my sister (besides necessary letter writing), in visits, and in a pilgrimage to the Eisenberg, a hill from whence I have often, alone or with Schumacher (but the first time of all with my father), watched the sun rising on a Sunday morning. I have had a welcome from the Burgomaster, and a deputation from the Gymnasium, the speaker being the Rector Weigel, whom I reckoned among my teachers.

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To-morrow I drive to Cassel with my sister—I am to arrive at one, and go on directly to Göttingen, where Lücke and Reck expect me. On Thursday to Halle; on Saturday, 30th, in good time, at Berlin. When I have had the audience in Sans Souci, I depart forthwith.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Brunswick: Thursday, 28th August, 1845.

My Dearest,—Make haste and see Kotzebue's 'Stranger,' and, when I come back, you must go with me to Bulwer's 'Lady of Lyons,' and weep a whole springflood of youthful tears; for those writers are *heroes* in comparison with the *poetasters* that now rule the stage, even in Germany! Yesterday evening, not finding Schleinitz at home (here Minister of State), I went into the theatre only to look at my dear '*Cousin Michel*,'* collected in one locality—for I never can see him, except in church or in a theatre—otherwise I must have tried to glide incognito into the Singing Association, or into the Assembly of the Friends of Light, for there crowds are to be found; but incognito is no longer possible, for I am astonished to find myself a marked personage, recognised like a spotted dog. The piece given came from Paris, translated from St. Hilaire—the plot of the 'Lady of Lyons,' but spoilt, and thereby a pickle-sauce of religious sentimentality and blasphemy, *à la* Victor Hugo and Co. And instead of seeing *Vetter Michel*, I had close under my eyes Count——, &c. &c., with officers and officials right and left, all busy in their attentions to a handsome and animated lady in high station, the centre of attraction, while *Vetter Michel*, high over their heads, was weeping over the catastrophe of the piece—the husband stabbing himself to make the heroine happy. I perceive the newest fashion is to compress a novel of three volumes into five acts for the stage: in short, the epic drama in its lowest degradation. But, in *good earnest*, you must go with me to see the 'Lady of Lyons.'

Now to return to last Monday. You have had my report as far as the pilgrimage to the Eisenberg, the Sinai of my boyish years. We went through the flourishing plain (Dr. Curtze,

* *Vetter Michel* serves to designate the German people, as *John Bull* does in England.

the head master of the school, and Duncker, accompanying us) to the height crowned with wood, where, at the very top, are the ruins of the old castle of the Counts of Waldeck: somewhat lower are the fine remains of an ancient forest, and a square mound artificially flattened, and planted with oaks (the rest is beech), surrounded by a ditch, outside of which is a broad level, which once a year serves the gay world of Corbach for a summer dancing floor, under the shade of trees, and in full view of the town and of the surrounding hills. This place is called the *Prince's seat*, also the *King's seat* —and no one knows why or wherefore. Thence did I behold my original native soil spread before me—no longer, as formerly, in the glow of the dawn, in the first rays of the sun, but in the calm light of declining day; and the eye glided past the tower of Waldeck over a number of villages and small towns to the height of Cassel, the unknown object of childish gaze and conjecture. My entire life lay before me, between aspiration and striving, from 1805 to 1845—forty years (a number not mythical, as in the patriarchal labyrinth), full of connected recollections. It was hard to break from the scene, and retrace my way in the last rays of the sun through the corn-lands standing thick with golden sheaves!

For the evening a surprise had been contrived for me. In Waldeck, as elsewhere, singing associations have been formed—the vocal Round Table being the method by which the voice of *Vetter Michel* breathes forth his deceived hopes, and keeps up his courage, although not his confidence, for the future. I had observed at eight o'clock an unusual movement and a low hum round the house, and at nine the whole society appeared with lanterns and music-books—at their head Herr von Hadeln, a much respected magistrate, one of the men of 1813, who had shed his blood at Ligny and Waterloo. They sang German songs, and last of all, the 'German Fatherland.' Then came a deputation, and Herr von Hadeln made me a short and hearty speech—alluding to the German hospitals in Rome and in London. (He is a man of small income, of which more than half is given to the poor.) I answered, also from my heart, and begged the whole company to come in. There I saw many a good countenance, and shook hands with one and all, reminding them of our pro-

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verb, 'God forsakes no Waldecker'—and of its connection with that other, still wider saying, 'God forsakes no German.'

With Herr von Hadeln I conversed till late at night: he has both head and heart in the right place, and therefore both ache!

After a short rest I drove at five o'clock in the morning towards Cassel, breakfasting with Schumacher at Arolsen by the way. Everywhere do I find the same condition of mind: the same highly-developed intelligence, the same honest striving in the greater part of the nation—in too many exasperation, depression in all. From the Rhine to the Spree, one feeling, one speech!—the officials being not less excited than the rest.

Near Magdeburg I met Humboldt, with whom I drove as far as Göthen, learning much that was remarkable. He perfectly understands and approves my intention of leaving immediately.

(*Finished at Berlin.*) All friends absent, except Pertz, Lachmann, and the faithful Roestell. I am to see Böckh today. As soon as the King arrives I am to be announced for audience of leave.

The weather is heavenly; the harvest on the whole good; the heat *Italian.*

Monday, 1st September.—The King did not arrive till this morning early, and goes on Friday morning to Stettin to meet the Empress. I have had a long audience of the Prince of Prussia. I have taken a place to-day on the steamer from Hamburgh, for Thursday morning, the 4th. *Deo gratias!* All right!

Contemporary Notice.

21st October, 1845.

Alas for the loss of dear Mrs. Fry! She fell down insensible, on Sunday, the 12th, and expired early the next morning, was heard to utter words in prayer once, but otherwise she gave no sign of consciousness. It is believed to have been the dropsy which was gaining ground upon her, and threatened lingering pain, which suddenly affected the brain, and thus terminated at once a life which had been a continual preparation for death. The consciousness of an irreparable privation is blended with much thankfulness for her having

been spared lengthened suffering and gradual decay, and having had much comfort to brighten her last half year, in seeing her youngest son happily married, and having rejoiced hardly less in the marriage of Ernest with her niece Elizabeth Gurney. All had been arranged for our seeing her at Ramsgate on the 1st of October, but a Ministerial Conference was fixed by Lord Aberdeen for the 2nd, and thus we could not go; and a succession of appointments on public business ever since have never left Bunsen the necessary interval of three days; thus it could not be, and we regret in vain. She had a great pleasure in the King having written to her with his own hand last month. Her funeral took place yesterday, and we could not attend, because Bunsen was confined to his bed.

Contemporary Notice in a Letter to a Son.

Oakhill: Saturday, 25th October, 1845.

Your father's illness has passed off entirely [he had caught cold at Windsor], and he is better than before the attack, in full activity of labour, and enjoying the critical emendation of the text of Ignatius, and the proofs elicited of systematic falsification, for the sake of procuring something like divine honours for the hierarchy. I suppose you have been told before of the Syriac MS. purchased lately for the British Museum from an Egyptian convent, and published by Dr. Cureton, which contains the original text of the Epistles of Ignatius—long suspected of having been interpolated without any possibility of proof. Your father will publish the corrected text, with a German translation, accompanied by a commentary, in a series of letters of his own addressed to Neander.

Contemporary Notice to a Son on the Continent.

Northrepps (Norfolk): 14th November, 1845.

By a beautiful drive through Enfield and Cheshunt, we reached the railway at Broxbourne, and proceeded to Norwich and Earlham, experiencing the kindest reception from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph John Gurney. Earlham is the image of a home of peace, intelligence, activity in all good, and refinement in happiness; gladly should we have stayed longer, but your father had only a few days to spare, and we had so

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many kind friends to see that we were bound to hurry on. The simple Bible reading with which the day begins in Mr. Gurney's house, short and earnest, accompanied by deeply thought comments, will, I trust, not easily be forgotten. He took us to see Norwich, and Mr. Hudson Gurney at Keswick, one day, and the next accompanied us half way to this place, showing us by the way Blickling, once belonging to the father of Anna Boleyn, and still in a good state of preservation, as the house was rebuilt in the seventeenth century. After enjoying the hospitality of the Dowager Lady Buxton at Northrepps, and seeing many of her family assembled, we were forwarded to Mr. Daniel Gurney's at Runcton, where I am now writing; having been kindly greeted at Fakenham, half-way, by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. We are received and cherished in this good county of Norfolk with a fulness of kindness and of considerate attention to all possible wants and wishes far beyond what I can describe. You will believe that we were struck with admiration of Anna Gurney! The victory of the mind over suffering never surely was more complete; for the countenance does not retain a trace of the conflict, beaming, as it does, with a fulness of benevolence and intelligence. Her linguistic talent is a matter of wonder, rising in proportion as it is examined into by those competent.

On Monday, the 17th, we hope to return home, leaving this friendly and charming abode in time to allow of our seeing Ely Cathedral on the way to the station.

The Oregon question is become a tale of other times, and it may be beyond the power of readers at the present time to conceive with what force it throbbed through all minds devoted to that which concerns the weal or woe of nations. Speaking, writing, seeking a way out of the complication of claims and interests in this matter, occupied Bunsen much, until, by the wisdom and moderation of the Governments on each side of the Atlantic, the chaos was subdued into order, and the beautiful and promising colony of British Columbia was the unexpected result. The two honoured brothers, Joseph and Samuel Gurney, were urgent with the members of the Society

of Friends in the United States to exert their influence in the cause of peace; and when arbitration was contemplated as the only means of preventing war, the idea was for a time entertained (and by Lord Aberdeen not discouraged) of suggesting a reference to the respected chief magistrate of Hamburgh, the Syndic Sieveking, in case there should be a difficulty in the choice of a crowned head.

Bunsen to Mr. Joseph John Gurney.

Oakhill: Monday, 24th November, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have a long letter in my head, perhaps a series of letters, or conversations on the great subject you have touched upon. Our practical object for the moment requires all our attention. You have read the semi-official article of Washington—you have seen its instantaneous effect. The general belief is that war is unavoidable, and that Polk's speech of the 2d of December (?) will in fact be what the whole Parliament declared last year to be a *casus belli*, and the whole nation is with the Government. I have required some time to overcome the feeling of disgust, the violated sense of justice and honesty. The principle of the American people of the West and of the Government which they have made is nothing but that of Napoleon, on an immensely large scale, '*le système d'arrondissement et des frontières naturelles.*' No right, no pretence of treaties: the 'natural right' of having all to themselves the whole of the continent of America—aye, and of the islands too: for according to 'natural right' (that is the fictitious right of a State before civilisation, or the right where there is no occupancy) the islands follow the continent. It is all of one piece with repudiation; liberty does openly what despotism attempts from time to time to do secretly. Can a free Christian people thus blaspheme the sacred name of liberty, and that still more sacred name of Christianity? I speak advisedly, for they have no right whereon to found their claim, nor even an excuse for their obstinacy, after the offer made to them by the English Government, in proposing the arbitration of any independent power they would themselves choose.

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But as practical men we must not attend to feelings. I hope on Thursday to see Lord Aberdeen and Mr. M'Lane (the American envoy), the latter for the first time. But I fear that little is to be done here. Humanly speaking, my hope is beyond the Atlantic, in the good sense and Christian feeling of the New England States. My opinion therefore is, that the principal field of your operation is *there* and not *here*, but you must act quickly. My services are at your disposal, but I fear it is too late *here* to urge the plan I have submitted to you.

What I propose to you is, to adopt my idea, if you continue to approve it; make it your own, and that of the Society—convince your friends—write and send to America—through publicity alone can success be hoped for.

I do not believe that an entire cession of the country (without reservation of ten or fifteen establishments as forts, in block-houses, *and* of the best part of Columbia) is the practical and the right thing. My feeling is this:—

A nation and a government in a Christian State are bound not to suffer wrong and untruth without openly declaring what they think about it; nor ought they (in my opinion), in conscience, to pander to a grasping ambition, trampling upon the rights of mankind, and violating the law of God and man. God willed the being of States, therefore He willed that they should maintain, in His name, His principles of right and truth, defensively; for governments are placed by God for that purpose. Besides, the whole nation, (or nearly so) is opposed to the theory of applying to such public cases, the charge of our Lord with regard to private wrongs; and even in the latter case they consider it not only a right but their duty, to stop the thief, and to call to the police to prevent the robber from conveying away your property, or beating your children!

But I persist in believing that something practical might be made of my idea; for England can afford to take no offence, she can also afford to give way. I intend to write, to two influential friends at Boston, and in South Carolina merely to perform a duty. One of them is already infected with the Oregon and universal occupation fever; the other is one of the heads of the old Federalists of 1814.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

Oakhill: Monday evening, 8th December, 1845.

At last Ignatius is getting ready! Of my *seven* epistles to Neander (the *three* have grown into *seven*, as the seven of Ignatius have shrunk into three) only *one* remains to be written, for which the preparations are made. It will be a snug volume in quarto of about thirty sheets, and I hope it will please you. But *me* it cannot please, until I have laid it before you, and improved it by your remarks, and enriched it by help of your books. Next week I could free myself from town. Can you receive me?

To the Same.

18th December, 1845.

. . . The explanation of my Calendar of Scripture-reading (*Lesetafel*) has become by degrees an apology for the critical German school, and an attempt to carry through, in perfect orthodoxy, the new formula of inspiration and prophecy which is at the bottom of all that has been doing with us in that field from the time of Kant down to Ewald, who has been more inspired by the high ethical dignity and character of the Prophets, than any one of his predecessors. And this merit is immense! His translation and historical explanation of Isaiah xl. to lxvi. is admirable; only I cannot understand how he can insist upon the servant of God, chapter liii., being taken *there* in the collective sense, as certainly it is taken in the preceding chapters. The true Israel *collectivity* was the remnant of the believing Israelites: *personally* we learn that there was a man (if he is not, as I believe, Jeremiah, how is it credible such a man should be unknown to us?) who represented it individually in so eminent a degree, that the Prophet sees in him the atonement for men's sins. As this form intuitively forebodes Christ in His earthly, bodily appearance, so the other is the harbinger of Christ as the invisible Head of His body, the Church. And thus, the historical interpretation gives us *two* prophecies instead of one—Christ and also His kingdom, instead of Christ crucified alone; the sacrifice of atonement and that of praise and thanksgiving are both foreshadowed

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here. But *all* institutions of the law, and all prophecies, are Messianic, and *that*, Christ has said Himself.

The formula of the old Church differed not much from the practice of ancient Rome in consulting the Sibylline books, as indeed the *Sortes Christianæ* were literally the same. The Reformation did not overthrow that formula, but prepared its death, and the life of the new one.

To the Same.

Oakhill: 31st December, 1845.

[In the interval since the letter of 18th December, Bunsen had spent a few days with Hare at Herstmonceaux Rectory.]

In these concluding hours of a year which has been full of blessings to me, I feel the want of conversing with you, at least in writing, and of dwelling upon some of the happiest hours which were spent under your hospitable roof. They have been a real refreshment to me, and I hope will be a lasting benefit. I delight to reflect upon all the affection, and charity, and piety, and thought, which I there beheld, and pray that your happiness may be long preserved. I thank you for all the affection you bear to me; of which I had a new proof on my arrival here, where I found your and your dear wife's corrections of my letter to Gladstone, which make me say exactly what I wished, but had failed to express exactly.

Contemporary Notice.

Oakhill: 12th January, 1846.

Inscriptions in the arrow-headed (cuneiform) character, a short time since considered hopelessly sealed, have been read, and wonderfully confirm statements of Herodotus with reference to Darius Hystaspes. With what renewed interest we shall behold the ancient Persian bas-reliefs in the British Museum! But, apropos of these, I must mention that Bunsen saw three days ago, at Sir Robert Peel's, just unpacked, two specimens of the sculptures of Nineveh, presented to him by Sir Stratford Canning, to whom they had been sent by the Consul at Mosul. A male and female head of exquisite execution, and without a particle of barbarism except the conventional mode of representing the eye in full

front, while the faces are in profile. The French Government are expending large sums for the removal of masses of sculpture from the same tract.

Bunsen to Mr. Samuel Gurney.

Oakhill: Monday, 15th February, 1846.

You must allow me to tell you what Sir Robert Peel said to me on Saturday, when I dined with him. He expressed himself 'very much pleased with the address,'* and added 'the very appearance of the two brothers Gurney is impressive.' He had a long conversation with Wheaton before and after dinner, who was entirely satisfied with all he said. I feel there will be a blessing upon the step you have taken! God be thanked. I hope much from your excellent brother's interview with Lord Aberdeen this day.

Bunsen to G. W. Dasent, Esq.

4 Carlton Terrace: 25th March, 1846.

. . . When I transmitted to you the other day Jacob Grimm's letter with that honourable testimonial in your favour, you expressed to me the wish that I would embody in an ostensible letter the substance of what already on former occasions I had given you as my opinion respecting the success of your philological and literary studies, and your particular fitness for what I conceive to be the object of the Taylorian Professorship. It gives me great pleasure to have thus an opportunity of expressing my high opinion of your literary achievements, and of the judgment and taste they exhibit; but in order to explain my belief of your particular claims for that honourable place, I think it right, in justice as well to you as to myself, to state, as briefly as I can, my view of the object of that foundation itself. I will therefore say, that I presume it is *neither* intended to be a linguistic professorship for the comparative analysis and ethnographic review of ancient and modern languages, on the plan of Bopp's Grammar, or of Pritchard's Researches; *nor* a professorship established merely for giving lectures on modern literature, on the plan of works like those of Eich-

* On the Oregon question, advising a peaceable settlement of the American boundary.

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horn, Wachler, and Hallam. I suppose, on the contrary, that the Taylorian Professorship is to be instituted for the advancement of the knowledge of modern literature, based upon the philological knowledge and philosophical analysis of the languages of modern Europe. For it is exactly this union which has made modern philology a fruitful, and modern literature a solid study, and which has led to many important discoveries in the last thirty years. Now it is such a union between the language and literature of modern Europe which seems to me to characterise the course and scope of your studies.

Of the four great families of Europe, the Germanic, the Romanic, the Slavonic, and the British or Celtic, you have directed your attention to the literary remains, and the interesting questions of origin, affinity, and history, of all of them. You have availed yourself of those researches of Kopitar, Dombrowsky, and Szaferik, of Talvj and other German authors, which have given such an importance and interest in Germany to Slavonic studies, and made us acquainted with the beautiful Servian and Bohemian epic and lyric national poetry, as essential elements in the history of the European mind and art. You have equally followed the researches of Schultze, Meyer, Villemarqué, Leo and others, respecting the origin and history of the different branches of Celtic language and literature, hitherto buried in confusion in fables and imposture.

But as to the two remaining most important families, the Germanic and Romanic, you have, as a worthy disciple of Grimm, first made yourself thoroughly acquainted with the two principal dialects of the Germanic tongue, the *German* in all its branches, the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, the Old, Middle, and High Dutch (to use the word in its true sense), the Low-German or Dutch, and the Scandinavian, in its mother-language, the Icelandic, and its daughters the Swedish and Danish. Your edition of the Icelandic grammar, your Prose-Edda, your researches into the Runic inscriptions, and your other works, give ample proofs of the success which has attended those studies. Thus you will be able to give lectures partly philological, partly literary, on the Edda, on Beowulf, and on the Anglo-Saxon laws, on the great epic poem of the Germanic tribes, the Niebelungen, on the Minnesänger, and finally on the literature of Lessing, Göthe,

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and Schiller, and of that of Oehlenschläger and of Tegner; thus forming a course of Germanic philology and literature such as does not exist now in England, and certainly must have been in the contemplation of the generous founder of that professorship, and of those enlightened men called upon to realise his noble idea.

As to the Romanic literature, you are acquainted with the researches of Raynouard and Diez on the origin of Romanic language and literature, researches hitherto not much better understood than those about British and Germanic philology. Thus you have gained a sound basis for the history of Romanic literature, from the Troubadours, and the authors of the Fabliaux of France, and from Dante and his contemporaries in Italy, down to the modern literature of that great portion of European thought and art, embodied in the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages and their respective dialects. And here again I see before me a course of lectures, some philological, some entirely literary, which, based on the eternal model of classical criticism, research, and taste, and aided by preliminary studies under special teachers, may bid fair to inspire new life into the academical studies of Oxford, in so extended and important a sphere.

Were your studies and accomplishments only of a literary or merely of a linguistic nature, I confess I should feel great doubt as to your success in standing for that Professorship. There would in that case not be that connection between the studies of literature and language, which has proved to be essential for substituting a living knowledge of both, to an exclusively philological, or a purely æsthetical and so-called philosophical, treatment of modern literature, and which I presume to be required by those who have to elect the Professor.

As to a *linguistic professorship* of a comparative ethnographical character, I think it would be of the highest usefulness in Oxford, and England possesses the first living author in Europe in this new and growing science, the author of the 'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind:' but I do not see how such a Professorship could come into the scope of the Taylorian Institution.

With my sincere wishes for your success,

I remain, &c., BUNSEN.

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Bunsen to a Son and Daughter-in-Law, staying at Rome.

Oakhill: 16th April, 1846.

How often in spirit do I fly over to my beloved Rome, and to the house of the dear friend* who has received you with such affection—to the Capitol, to the chapel and the hospital!

We have passed the quiet and holy week in such quiet as could be had in London. Our dear child went through her preparation for Confirmation by the venerable Steinkopf, in deep seriousness and concentration of mind; and on Palm Sunday, in the name of herself and her companions, pronounced composedly her profession of faith. On Easter Sunday we partook with her of the Holy Communion. It was on Easter Monday that I peculiarly thought of you in the beloved chapel on the Capitol. Through all this course of serious thought, I had a very anxious affair to fight out, relating to the noble-minded Gobat, named by the King as the Bishop of Jerusalem, which has drawn upon him much envy; and, moreover, I have had something to complete in my MS. of the two volumes of 'Ignatius,' which are to be sent off to the press to-morrow.

Contemporary Notice.

Monday: 20th April, 1846.

The book enquired about, which Bunsen gave to the Princess Sophia, was a copy of the new edition of his Hymn Book. Many years ago she had wished for the original edition, having become acquainted with a copy given (by you) to the late Princess Augusta; but the enquiries made after it were in vain, as similar ones from many quarters had long proved; more purchasers having appeared for the former Hymn Book than copies could be found. We were longer than we had intended in delivering the book to the Princess, having twice driven to Kensington in vain, finding her engaged with royal visitors; a third time, however, we succeeded in seeing her—I thought her much altered and aged, but as usual conversible, and entering into every subject with interest and intelligence.

* Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister Resident, who had found an apartment for the travellers under the same roof with himself, and in every way cherished them.

It is edifying to behold the mild and benevolent expression of her countenance, knowing that she lives in ceaseless pain, and has but sorrow and trial to look back upon.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: Thursday morning, 30th April, 1846.
(32 years after the taking of Paris.)

. . . The more I reflect upon the present time and the future, upon my own generation and yours, and upon the laceration and dismemberment of intellectual and popular life among Germans, the more do I groan in spirit over human folly. *Wherefore* labour to be possessed of the key of all knowledge, only to open therewith syllables and letters and trifles of antiquity? or else, whether consciously or unconsciously, to prove that nothing is likely to be discovered which could remunerate the labour of opening or forcing the lock? Who has a right to break down, unless he possesses will and the power to build up again? No man has a calling to deal with History, who is not clear in his own mind as to Religion, the social system, and that of the State; and how should he become so without having studied theology and law? Between reality of knowledge and pretension to it, careful discrimination is essential, which, however, is not difficult to a German philologer, who might as easily interpret the Bible and the Pandects, as Theocritus and Eustathius, and far more easily than the Ramaguna and Menu; but first of all, he must have learnt to interpret Homer, Plato, and Thucydides.

Take hold of the thing with spirit, my beloved son; and drive out of your head all useless self-contemplation; in its place let your mind dwell on *reality*, the God-created object of intellectual contemplation, Leave alphabets and stones to others, from whom you may learn their just interpretation, and plunge into the history of the revelation of God in humanity, the centre of which is the Bible, and its outward enclosure the Pandects. The antiquated magic spells, by which historical revelation was to be conjured up, are broken, or at least powerless; not certainly because their object has ceased to exist, but because spells more potent have become visible on the mental horizon, in consequence of the more rapid revolution of the intellectual universe. In like

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manner is the Roman law system verging to its decline, to make room for a more perfect edifice.

Religion is to the Christian, in the nearest sense (*not* as with the Jew, the Hindoo, the Arabian), that which enters into his flesh and blood; just because it is the religion of *humanity*, and not a part of nationality. In other words one might say: *therefore* shall Christianity pervade both *nation* and *state*,—the ὅσιον shall unfold out of the ἱερόν: not as with the Jews, by direct revelation and tradition, but as by the *Ionian mind* popularly worked out, from the God-given essentially human feeling. That is what I should call a regenerate nationality! But there are, alas! mere shadows of Christianity in the world! Such is the Book of Common Prayer to the Englishman, and the General Assembly to the Scotchman.

It is said that a Jesuit pupil has this advantage over the disciple of Deism, that revelation is of real worth to him. That is distorting the fact. Neither of them, neither the believer in authority, nor the believer in an abstract God, take into consideration historical revelation. But inasmuch as inward subjective religion is a moral conviction, and therefore a belief in reason and self-responsibility, the follower of Kant has an incomparably firmer hold on the truth of life than the scholar of Loyola. If the latter be actually *believing*, then he is a converted Christian; and of *such* I am not here speaking. But the person or the people, proceeding from that school, as natural men (not as born again in the Spirit of God), are the first to sink into unbelief of Christianity, and that all the more easily if of intelligent mind and refined cultivation; for as all was to them *authority*, not *inward consciousness*, nor *revelation* evidenced by competent testimony, they cannot avoid becoming aware of the deceit and hollowness of their foundation. But the Deist, under the same conditions of moral energy and intellectual activity, although on the domain of the natural man, is drawn into a struggle, which brings Christianity essentially near to him. Compare the history of Germany and of Spain since 1780.

I am resolved to encounter the school of Tübingen, to the full extent of their exertions; in order to tear asunder the veil of romance in which they have enwrapped the history of the two first centuries with their web of self-delusion.

I have written afresh my long-commenced work on the

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Pastoral Epistles, after having worked through De Wette's commentary, excellent *in its way*. I am quite convinced that Paul wrote the First Epistle to Timothy, as well as the second: (De Wette says, 'as little as the second')—first, because it does not in the very least fall in with the later period (neither with the year 100 nor 160): secondly, because although it must be rated beneath the Epistles of St. Paul to congregations, it is throughout *Pauline*. Thus I go through the epistles that have been called in question, and close with the few undoubted. Then I shall work through Dorner's new book on the person of Christ; and then we shall see what the Spirit moves me to write; as to which I am very curious.

Our complication of difficulties lies in the seventeenth century; and that of the seventeenth lies in the second; the solution of the first is the nineteenth!

May God guide and strengthen you!

Bunsen to Platner (Chargé d'Affaires of Saxony in Rome).

[Translation.]

London: 5th July, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot let my friend Mr. Harford go to Rome, without sending a sign of life to you. He is an old Roman, since 1817, when he spent a long time in Rome, in great intimacy with Consalvi. His ample fortune is shared between the needy and the fine arts; he possesses many fine pictures of the grand historical school, and the object of his chief veneration is Michael Angelo, to whose especial history he has devoted most persevering research. He caused your articles upon the subject of art in Rome, upon the Arazzi, the Sistina, &c., in *our* work, to be translated for his particular study; and has the greater wish for your personal acquaintance.

I and mine are struggling on through these months of turmoil as well as we can, securing to ourselves hours if not days of rest; and if one has but *inward* tranquillity, and a happy family circle, one may maintain independence even in the midst of the bustle of this world's metropolis, although ever longing after the comparative quiet of the remaining nine months of the year. My occupations are a pleasure to me: I have learnt much here, and daily learn more, principally by the contemplation of the grandest political existence of modern times, and a close observation of the great statesmen

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of this country. I like the nation, and the nation likes me. But never was I a more thorough German than now, or more proud of being one. In everything relating to intellectual and scientific progress, the preponderance of Germany is ever increasing; other nations begin to discover that they have much to learn from us, and that Germany in the last sixty years has worked through a revolution in the world of intelligence, like that of France in political life, but which may well prove of still greater influence and duration. Upon this truth I have dwelt much in a small book, published at the beginning of this year, with the purpose of cutting short much empty declamation both in Germany and here, entitled the 'Church of the Future.' In process of years more will be heard from me on this matter, if God shall preserve to me life and health; but my 'Egypt' must first be completed. With the part that is about to come out you will be more interested than with the first portion, except the general introduction. I hope to live and die here.

May God preserve you! With affectionate greeting to all yours, I remain ever your faithful friend,

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Wildbad.*)

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Monday, 13th July, 1846.

You will have heard of the two great days—the Consecration of Gobat on Sunday, the 5th, with the Bishop of Calcutta's memorable sermon; and the dinner-party (extemporised) on Monday, the 6th, with all the speeches and after-dinner songs from the 'Messiah.' The excellent Gobat left us on Thursday for Antwerp; the day before we had got through all business matters satisfactorily. Friday and Saturday were very lazy days. Saturday evening I felt the spirit of composition and thought, which had sadly left me, to be returning, and next morning I rose soon after five and worked at Letter VI. (to Neander) successfully. After five in the afternoon I walked with Meyer and Reumont to Kensington. To bed by ten, and this morning I went on where I had left off. I hope to read the whole letter this week to Hare—whose volumes are real treasures of thought and erudition. He and Mrs. Hare were among those most inspirited by that Monday dinner, when the Spirit fell upon us,

including the Primate of the Church of England. Hare is full of wrath at an attack made upon me in the 'Christian Remembrancer'—in a very Jesuitical way, insinuating that I ought not to have so much influence allowed me. Another article execrates the bishopric of Jerusalem as an abomination. This zeal savours more of hatred than of charity.

I have succeeded as to Lord Westmoreland's remaining at Berlin.

The Bishop and Elders of the Moravian Brethren, on June 25, in their meeting at Berthelsdorf, have decreed to present to me through Latrobe a copy of the new edition of Zinzendorf's poems. I prize the gift higher than ten academical honours or orders.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: 23rd July, 1846.

. . . My life here is full of important and varied interest. With the new Ministry I am on a very good footing. Palmerston is like an old friend: *he* in the palace like a brother. The Queen's half brother, Prince Leiningen, has also shown me much confidence; there is a new and popular spirit arising among these mediatised peers of the empire—a proof of the resistless impulse of the German nation towards unity and freedom. The Synod shows an excellent temper, good intentions, just appreciation of time and measure. Theiner has declared against the so-called 'friends of light' and Ronge. The fermentation of minds is great, spiritually and politically: great events, as they are preparing, create a pressure against inferior men, without bringing them forward—they will therefore be either overthrown or pushed aside.

I have worked out Letter VI., and made new researches, or rather renewed older ones, in order to write that letter more effectively. It is not to be said what a comfort I feel it, to have my books and my children all about me.

27*th July*.—The greatest event of the day is the proposition of the First Committee of the Synod (the constitutional one), Nitzsch being chairman. It is this:—1. At the first examination of the candidates *pro facultate prædicandi*, no subscription of any Articles. 2. At the second examination, the *vocation* to a given parish, the subscription is to be according to the usage and wishes of that congregation. 3. At the

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final examination, subscription of a new, universal, Protestant declaration, embodying the belief in Christ as the Son of God, the authority of Scripture, and justification by faith. That would be the signal of a new Reformation, which the world wants everywhere. We Germans, alone, can give the *formulæ* of the new consciousness of Christianity.

To the Syndic Sieveking, in Hamburgh.

[Translation.]

London: 8th September, 1846.

Among the latest events nothing interests me so nearly as the Evangelical Alliance, and its coincidence with the General Synod at Berlin. The fact that 150 and 180 dissenting ministers, of both hemispheres and of all colours, should have knelt at the communion-table of the English Church, on two successive Sundays, to receive the elements from the hands of Baptist Noel, speaks for itself. About 200 clergy of the Church of England were among the 500 British, Lord Wriothesley Russell, brother of the Premier, being one of the number.

The Alliance has originated a Society for evangelisation among the foreigners here collected, Lord Ashley being President, and I have publicly advocated the measure.

I hail, with you, the emigration of our countrymen to North America (the land of the Anglo-Saxons and of our own kindred), towards the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. I have daily the map before me, and contemplate the Rio Bravo del Norte, of which I take possession from Santa Fè and San Felipe, and then the two Californias* and the fine desert land between North California and the Rio del Norte as the connecting tract; and then I draw a line

* Whenever the *curiosities* of Bunsen's diplomatic life in London see the light of publicity, his plan of accepting the offer made by the rulers of Mexico in 1842, to *purchase California for the King of Prussia* will be reckoned among the most original. Humboldt dissuaded His Majesty, and the matter was dropped. The Prussian Envoy at Washington, Baron Rönne, on the other hand, warmly applauded the project. 'The time has come,' he said in a letter to Bunsen, 'when we ought to take a grand and independent attitude. For this we must be united, and we must possess a fleet and colonies. Your idea of purchasing California is excellent. I never ventured to express such far-stretching desires. But I pointed out in 1837 already, when reporting upon the condition of German emigrants here, that Mexico would perhaps resolve upon ceding a portion of California. Your plan of purchasing the whole is better in every respect.'

southwards, if possible to the 25th degree (instead of the 42nd), as my boundary on the Pacific, and I feel the joy of the human race, that God should have granted to it the length and breadth of the earth.

'Canada is not worth keeping long,' is becoming here more and more the general feeling.

Contemporary Notice.

Saturday: 29th August, 1846.

We had reason to be very thankful on Bunsen's birthday for all attendant circumstances—it was a very cheerful day. Archdeacon Hare and his wife dined with us, and a charade was represented very cleverly in the evening, contrived between Lepsius and Henry, and worked at by all in the course of that afternoon *only*, for the preceding evening the plan had not been decided upon, and all the morning of the 25th, from ten till after two, was passed at one of the meetings in Exeter Hall. They acted the word 'grandfather' (*Grossvater*), in allusion to the birth a few days since of the first grandchild. This was symbolised by Herodotus, the Father of History, the nine books of whose work are designated by the names of the Nine Muses, personated by nine veiled figures; on each veil the name of the Muse was pinned. When the names had been duly observed, the veils dropped, and disclosed figures (in graceful drapery) portraying the various works of their own father—Frances, very picturesque in Grecian folds, formed by a red shawl, with a 'Basilica' on her head, like a mural crown, and another in her hand; Emilia was robed as *Roma* with the Seven Hills as a diadem (alluding to the work on 'Roman topography'); Mary, as the 'Church of the Future,' with a transparent veil and a mirror in her hand; Theodora, with a lyre, veiled, held the 'Hymn Book;' *Lepsia* (as we call Madame Lepsius) was 'Jerusalem,' in mourning robes and a mural crown; Lepsius himself, as an Egyptian statue, stiffly wrapped, with a high cap, represented the work on Egypt; Meyer bore aloft the work on 'Ignatius,' *hiding* behind the rest, to indicate its *not being yet come out*; Henry bore the 'Roman Liturgy' (that used in the Chapel of Palazzo Caffarelli); and Reumont, dressed as a Cabinet Courier, carried a load of despatches.

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The Princess of Prussia arrived yesterday (28th), and we are to dine with her at the Queen Dowager's to-morrow.

Contemporary Notice.

Cashiobury Park: Monday morning, 14th September, 1846.

. . . A few words about our pleasant visit here may perhaps be written before luncheon—after which we return to town. On Saturday, the 12th, the Princess of Prussia came again to London, and after seeing the new Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey she took luncheon at Carlton Terrace, and we were fortunate in getting Lord Palmerston to meet her, as he was in town for the day. After having conversed with everybody, she went to some shops, and then to the station, where we were awaiting her. Then by special train, we reached Watford station in half an hour, the Princess talking and listening to Bunsen all the way—although when she entered the carriage she looked as if she were quite exhausted. It is inconceivable how she keeps up an incessant activity of body and mind, although perhaps less surprising than in the case of the Queen Dowager, who is an habitual invalid; but she must be much the better for her journey, or the fine season, or both, for she is very rarely heard to cough at present. The weather was beautiful, and I enjoyed the sight of Cashiobury—the picturesque house and garden and magnificent trees in the park. Queen Adelaide was as kind to us as possible; and I found, as I have always experienced at her dinner parties, that her good humour and good nature seems to pervade the company.

Tuesday, 15th September.—After all, this letter could not be finished yesterday. When, in the morning, the Queen Dowager had the kindness to send us for a drive to Lord Clarendon's (the Grove, adjoining Cashiobury Park), we found Lady Clarendon, as usual, very pleasing, and she showed us the valuable collection of Van Dycks and many other pictures of the friends and descendants of Lord Chancellor Hyde.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Windsor Castle: Wednesday, 23rd September, 1846.

Here I am, all day in conversation either with one or the other of the royal personages, or with my excellent philo-

sophical friend [Stockmar]. The Queen is most gracious: last night I had the honour of her taking my arm to be conducted to dinner, the Queen Dowager going first with Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, then came the Queen, and then the Princess of Prussia with Prince Albert. The Queen spoke much to me of the King's kindness to herself this day a year ago, and was very conversible.

I reached the station just five minutes too late! the train to arrive at 5 o'clock, being a Sunday train, all other days at 4 45. As I arrived, the whistle sounded, but the superintendent stopped the train, and had my carriage put on; off we went, but only for two seconds, for then there appeared Lord Palmerston, and for him there was a second delay. I learnt the state of the case at Slough, where I invited Lord Palmerston into my carriage, and had a good long conversation with him. I have been two hours with Prince Albert—the subjects being Spain and Prussia.

Contemporary Notice.

Windsor Castle: Friday, 25th September, 1846.

I arrived here yesterday at six, and at eight all followed the Queen in to dinner in the great hall hung round with the Waterloo portraits. The band, so placed as to be invisible, played exquisitely, so that what with the fine proportions of the hall, and the well-subdued lights, and the splendour of the plate and decoration, the scene was such as fairy tales present; and Lady Canning, Miss Dawson, and Miss Stanley were beautiful enough to personate the ideal attendants of an ideal Court. The Queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with that expression that she always has when thoroughly pleased with all that occupies her mind—which you know I always observe with delight, as fraught with that truth and reality which so essentially belong to her character, and so strongly distinguish her countenance, in all its changes, from the *fixed mask* only too common in the royal rank of society.

The many interesting objects in the Corridor always cause Bunsen and myself to linger on the way back to our rooms. . . In the afternoon the Queen took a long drive in the Park. I was in one of the open carriages with Lady Palmerston and Lord Edward Howard, and very glad to see so much

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of the grounds, and the various establishments as they were shown to the Princess, the fine collection of dogs, and that of fowls, and the perfect arrangement of each, the dairy, &c., to say nothing of the fine trees everywhere. I am now (Saturday, 26th) returned to Carlton Terrace, after accomplishing a visit undisturbed by any *contretemps*. Bunsen remains at the Castle as long as the Princess stays, that is, till Tuesday: on Wednesday we are both invited to dine at the Queen Dowager's at Marlborough House; it is the Princess's last day, and her birthday, for which festival Bunsen and I have been at much pains (in which I wish I may succeed) in getting together an Album, with views of the various places she has visited during her stay in England—a matter of greater difficulty than could have been imagined, as the poverty of London in the representations of London can scarcely be believed. I have taken my share in hunting through print shops, and I found most of what would at all serve the purpose in a little shop of no show, very near St. Martin's Church. But of Marlborough House and of Cashiobury, two of the principal resting places of the Princess, no representation was found to exist: so I have made views from nature of them, as well as I could. The difficulty when at Cashiobury was to find an opportunity to draw unobserved; but the early morning proved fine, and I found my position and made my sketch, before the grandees were up. So little was I perceived, that it has been reported of the Album that Bunsen had been at great expense in employing a regular artist for its decoration, and Lord Edward Howard looked incredulous when I answered his question, that I had been out drawing at eight o'clock in the morning. The Princess intends to depart on the 1st October.

Saturday, 3rd October.—On the 1st we saw the Princess of Prussia glide off from Woolwich, in the Black Eagle steamer, in the finest weather imaginable. She had been much affected at parting from the Queen Dowager, who has been like a mother in kindness to her; and altogether her visit to England has turned out as well as possible. She accepted the Album with great kindness, and gave every proof of being much pleased with it. The *catalogue raisonné*, in verse, by Meyer, was very ingeniously adapted to give spirit and connection to the contents, and

formed the most interesting part of them: and the binding and arrangement were quite successful.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

4 Carlton Terrace: 7th October, 1846.

. . . I have been reading in the 'Pictorial History of England' (Macfarlane's), which Arnold considered the best for the eighteenth century, the Anglo-European relation of the period from 1688 to 1720. So ho! So ho! King William for ever! My admiration for him rises the more I become acquainted with the immeasurable wickedness of the English nobility, the deep corruption of Parliament and all officials, the indolence and selfishness of the entire nation at that time. Pray read William's secret letters on the Spanish concerns and the French alliance, vol. iv., part 1, pp. 88 to 110. They were written for this year 1846. I shall not rest until I have penetrated to the very bottom of the thing before I open my mouth again.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

15th May, 1846.

At last I hope to have the happiness of executing a commission of yours, always a command, most zealously obeyed. I have ascertained that a youth of sixteen may be admitted as midshipman, and that it has been done, but it is the privilege of the First Lord of the Admiralty alone to grant such a favour. As Lord Ellenborough is only to be found at eleven, I was not in time this morning, having had Dr. Pritchard to breakfast; but I shall go again to-morrow or Saturday, and ask it as a personal favour, his lordship having always been very kind to me. I may hope therefore to get that promising youth into the navy. I hope he has a sound constitution and a good mathematical head.

16*th May*.—No sooner had I explained the case, than Lord Ellenborough answered, 'It does not require a word more; the order may be made out at once by my brother-in-law, only you will consider that Mr. F. W. being sixteen years of age, and requiring eight years to become lieutenant, will be twenty-four before he reaches that point: but that is for him and his friends to consider. He is a

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midshipman from this moment, if he desires it after this information. I gave the other day a similar admission to the son of Lord Francis Coningham, but he is only thirteen.'

1*st June.*—I have just received the appointment of your great-nephew, in an official packet, which should be forwarded immediately, as H.M.S. Dido is fitting out, according to Lord E.'s note, which I have enclosed. I shall be in town from to-morrow till Saturday, and very glad to present Mr. F. F. Waddington as soon as he arrives. On these three days, the two last of May and first of June, I consider it a peculiar blessing to have been enabled to gratify a wish of yours.

Contemporary Notice.

14th May, 1846.

At the annual dinner of the Literary Fund last night, at which Bunsen took the chair, the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Kaye), in proposing Bunsen's health, made, of course, a great eulogy upon him, and wound up by observing that it might be presumption in him to dwell upon this or that point, but that he must be allowed to bear testimony to his being 'one of the ablest divines of the day,' which is a sharp stroke against the Puseyites, who are very angry with Bunsen for his letter to Gladstone, and for having caused the appointment of Gobat as Bishop of Jerusalem. They accuse him of heresy on account of the work on Egypt, in the last number of the 'English Review': for which condemnation he must be consoled by the favourable tone of the 'Edinburgh Review,' of the 'Journal des Savans,' the 'Prospective Review,' and others, and above all by a good conscience. It is unusual for a foreigner to have been invited to preside at an English anniversary dinner like that of yesterday evening. Bunsen would have felt bound to decline the distinction, if he had not regarded it as a compliment to his King and country, and to the diplomatic body in general.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Saturday morning, 23rd May, 1846.

I must breathe a warm welcome to you, although I do not venture in person so early to break in upon the quiet of the Palace! First of all I hope that the journey will have done

you good, but next comes my longing to see you. I remain here till to-morrow after church, for I am to hear the Bishop of Oxford preach; as he has the good intention of preaching a charity sermon for the German Hospital at Dalston, on the Queen's birthday; at which, of course, I must not fail to be present. Were not *the* event* hourly expected, I should propose to you to allow me to fetch you after church in my carriage (I alone), to take you to our charming Tusculum (Oakhill), where my wife and children are staying.

Bunsen to the Syndic Sieveking, in Hamburgh.

[Translation.]

London: 17th June, 1846.

To-morrow the meeting in the London Tavern is to take place, presided over by the Duke of Cambridge, for the foundation of the German Hospital, and I shall have much to state and to urge on the minds of the hearers; which I shall do (seconded by Lord Ashley) with more joy and courage on the thirtieth anniversary of the battle of La Belle Alliance, than on any other day.

Oh! the thirty years that have elapsed, and the thirty times thirty signs of woe that are due for the failure of all political and spiritual organisation in our beloved fatherland! The perishing of a State, because the people or the dynasty, or both, are ripe for destruction, is the consequence of a well-prepared judgment; but that all should proceed towards dissolution amid the best and finest elements of life, because strength is wanting for a final effort—that is hard and bitter, worthy of all lamentation! . . . The excuse for such a result is worse than the fact itself.

Extract from a Letter of 24th June, 1846.

I am ever thinking of the words of Peel, in September, 1841—'Let the King remember that Necker's having slighted Mirabeau brought on the French Revolution.'

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Windsor Castle: Monday (early), 9th November, 1846.

. . . I have excellent news to give you! Prince Albert informed me yesterday evening of his intention of appoint-

* An addition to the Royal Family.

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ing Meyer as his librarian and private secretary, in the place of Dr. Pretorius, who does not return, owing to his wife's ill health. Thus has Providence helped our excellent friend, for which we have reason to be truly thankful. I have suggested that Meyer should have a leave of absence occasionally, that he may in Ireland and Scotland study the remains of Celtic antiquity, as he has done already in the matter of the Welsh manuscripts.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

4 Carlton Terrace: 11th November, 1846.

It is the more welcome to me to have matter of business to communicate to you which obliges me to write; for the 'fair days in Aranjuez' still exercise their influence, and the habit of exchange of ideas draws me in spirit often back to the proud towers of Windsor.

The bomb has burst over Cracow. Not even the idea of giving to it the character of a free imperial city (which according to the despatch was offered for consideration) has been reckoned possible.

A certain Montesquieu said once, that the principle of a certain form of government was 'la peur.' We have made such progress in principle that 'la peur de la peur' is become the principle of modern rulers.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

4 Carlton Terrace: 13th November, 1846.

. . . I have a message for you from the Duchess of Gloucester, to whom I presented Prince Löwenstein the other day. She enquired after you, and said she wished you to read the sixth volume of Madame d'Arblay's book, as containing an excellent character of the Princess Sophia. I was invited to Windsor Castle to spend the birthday of the Prince of Wales, for the first time, as it is not usual with the Queen to have foreign guests on that occasion. In the morning I accompanied the royal party to the terrace, to see the troops, who fired a *feu de joie* in honour of the Prince of Wales, who enjoyed it much, in extreme seriousness, and returned duly, by a military salute, the salutation he received as the colours passed. I enquired of Prince

Albert whether he had formed any idea as yet of his position, at this early age (five years). He told me that last month in travelling through Cornwall, he had asked for an explanation of the cheers accompanying the cry of 'The Duke of Cornwall for ever!'—when Prince Albert informed him that there had been, long ago, a great and good Prince of Wales, called the Black Prince, who was also Duke of Cornwall, and he had been so beloved and admired, that people had not forgotten him, and the title being given to the eldest son of the Sovereign, together with that of Prince of Wales, it ought to teach him to emulate the merits of that great Prince, in order to be equally beloved and remembered.

I had brought with me German books for the children, and received permission to present them. The Queen brought the Royal Family into the corridor after luncheon, on purpose to give me that opportunity. The Prince wanted to have the pictures explained, and I *sat on the floor* in the midst of the group; we all spoke German, and the Princess Royal, by desire of the Queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on the 'Church of the Future' the honour to read it, so attentively, that the other day when at Cashiobury seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved, in order to read them aloud to the Queen Dowager.

To the Syndic Sieveking, at Hamburgh.

[Translation.]

London: 24th November, 1846.

. . . I must lament with you over a new source of grief, although you know it too well. What a calamity, what a misery, is this Cracow business, this nefarious breach of treaties, this political madness in two out of the three Powers! Three months ago I wrote a warning officially; on the 15th October, confidentially, I reiterated the warning, in the most solemn manner. All in vain!—Oh! how can weakness be warped to aid in purposes which will bring about evil more than malice itself! Russia has arranged the whole

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matter for her own advantage, and for that of France. A sanction was wanting for what she has done, and intends to do. Incorporation! the only thing not yet proceeded to with the Kingdom of Poland!

I hope the German press will demean itself with dignity. Here we have done nothing further than to give in the Note of the Conference with an accompanying memorandum: the only thing that could be said was that Cracow did not fulfil the condition of her existence—that is, steady neutrality: having joined the Polish insurrection in 1830; and that the attempts made in 1833 and 1836, to govern with a modified Constitution, proved fruitless; but even this is not successfully brought out. For a State paper it is too long, and as a documentary statement it is insufficient, unless assertions can be accepted for facts. Here there is but one voice of lamentation. Peel is deeply concerned, both by the outrage itself, and then by the tragic complication of the present moment, which destroys our best prospects.

Your 'Florentine Histories' have been latterly our family treat in the evening; when they proved an initiation for my eldest daughter's journey to Florence, where I hope she may arrive in a fortnight.

The enclosure explains the wishes of the society. An attempt to collect the wandering sheep of Germany out of this London abyss is the matter in question: and we have need of itinerant messengers of faith. The City Mission employs 200 such among the natives in London, who are fully occupied; but they mostly belong to the class of Scripture-readers or colporteurs. What we more especially need would be one of the brethren trained by Wichern. He would, of course, receive a competent salary, &c. Wintzer conducts the Young Men's Association, which he and Kind (now gone back to Switzerland) together founded. The Association flourishes; but Wintzer has not leisure for exploring the *east end*, where by far the greater number of German mechanics are employed.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Windsor Castle: the last day of the year 1846.

. . . I have passed some happy and important days again in this beatiful Palace, often turning my eyes towards the spot below the Castle where you used to live. . . .

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When at Trentham, I saw the fine portrait of that great and good man Sir Bevil Granville, in armour, with his long and beautiful hair; the Duke showed it to me, and reminded me of the link between the two families, himself being *seventh* and my wife being *sixth* in descent from the common ancestor.

To return to Windsor Castle—(whence I just perceive the dawn of this last day of the year, looking towards the Long Walk)—the Queen is a wife and a mother as happy as the happiest in her dominions, and no one can be more careful of her charges. She often speaks to me of the great task before her and the Prince, in the education of the Royal children, and particularly of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. She brought them all into the corridor the day before yesterday, to shake hands with me. . . . I hope and trust I shall remain here; my position is all I could ever desire, and better than ever; and at home I sincerely believe that I could accomplish nothing worth the sacrifice of happiness and life. But I hope I place all, with singleness of purpose and sincerity of heart, in the hands of the Almighty, ready to live and to die for the King and the fatherland, whenever and wherever it may be required!

Bunsen to Mr. Samuel Gurney.

Carlton Terrace: 6th January, 1847.

. . . I revered and loved Joseph John Gurney as an elder brother. There was in him a union of Christian temper and deep piety with rare intelligence and fine acquirements. For many years I had loved and valued that combination of qualities; but the days spent in his house, last November twelvemonth, and the transactions and conversations which were the consequence of our intercourse at that time, treating of the question of peace with the United States, brought us so much more closely together, that I have had the greatest longing ever since to enjoy his elevating and cheerful presence another time with greater leisure. This wish has not been granted by Almighty wisdom; but *he* is enjoying the happiness of those who behold God, before whose countenance he walked through the dark vale of life, and whose word and spirit were his guide in his writings, in his

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preaching, in his conversation, in his actions. We shall never see his like again on earth; we must look up to Him in whom all redeemed spirits live and are united together! Your brother's memory will live also on earth, in his family, in the Society of Friends, among thousands of Christians of all tongues and creeds. He found the key which opens all the secrets of faith, and he spoke the language which opens all hearts—*love*. And there was with him a living witness of the Spirit, a certain majesty of Christian gentleness and truth, which struck even persons who were not in the habit of seeing him. I shall not easily forget, how Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen spoke to me of the impression he had made upon them, when presenting the peace-petition which had such a blessed effect. I should desire the privilege of being present at the funeral, but that I am ordered, on account of a relapse into influenza, to keep to the house.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: 8th February, 1847.

The Constitution is made: as I said, it has appeared on the anniversary of the late King's summons to his people, February 3, 1813.

It is much better than the original design.

The foundation is laid for a House of Peers.

The right of petition is not infringed upon: and that is the new point gained, which was not promised by Frederick William III.

So far, so good. Pray come soon to your faithful,

BUNSEN.

To the Syndic Sieveking, at Hamburgh.

[Translation.]

London: 16th March, 1847.

Again I close my post-work to-day with a few lines to you, for my refreshment and invigoration.

I have not yet replied to your declaration, 'that for the alliance of England you would give up the German Navigation Act.'[1] *That would I not.* Either England will abrogate her own, and then we are not affected; or she will maintain it, and then ours is the only possible means of bringing

about moderation and fairness. The wish of the Government is to do away with the antiquated ordinance; but first there must be a new Parliament, and the friends of Government will be rigorously catechised on the hustings. John Bull is an egotist; we must not take it ill of him (for others are equally so, only not so openly), but we must not allow him to indulge in this egotism! I tell him so plainly, with a shake of the hand, but seriously and decisively; and he does not take it ill of me, but remains on the best terms.

The prohibition of the 'Weser-Zeitung' ought to be removed; but I cannot write again to Berlin on the subject—the security in which they remain there is appalling to me. I have surely told you already, that Peel wrote to me an admirable letter of twenty-two pages in quarto on the subject of the Constitution, in answer to a letter of mine with questions.* He is of opinion that the Government *may* be able to maintain the Constitution, if only sincere in desiring its due development, and prepared in mind for that development. That is here the general conservative opinion; the French assertion, 'que ce sera une constituante ou la révolution,' finds no more response than the Orleanistic animosity in the 'Débats.'

Another request! A German society of young working men has been formed here by Wintzer (as I believe I must have already written to you), for whom I have procured (unostensibly) support from the Prussian Government; these good people want good books—the accompanying letter will explain everything. May I request you to take the thing to heart? I should suppose the excellent Perthes and Besser would undertake it. The package might be addressed to me, and I will be answerable for immediate payment. It is a matter deserving support and sympathy.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: Easter Monday morning, 1847.

I hasten to announce to you, that I shall be with you by luncheon-time. I can the less resist your invitation, as I am to go the day after to-morrow to my Archdeacon.

* This letter has been sought for in vain. It must have been transmitted to the King.

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That Pacheco would be Prime Minister I communicated, as a supposition, to Berlin a fortnight ago. To have Espartero here as a colleague I think would be amusing; Narvaez at Paris would cause a scene half comic, half tragic. Fancy the three persons—Louis Philippe; Marie Christine; Narvaez, the representative of a Ministry *anti-afrancesado!*

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Thursday in Passion Week, 1847.

It would be very popular, and indeed meritorious, if the Prince would undertake to bring Shakespeare again on the stage, where he hardly ever appears now. In Drury Lane, where once Garrick and Mrs. Siddons reanimated his creations, elephants and horses are now performing! Macready would be the man. The aristocracy has never done anything for Shakespeare, which would have been so easy. If the Queen would be present at a Shakespearian performance, the entire aristocracy would flock thither the first day, followed by John Bull on the second.

The 'Times' have placed couriers between the east and west railway (Hanover and Cologne) and ordered special trains, to receive the King's speech before all other papers. I told the sub-editor that the King would never read a speech, but speak it as the Spirit should move him at the moment. He fancied that I might perhaps already have the speech in my pocket, or at least should receive it on the day of the opening of the Chamber. On Thursday, for the second edition, he expects to receive it.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Herstmonceaux Rectory: 9th April, 1847.

I have been thinking much of you here, where every step brings back to me the memory of past days and years, happy times, happy above all through you! I feel that I am growing old, for when this afternoon I walked by the side of our former house and the Castle (both in equal desolation now) I was overcome by my feelings, and could scarcely repress my tears. I was therefore doubly happy to have a letter from you to-day. Now for the various messages! The first is from the assembled primroses, daffodils, and violets which

I met on my way—all greeting you tenderly; they looked so happy on their stems that I had not the courage to gather one for you. The second from Mrs. Augustus Hare, to let you know that she is coming to London to-morrow. The third message is from Lady Herschel, who wishes that tickets could be secured for her to hear the third rehearsal of 'Elijah.' She is very amiable, and her eldest daughter a musical genius. I hope you have seen Mendelssohn, and given him my love.

Now I must dress—it is fifteen minutes past the dinner hour.—Your own, BUNSEN.

We have Egyptianised the whole day!

Bunsen, with his wife and the whole family, accompanied by Prince Löwenstein, Prussian Secretary of Legation, who was the 'best man' on the occasion, went to Stoke Park on April 14, in order to be present at the marriage of his eldest son, Henry, to Mary Louisa Harford-Battersby, which was celebrated on April 15, by Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, previous to Henry Bunsen's institution to the Vicarage of Lilleshall, in Shropshire, to which he had been presented by the (then) Duke of Sutherland.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Carlton Terrace: 23rd April, 1847.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I appear before you this day with my first English book, the first translation of a book of mine into English. When I was writing it, I often wished you might one day read it, and now that it is before the world I have somewhat of the feeling of aversion by appearing in disguise before one by whom I should wish to be seen as I am, eye to eye. The translation is faithful, without being slavish; I have myself rewritten some passages in English, and yet when I read it I feel it is not I who speak. Some parts sound harsher, some tamer; almost all seem to me less clear and not flowing. The worst English is my own letter to Gladstone; there is no style in it, but I wrote it one morning, and sent it off almost before the ink was dry. Such as it is, the work contains some thoughts

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and hints, which will give matter for people to consider. Some of my historical statements will be attacked, and I shall reply to such attacks by my volume on Ignatius. I find only a part of the seven epistles attributed to him to be genuine, the rest interpolated or absolutely forged. But before the work on Ignatius (now printing) reaches England, I intend to appear before the English public with an *Introduction* to my work on Egypt, entirely written by myself, instead of that prefixed to the German edition. Three translations were attempted of that, but I was obliged to declare against all, and to tell my own tale. I well remember what you once told me (and I was struck by the acuteness of the remark), that you could not help smiling, in reading what I had written in French, at my assuming a French character. Indeed, it is very true, that one identifies oneself to a certain degree with the nation whose language one is writing; and in writing French I am conscious of taking certain airs and *allures* which I should forego if writing German. But in English I have more courage—I shall leave out all that is metaphysical, but expatiate more on what I can make tangible to my dear and worthy friend, John Bull, or rather to his ladies, for he himself has given up reading books, and even sets his ladies to write what he would have written. Therefore, my dear mother, bear patiently with all Germanisms in this book, and you shall soon see me quite a steady, sober, arguing Englishman, in opening Egypt to the English public. In reading this translation you must retranslate into German—which you know by intuition, through Madame de Staël.

I send you the copy of Kay Shuttleworth's pamphlet which the Prince Consort gave me; I am *for* the plan, because it is the *wedge* for introducing a better, and the last chance of introducing *any* reform in the midst of the terrific crop of ignorance, immorality, and infidelity, growing up yearly among and around us. There is one weak point, which Dr. Vaughan has spied out, and you will find out yourself; but the very weakness of the defence in the pamphlet shows that the Council are prepared to be more liberal towards the Dissenters, if the Clergy of the Church and Managers of the National School Society will not be too intolerant.

Contemporary Notice.

1st May, 1847.

On Thursday afternoon, 29th April, we had the pleasure of a visit from Mendelssohn, who, having no evening to spare, came to luncheon, and afterwards gave us some magnificent music: he not only played himself, but kindly accompanied Ernest in singing, whose voice sounded better than ever.

Thursday, 6th May.—We walked to Sir Robert Inglis's to breakfast, in so warm a sunshine that I could hardly bear the shawl which the morning before I had found not warm enough. A large party of men, mixed, as is the good custom there: Lord Arundel and the Bishop of London, Lord Glenelg and Lord Charles Russell, Mr. Lyons and Mr. Stafford O'Brien, Mr. Richard Cavendish, and Mr. Foster, who has, alas! exposed his ignorance by a book of conjectural explanation of the rock-inscriptions in one of the valleys of the Sinai-group—not understanding Arabic: whereas the words, long supposed unintelligible, *can be read* by those who have studied the ancient Arabic; and are found to be merely traveller's notices of progress of no general interest—such as wayfarers have in all ages been fond of inscribing on walls or rocks. Afterwards we saw Lord Ellesmere's pictures, with Mendelssohn—to whom Lord Ellesmere offered, through Bunsen, to show them himself. Yesterday Mendelssohn again played to us in the afternoon, and we had a small number of persons, who considered themselves very happy to share the enjoyment. Lord Ellesmere and Lady Charlotte Greville, Mr. Cavendish, his sister and aunt, Lord Glenelg, the Bishop of London, Lady Herschel and her beautiful daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Mendelssohn accompanied Ernest in his own composition, 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,'—and it was observed that he took the measure much slower than it is usually performed. He did not stay long, and departed in much emotion.

This was a last meeting with that being of rare gifts and rare moral excellence, whose whole nature seemed pervaded by a sense of beauty and loveliness to which he could give utterance as few have ever been able to

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do. He was not in health before his departure; and the tidings of his sudden death, in the month of November following, were a severe blow to Bunsen. He was much beloved by him, and his growth had been watched over and rejoiced in by Bunsen almost as though he had belonged to him by ties of blood.

It may not seem irrelevant to the mention of Mendelssohn to add a 'contemporary notice' from the recollections of a son present on that last and memorable occasion. The last song accompanied by Mendelssohn was selected by himself from his Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' saying, 'We will have this for a close!' It was the grand composition to the words, 'Be thou faithful unto death' (*Sei getreu bis in den Tod*)—and having played the last note, he started up, and precipitately left the room and the house, exclaiming to those who followed him, 'I cannot take leave! God bless you all!' It is not known what cause produced this unusual sense of the solemnity of parting; but whether or not he may have been possessed with some foreboding, he was certainly about to be met on his return home by the tidings of his beloved sister's sudden death—the gifted Fanny Mendelssohn Bartholdy, wife of Professor Hensel—a loss most peculiarly afflicting to him.

It was on this last occasion of Mendelssohn's presence in London, that he was requested to conduct the execution of the Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' when the Queen and Prince Albert had promised their presence at Exeter Hall. It is well remembered how striking was the effect of his reception by the orchestra, filled with musicians unusual in amount of numbers and of talent, who, as he entered, struck up the air of triumph, 'See the conquering hero comes!'—after which, on Her Majesty's entrance, 'God save the Queen' was given with thrilling effect. The Oratorio had (and has) but the one imperfection (shared with the 'Elijah') of over-tasking human powers of taking in the abundance of musical meaning

—half the piece would be quite enough for thorough enjoyment.

Later, in the last month of this year, the 'Elijah' was finely performed at Exeter Hall, the whole orchestra and most of the audience being in mourning for the death of Mendelssohn. On this occasion the rare powers of Jenny Lind called forth the full effect of the soprano passages, so grand in the last act.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: Sunday, 9th May, 1847.

. . . . For me, God ordained from earliest childhood a rigorous training, through poverty and distress; I was compelled to fight my way through the world, bearing nothing with me but my own inward consciousness, and the firm determination to live for my ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant.

Bunsen to Mr. Graff, the Missionary.

4 Carlton Terrace: 3rd June, 1847.

. . . . Although I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you again, I cannot refrain from expressing my thanks for the papers entrusted to me, and my gratification at their contents.

Your observations on languages show that you have applied true philosophy to the most original and primitive province of the human mind. Your memoir on the connection of such linguistic-philological studies with the labour of a missionary, treats of a most important subject, which has occupied my mind for many years, and a clear understanding of which seems to me the indispensable condition of further progress in our missionary work. We have been long enough behind the Romanists in this respect, and we seem to have lost sight of the great and divine type held out to us, in this respect too, by the outpouring of the Spirit. For the firstfruit of that Spirit was the sanctification of the native tongues, hitherto only used for the purposes of common life, into hallowed organs for praising the 'great things of God.'

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I agree with you, as in the whole tenour of your Memoir, so in particular in the five points with which you conclude—with the exception of *one*. You say (3) 'Send home the raw materials.' I would answer, Do no such thing! You, and all who have similar gifts among your brethren, are perfectly capable of, and in a certain degree alone competent to, digesting those materials for the two purposes in point:—

1. A clear and complete representation of the grammatical forms, preceded by such remarks on the race and country, to which the language belongs, as the observation offers.

2. A dictionary, preceded by such general remarks on the formation of words and the connection of roots among each other, as the study of the language itself suggests.

I suppose both such works would be eagerly printed by the Society, for use both in Europe and Africa. They would not be very bulky, and the more they are made in a uniform, general, and clear plan, the more succinct and more useful will they be. The grammar will be logic to the tribes themselves, and both grammar and dictionary will fix the ever-floating element of speech among them.

Of course the Gospels will be printed at the same time, and gradually the whole New Testament, and finally the whole Bible. I should recommend the Psalms among the first objects of translation in the Old Testament. The great point in all these is a reasonable system of transcription. It is impossible to take the English pronunciation as a standard; it is not only in contradiction to that of all continental languages, but in itself too full of contradictions. Almost all scholars have, therefore, agreed in the system of transcription used by Humboldt, Bopp, &c., and adopted by the French. It is capable of simplification and of improvements which Lepsius intends soon to publish. The principle is, to express *every unity of sound* by a *unity of sign*. The Latin alphabet—on the whole according to Italian pronunciation (which for ancient languages was originally used also in England)—suffices for all simple sounds, with exception of the Greek χ (Chi) for which the Latin alphabet has no corresponding letter. The modifications are to be expressed by additional signs, as for instance $\breve{}$ or $\underline{\ }$, and similar ones. Lepsius proposes to adopt a peculiar sign for

every organ of speech, viz. guttural, lingual, palatal, dental, nasal. You will find that the Hebrew *Keph* and *Koph* differ by the one being guttural, the other dental. So do many other letters in different languages. Take the German *ch* in *auch* and in *ich*. The African languages will, of course, have many *nasal* sounds, according to the specimen. I will send you Lepsius's treatise as soon as it appears,—he intends laying it this summer before the meeting of Orientalists.

What *we* upon such foundations can do in Europe, is to find out the analogies of languages, and deduce consequences from them. But here, too, you must put us in the way. You will first find out the languages which are connected by *immediate affinity*. By this expression I understand the same fundamental elements in the grammatical forms. The gradations are made clear by the Indo-Germanic philology. You know that they give us the following general scheme, starting from the Teutonic stock:—

Sister Languages.	German.	Scandinavian.
Dialects.	Saxon, Franconian, Suabian, with all their infinite varieties, including Dutch, Anglo-Saxon, Frisian, Allemannian (Swiss), Burgundian (Berne).	Danish, Swedish.

All these we bring back to the most ancient forms, known to us:—The *Gothic* of Ulphilas, of 380 of our era; the *Icelandic* of the Edda, of about 900 of our era. These two most primitive forms, then, we bring in connection with the most ancient forms of the languages of common origin:—*Sanscrit* and *Zend*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Slavonic*, *Lithuanian*, *Celtic* (with Persian).

The next higher step is to take all this Japhetic stock as *one*, and to compare it with the Semitic in all its most ancient forms—*Hebrew*, so-called *Chaldaic*, Syriac, Arabic, Abyssinian, with Samaritan. Lastly, you know we have found the original language of *Ham*—for Ham, Cham, is the name of Egypt in the Egyptian language. I have published all forms, and such of the roots as are known to us, in my work on Egypt, and in the first volume of the English translation there will be a complete dictionary of roots. These I consider as the *keystone* of connection between the Asiatic and African languages.

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But we must proceed in all this systematically. No *jumps*—no crude comparison of single words (which prove nothing),—gradual comparison ascending from the languages of immediate affinity to those of less immediate connection, and always showing the constant analogy (as Grimm in his *Lautversetzung*). The subdivisions in Africa are greater than in Europe and Asia—in America they are still greater. But affinity of grammatical forms, not only in the general system, but in the material itself, is necessarily a sign of historical connection. Single words may differ much, particularly in degraded languages. Finally, the *physiological* element must not be neglected. Pritchard's works have done much in that. You should also get his 'Ethnographic Atlas,' imperfect, of course, though it be.

Japhet's son must kindle the divine fire, as one of Japhet's sons, Prometheus, is said to have done of old; but the children of Ham must keep it up. Train *African linguists* as well as African preachers; both will serve the cause of the Gospel, and both testify that the Spirit of God is with us, as Luther says of that Spirit:—

> Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan,
> Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.

Contemporary Notices in Letters.

26th June, 1847.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, Bunsen went to Oxford, and returned on Thursday. To-day the Count and Countess St. Aulaire will dine with us, quite alone. It is a sad leave-taking, for they go away for good next week.

30*th June.*—Bunsen went to Oxford again yesterday, to the meeting of the Ethnological Society, having dined and slept at Cuddesdon Palace. Meyer is said to have acquitted himself admirably, and to have produced much effect, having been listened to with extreme attention. The end of the week Prince Waldemar is expected, and there will be little regularity of life until he is gone into the country. On Monday, July 5, he will go to Cambridge (to be present at the reception of Prince Albert as Chancellor), Bunsen having contrived for his being received by Dr. Worsley at Downing College. On Wednesday all return from Cambridge.

Bunsen to a Son.

London: 1st July, 1847.
(30th anniversary of the wedding-day—Rome, and Frascati.)

I write to you to-day, because I cannot help it; having in fact more to do than the day can bear.

First, I must give vent to some thoughts, occasioned by your last letter. You are reading —— by way of study, and Thiers for refreshment. You will, however, find in —— not a single idea fruitful or capable of being so: for the man has none, although a good politician: and in Thiers you will find nothing but the newest appearance of historical sophistry, and the most deceptive form of deep-seated immorality. Why not take Niebuhr's lectures upon ancient history, as a subject for study; and then, the same again as refreshment? There you may decypher the great man in every line. Thiers will do for you to read when you are fifty years of age, and an invalid. But it is good also to recognise in the time of Napoleon its proper calling and purpose.

Contemporary Notices from a Letter.

Carlton Terrace: Thursday, 8th July.

The exquisite summer weather of the latter days made the late festival at Cambridge a reality, in brilliancy and cheerfulness—it is a rare pleasure to have a festival undisturbed; and now, after the bright close of yesterday, this day begins with heavy rain—good for everything but the hay, which is still out in many places. On Monday morning, the 5th, we were at the station before nine, just before Prince Waldemar, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and Prince of Oldenburg arrived —for whom the Queen had ordered a special train and one of the royal saloon carriages, just holding the Princes, with their gentlemen and aides-de-camp, Prince Löwenstein, Bunsen and myself, Bishop Stanley and Sir George Grey. The station was a curious spectacle, as usual—all ranks and materials of human society hurrying and jostling, or grouping together. Our small Aaron (taken out of a cottage at Herstmonceaux to be knife-cleaner at Oakhill, from thence brought to London last year, somewhat grown and dressed into a sort of embryo-footman, and lent to Prince Löwenstein

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for the journey to Cambridge) stood guarding the Prince's portmanteau, when, close by, talking across Aaron and his luggage, stood three Princes and a Bishop! As we shot along, every station and bridge and resting place and spot of shade was peopled with eager faces watching for the Queen, and decorated with flowers, but the brightest and gayest and most excited assemblage was at the Cambridge station itself, and from thence along the streets to Trinity College the degree of ornament and crowd and animation was always increasing. I think I never saw so many children before in one morning. I felt so much moved at the spectacle of such a mass of life collected together and animated by the feeling, and that a joyous one, that I was at a loss to conceive, how 'any woman's sides can bear the beating of so strong a throb,' as must attend the consciousness of being the object of that excitement, and the centre of attraction to all those eyes! But the Queen possesses royal strength of nerves. We met the magistrates and yeomanry riding forth to await the Queen, and as they desired to fetch her from the station, and go in procession before her to the town, her arrival took place rather later than intended. We saw her entrance into Trinity Lodge, as we stood at a window in the Lodge, and the academic crowd, in picturesque attire, were as loud in rejoicing as any mob could have been. Soon after, I went with Mrs. Whewell, Lady Hardwicke, and Lady Monteagle, to take our places in the yet vacant Great Hall of Trinity, whither the Queen came to receive the Chancellor's address, and a few minutes after she had placed herself on the throne (an armchair under a canopy at the raised extremity of the hall), the Chancellor entered from the opposite end, in his beautiful dress of black and gold, with a long train held up —made a graceful bow, and read an address, to which the Queen read an answer, with peculiar emphasis, uttering approbation of the choice made by the University. Admirable was the command of countenance in both! and she only smiled upon the Prince at the close, when all was over, and she had allowed all the Heads of Houses to kiss her hand, which they did with exquisite variety of awkwardness, all but two or three. Afterwards the Queen dined with the Vice-Chancellor in the hall of a small College, where but few comparatively could be admitted—Bunsen was among

those invited, but not myself; and I dined with Mrs. Whewell and Lady Monteagle and three of the suite—Colonel Phipps, Mr. Anson, and Meyer. Later in the evening I enjoyed a walk in the beautiful garden belonging to the Lodge, where flowers planted and cared for in the best manner combine with high trees and picturesque architecture. The Queen went to a concert, arranged as a further opportunity for her being seen by the public; but as Mrs. Whewell and Lady Monteagle thought it right to absent themselves, to avoid taking up space that might be wanted for others, I was glad to consider myself dispensed from attending, having had fatigue enough in the day. On Tuesday morning all were up early, to breakfast at nine (but I had crept into the garden and admired the abundance of roses, before), to be ready by ten for the distribution of prizes and performance of the Installation Ode in the Senate House. (The reception of Doctors had taken place on Monday, and we had seen it, though I omitted to mention it, and the foreign Princes and others had the honorary dignity of Doctor of Laws conferred on them.) The prize poem of a Mr. Day, on the subject of Sir Thomas More, had real merit, besides the interest of the subject—(I believe the author had studied well the biography in Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Chancellors'); the Installation Ode by Wordsworth was really affecting, because the striking points selected were founded in fact, all exaggeration and *humbug* being avoided. Forgive the slang term, I never wrote it before—but so much of the thing signified meets one at every turn, twined in with almost everything, that to mark its absence alone constitutes high commendation—could I but find an effective synonym I should discard it. Then the Queen dined in the Great Hall of Trinity; and splendid did the Great Hall look—330 persons at various tables. But I am a bad chronicler! Before this, in the afternoon, all had been at a luncheon party in the gardens of Downing College, enjoying summer air in refreshing shades, and the spectacle of cheerful crowds in glorious sunshine. The Queen came thither and walked round to see the Horticultural Show, and allow herself and the Prince-Chancellor to be seen. At the great dinner, the Queen and her immediate suite were at a table across the raised end of the hall, the rest of the tables being placed lengthways: at

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the Queen's table the names were marked on places, and anxious was the moment before one's place was found—I was directed by Lord Spencer to one between himself and the Duke of Buccleuch. In the evening the Queen received the ladies belonging to the University, and some not belonging to it—which was an occasion of much *crèvecœur*. I was instrumental in explaining in some quarters, what I hope was believed, that the Master of Trinity and Mrs. Whewell had nothing to do with the whole matter of reception—the Queen being at Trinity Lodge (a royal foundation) at home, in her own house.

Yesterday (Wednesday morning, the 7th) I walked with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Desart through the Library, King's Chapel, Clare Hall, and the beautiful avenues and gardens, with combinations of trees, architecture, green turf and flowers, bridges and water, such as, under such a sun and sky as we had, could nowhere have been found superior. The Duchess was conducted by the Master of Trinity (Dr. Whewell), Lady Desart by Lord Aberdeen, and myself by Meyer (in uniform, as all had been attending the Chancellor's levée), and he passed, among the admiring crowd who followed us at respectful distance, for the hero Sir Harry Smith—as being tall and weather-beaten, as Lord Fortescue was supposed to be the Duke of Wellington, having a large nose and wrinkled countenance. At one o'clock the Queen set out upon the same round, through the cloisters and entire domain of Trinity College, connected by a bridge with St. John's—and we followed, thus seeing everything to the greatest advantage, and particularly the joyous crowd that grouped well with the splendid *still life* objects. Then the Queen sat down to luncheon under a tent, and we were placed at her table: the only other member of the diplomatic corps being M. Van de Weyer. The Queen returned to Trinity Lodge, and took her departure finally at three o'clock: as soon as we could, we drove away with Prince Waldemar, to share his special carriage, and got well back to London, though not very rapidly, on account of the great length of the train.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Osborne House: Monday, 19th July, 1847.

Here I am, *well and quiet*, just as if taken away from a seething cauldron, or awakened from a bad dream. The journey and the passage over the beautiful sea, and then a good walk which your good Queen took us, did me a vast deal of good. We arrived at Portsmouth in *two hours*, saw the Victory (Lord Nelson's ship), going thither in a boat; then got on the Fairy, and passed the splendid fleet quite near, greeted by all ships with the royal salute, the men drawn up, and the band playing alternately the English and Prussian national melodies. Prince Albert was awaiting Prince Waldemar on the shore, and conveyed us all in a sort of char-à-banc. We drove between rows of laurel and myrtle, as in Italy, and on arriving found that the Queen herself had come towards us on the lawn, but had not been perceived by the party! for which omission I was made responsible as being the only one wearing spectacles! Now, my dearest, forgive me all my fretting, and impatience, and crossness, and all other things unamiable of the latter days. Something may be laid to the account of indisposition; but the greater part of it I must take seriously to myself, and so I hope I do. The night's result, when I awoke, was this—and you know all good thoughts come over night,—I shall write (I think) to the King, stating that I need *one year's leave of absence*. So did Esterhazy—so did Björnstierna—regularly. . . . I *must* and *will* go away from London; but I will take advice as to the manner. I have steered my life's bark hitherto alone with my God, in all the great emergencies of my course; and thus I will do to my end, whenever the price of my life is at stake. I never weighed secondary considerations, and always found I was right. This is my night's thought. We shall see how it will bear the scrutiny of the day. But I will not withhold it from you.

Osborne: Monday, two o'clock.—Let Ernest and Elizabeth know that there will be a great naval manœuvre to-morrow, Tuesday, I believe by three, certainly not earlier, as Her Majesty takes luncheon at two. The Prince has taken Prince Waldemar and myself over the New House, which is delightful. The Prince's own room contains well-chosen paintings of the

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old school, from Duccio and Fiesole to Lorenzo di Credi. The Queen's own room has a beautiful prospect from a balcony towards the sea, Spithead and the fleet: all decorations everywhere show good sense and real taste. Prince Löwenstein is in the former apartment of Prince Albert in the Old House, and I am allowed to occupy that of Her Majesty, which the Duchess of Sutherland had just left. So we are royally treated; and yet the Queen expressed last night her regret that I had to cross the open place (20 yards) between the Old and New House! Prince Waldemar is quartered at the latter.

Contemporary Notice.

31st August, 1847.

. . . I send Lamartine's remarkable speech, in many parts so beautiful, and even where that epithet does not apply it is memorable as a monument of the time in which it was spoken. When you get to the end, you will need no explanation to understand that I objected not to the reasoning (as you had been told), but to the wretched narrowness of mind in a man of such intelligence, to wind up a speech, showing such a strong sense of his nation's moral misery, by pointing out '*la raison*' as the means of relief. One should think, *à l'heure qu'il est*, that people were past *that*. The history of the world shows that human reason struggles ineffectually against passion, and corruption, or the power of selfishness; and Lamartine does not propose to them any sort or kind of religion, nor any aspiration after the invisible; in short, he does not name Christianity, to subdue *self* and its dictates, and sublimate all energies into the love of God and man, but only that same reason, in the force of which I cannot suppose he believes, any more than do his hearers; only he wished to flatter them, and feared to excite ridicule by naming anything higher or less commonplace.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Osborne House: 22nd July, 1847, five a.m.

The news of Sieveking's death struck me unawares, in spite of mournful anticipation, on my return, the evening of the 7th, from the Cambridge Installation solemnity. To Cambridge I had gone with an ever-strengthening feeling of op-

pression owing to the present course of life. During many months already have I been aware that it was crushing and disturbing me mentally, at the same time threatening me with ruin in outward circumstances.

The attempt to carry on the life of Herstmonceaux and Oakhill—the life of Tusculum and the Hubel—has proved in London on trial altogether unsuccessful. Advancing age, accumulation of intellectual labour, increase of official, but yet more of social claims—all these together render the combination of diplomatic duties with the serene and productive service of the Muses *impossible*;—but without this I cannot live.

I am losing the power of tension which made it possible for me to work incessantly from five in the morning, and turn to account every moment gained from interruption. At the same time the aim of my varied researches stands clearer and truer before my eyes than ever. This is, therefore, a Tantalus-existence, such as can only end in death, bodily or mental.

Thus I felt and thought, when, on the 5th, obeying the Queen's summons, I went to Cambridge with your incomparable mother, after having shortly before passed a few days at Oxford, and had spoken there in the Ethnological Section of the British Association, to my own satisfaction, and with considerable approbation. Both in my public and my private capacity, those three days were a time of great distinction to me.

In the solemnity at Cambridge there was much that was heart-stirring and grand;—the expression of homage from a free nation to their Queen; the glorious weather; the beauty of the Colleges and Halls; the number of celebrated and agreeable men, not only from England itself, but also from many parts of Europe; lastly, a spirit of unity among the thousands collected both in the open air and in the University buildings. Yet, with all that, I was oppressed by the feeling of the want of intellectual life. I felt that what is more especially vital in myself is here little understood; that I and those around me are tending towards different aims; and that in the long run we may find ourselves on widely diverging lines. The immeasurable humbug in many, if not in all, the customs and ceremonies of the University, in so far as it affects the life of the spirit, vexed, disturbed, tormented me. For Englishmen there is in all a meaning, as a part of their political

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existence, connecting the present with splendid recollections of the past;—but what is it to a German?

Thus I returned home; with the prospect of another fortnight's waiting upon the kind-hearted Prince Waldemar. The first letter I opened on my return home told me of the death of Sieveking. That evening passed amid manifold reflections.

When I awoke next morning a means of escape presented itself before me, which I had not before perceived.

I had often previously stated to myself the question, If continuing here becomes impossible, might not a less oppressive position be found at Berlin? As Minister of State, certainly not. A private position near the King, like that of Humboldt, was manifestly impossible. The course taken by the Chamber makes it clear that the King will be obliged to choose his next Ministers from among persons belonging to it; and no more than I can, and will, and ought to work with the present set, do I perceive a calling for myself to work by the side of the next Ministry. I have no position in the country, and only *with* such an independent position can a Minister do what he ought, viz., help the King, support and defend him. Lastly, it is become ever clearer to me, that, by nature and circumstances, I am so constituted as to be only then politically serviceable, when, watching from the prow or topmast, I can give timely notice of storms or rocks appearing on the horizon, but *not* if placed at the helm. As often, therefore, as I ruminated over the Berlin projects, I found myself within the thick walls of a prison, out of which I could discern no way of escape; and at the end of such contemplation I was ever thrown back upon London.

On that morning, then, Bonn appeared before me; and after contemplating that image for half-an-hour, I declared to your mother (who was up and dressing) my determination to give up London and diplomatic life, and retire to Bonn. Without a moment's hesitation, she replied, 'That would be ideally desirable.' But other difficulties remained. On Saturday evening, the 7th, therefore, I found myself again between the four dark prison-walls!

That evening and Sunday morning belong to the darkest times of my life. When I rose in the morning I found that your dear mother had placed close by my bedside the Hymn Book, open at Paul Gerhard's hymn—'Commit thy ways unto

the Lord,' which I thoroughly felt all through. I went to Steinkopf's church, and came out much tranquillised. A quarter of an hour afterwards, I was obliged to be at the railway station, to accompany Prince Waldemar hither.

With a heated head and overclouded spirit I accomplished the journey. The spectacle of the sea refreshed me. The noble fleet at Spithead saluted the royal flag of Prussia with far-echoing thunder; the musical bands of the five vessels of the line, as we glided past, played alternately 'God save the Queen,' and the 'Landesvater' (which I had introduced in England in 1842), and the whole did me good. Seeing Prince Albert and the Queen, in their beautiful tranquillity, in the isle of the south, overlooking the sea, rejoiced me. I am heartily devoted to them both, and they showed me all their accustomed kindness.

I considered my plan yesterday, calmly and clearly, and I write it to you as it now stands before me. Now enter thoroughly into what I am about to write, make the condition of things entirely clear to yourself, and then read on.

[The particulars follow of a plan, never executed, of a removal from London to Bonn.]

You ask where the place is in history for the languages of Ham? The following formula contains my reply:—

Cham = African humanity = the first great *joint* of the Caucasian language-formation.

All our languages have at one time been *Chamitic*; as the human embryo passes through a period of fish-existence.

To this *joint*, or *knot*, as their given basis, the African nations have, more or less, added on a stump formation. I developed lately at Oxford * the elements of this science—as it were, thus:—Every language consists of at least two formations—the one, that of the now dead, dissolved language constitutes its basis (as Latin is the basis of the Romanic tongues), and the second formation, which produces the new tongue itself (e.g. the Romanic). But according to the nature of the crisis, which causes the destruction of the first formation, we observe very divergent results. The crisis may take place in so organic a manner

* See *Three Linguistic Dissertations, read at the Meeting of the British Association in Oxford, by Chev. Bunsen, Dr. Charles Meyer, and Dr. Max Müller; reprinted from the Report for* 1847. London: 1848.

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as greatly to promote expansion of consciousness; inasmuch as by the destruction, i.e. *volatising* of many words (nouns and verbs), it constructs particles, and syllables of inflection, without which the language would be a very imperfect organ of the mind; and at the same time *spiritualises* the substantial roots; thus doubly furthering that self-consciousness of the intellect, which is the aim of development. This Shem has accomplished once, discreetly restricting his impulse towards form in the roots to the triliteral system, and to much that is conventional. Japhet, on the other hand, has performed the process twice; the last time being in the Iranian (commonly called Indo-Germanic) tongues.

The opposite *pole* to this is brought about in the following way:—A tribe, isolated and thrown back to struggle with the rigid needs of physical existence, loses a large portion of its word-consciousness (commonly called language), and not till after a thorough darkening of the earlier perceptions (i.e. after the loss or corruption of the inherited mother-tongue) can the instinct of speech throw out a new shoot. This new formation may be full of luxuriance (like the fresh growth round the trunk of a felled tree), but it is and remains a stump-formation, such as a narrow basis only can yield, which is insufficiently penetrated by the spirit of life. Examples of this kind are found in the frightful constructions of the American (falsely called Indian) tribes, whose stump-formation is so vigorous, that even neighbouring races, with equal or closely-allied forms of speech, often exhibit hardly any similarity in their roots.

'Ham' passed through many degrees of these formations; the speech of the Bushmen is its condition of lowest degradation; the speech of Abyssinia is a Semitic variety. As to the rest, this question remains:—which point of Caucasian linguistic formation constitutes their basis? The chronology of the various branches must be arranged in accordance with the variety of views in fixing this point. That is the highest and most difficult point of scientific, linguistic enquiry.

I am truly pleased that, in the case of young Sieveking and yourself, the friendship of the fathers has passed over to the sons. The Oregon question belongs now as entirely to the past as the Seven Years' War. The office of arbitrator in that case had its difficulties. I should have decided for the

forty-ninth degree as regards the coast of the Continent, (without separating Vancouver's Island from the British possessions) because the more southern land is suited to tillage, and the colonist (American) deserves preference, on general grounds, before the huntsman (Indian and English). The agricultural title (this is my English formula) is superior to that of the hunter: else, where is *our* title to our own soil, and where our right to divide a land not ours? That dear admirable man! How have I loved him; and how much affection and friendship has he not ever shown me! Remember me most kindly to his son, and tell him he must look upon our house, wherever it be, as his home.

I must close this letter now. I write it in the Queen's room, which she used to inhabit before the annexed, newly-built Osborne House was built, in sight of the sea-mirror gilded by the sun, and inhaling the breeze from it, the background near Spithead being formed by the ships of the line, under whose salute we passed yesterday. To-day, within a few hours, we shall cleave the waves again, to inspect the Arsenal and Dockyards at Portsmouth; then the Prince Waldemar goes to Oxford, and on to the north, but I with Prince Löwenstein go homewards; Prince Waldemar returns to London in the beginning of September for three days. He is a highly amiable and chivalrous character, of sound political views.

Contemporary Notice.

20th November, 1847.

We shall have Mr. Brooke (the Rajah of Borneo) to dinner, and many others; Lady Raffles comes to meet him.

22*nd November.*—The review in the 'Quarterly' of Captain Keppel's 'Journal of H.M.S. Dido' is written by Lord Ellesmere. The account is most interesting of all that Mr. Brooke undertook and executed for the benefit of the people of Borneo, following out the notions of Sir Stamford Raffles, formed so many years earlier, and which had not been acted upon by any Government. Both by the original work and by the review a great interest has been excited about Mr. Brooke, which we have warmly shared; but it cannot be said that after having seen him the feeling has been kept up at the same pitch. However willing one may be to make every allowance for his desire to shrink from being made a show

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of, yet still, every allowance made, he proved 'dry as a remainder-biscuit after a voyage.' The favourable appearances are to be characterised by negatives; he is unassuming, unpretending, unobtrusive: but the degree of curiosity that remains is only as to whether he *can* warm or kindle, *be* warmed or *be* kindled. An attempt proved unavailing to-day to be present at a meeting relating to the Mission to Borneo; the crowd overflowed from the large Hanover Square Rooms, and it is only to be hoped that the subscriptions may be in proportion to the zeal displayed in listening to and cheering Mr. Brooke.

Contemporary Notice.

10th November, 1847.

The death of Mendelssohn has been a great shock to us, and it is a sad breaking up of human happiness; he and his very charming wife were attached and united in no common degree. He was full of energy and power and talent, in every respect happy and fortunate in his position; independent and active, and having no views, no habits, no occupations, but those of a noble and refined nature. He has quickly followed his accomplished sister, the wife of Hensel, whose death was also frightfully sudden. And our poor dear Neukomm remains, to drink out the dregs of life in blindness! inscrutable are the ways of Him whose dispensations are only for the good of His creatures!

12*th November.*—A passage in the 'Times' relating to Mendelssohn does credit to the writer, whoever he be. It is to be wished the account of his funeral might be given entirely by the English papers. After a solemn service at Leipzig the body was conveyed to Berlin for interment, and by night for privacy; but it was watched for at the railway stations in two places, and met by processions of the principal inhabitants singing hymns. At Berlin there was another solemn service, hymns and a funeral address, and two of the choruses out of his own Oratorio of 'St. Paul' were performed, the words of which, from Scripture, were suited to the occasion. Here, the Harmonic Society wish to have his bust executed in marble, and placed at their expense in the British Museum.

Saturday, 13*th November.*—On Monday, the 15th, we are to have at dinner the Duc de Broglie, Lord Westmoreland, Lady Raffles, and Sir Robert Inglis.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: 7th November, 1847.

It is Sunday, and your birthday is in itself ever a festival to me; so in spirit I must pass half an hour with you.

This present anniversary is a day of trial to you, may God grant you the blessed influences of His Spirit, that you may be enabled to be thankful even for that! Or, to express the same wish philosophically, may the Spirit which organised the eternal moral order of the universe, which is the reality and perfection of reason, become so powerful in you that your proper self may not be prostrated by sorrow and discouragement! Every fatality is as the marble to the sculptor—he cannot out of any and every block form a Zeus or a Mercury, but a divine image he may certainly achieve; and for that purpose it was given to him—as a moral problem.

The Sonderbund affair of Switzerland will now come here into our hands, and in some measure I may be said to have given the first impulse. No armed intervention, but a general European mediation—that is the principle. But too certainly did the civil war break out on the 5th, and perhaps it was unavoidable after so long a course of mutual irritation.

The Americans have obtained possession of Mexico, but those 7,000 men must have been in great straits. Now comes the worst: the ruling party in the United States cannot fight against the principle of slavery; therefore that abomination will actually be introduced into several of the conquered districts. What a terrible sacrifice to Mammon!

Bunsen to Anna Gurney.

4 Carlton Terrace: 7th November, 1847.

You have shown so much affection and kindness to ———, and he feels so thankful for having known you, and you are so '*innig verehrt*' (*anglice*, admired) by him, that having just written to him I must allow myself the pleasure of addressing a few lines to you. I foresaw that you both would soon understand one another, and the prospect was a bright one in my mind; for, indeed, his trial is a very severe one. He is just on the threshold of life and of knowledge, and he cannot enter. He might now found a future for him-

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self, and he is stopped short. He has just learned *how to learn*, and has just acquired knowledge enough to be aware that he knows nothing, and his eyes refuse their aid! His mind and character have evidently grown under this trial beyond his years; he is resigned, and yet hopes even less than I do.

You shall have, in an English lecture, what I have to say, in another garb, in my fifth book (of the Egyptian work). Politics and some other (disagreeable) business have for a fortnight and more not allowed me a moment's freeness of spirit to finish my lecture. I hope I settled an important point in the course of last week: the general outlines of a rational system of transmission of the sounds of foreign languages, and in particular of non-written tongues, for the use of the African stations. I enclose to you my correspondence with the excellent Mr. Venn on the subject, together with a letter of Graff, who with Koelle (a good Sanscrit scholar) went the other day to Sierra Leone to be directors of the new College.

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: Sunday, 20th November, 1847.
(Last Sunday in the Church Year.)

. . . The present day brings to mind afresh the solemn intelligence which you communicated to me a year ago, and with it the feeling of the debt I owe you; together with the consciousness of undisturbed affection and friendship faithfully preserved in my heart. Whatever letter I do not answer at the very moment, alas! falls directly into the mass of things heaped up and put by to the hoped-for time of alleviation of my burden of official and social avocations. But we have indeed all mourned with you, and at the same time hailed the grace given to you to receive the heavy blow as a child of God from the hand of a Father.

This day brings many precious dead to our remembrance; and last of all, my truly-beloved Felix Mendelssohn. Within our family circle we have lost Elizabeth Fry, who by Ernest's marriage had become his aunt. On the other hand, the house-circle has been widened: Ernest's Elizabeth, the beloved of all, has made me grandfather to a fine boy.

Henry's dear wife is also a real daughter to us, and Henry is as happy as man can be—with a Christian congregation, in a beautiful county of England, enjoying and spreading around him that fullness of blessing which makes the position of a country clergyman in England unique of its kind. We old ones are in good health, and in our accustomed cheerfulness. I have lately published the newly-discovered ancient Ignatius, with some letters of my own to accompany it; and I have desired the Rauhe Haus to send you a copy. Other things are in hand. The critical state of the evangelical Church in the fatherland urges me to declarations: I am not satisfied with the manner in which the King's ideas of Church and State have been carried out. *Freedom and Love* have I inscribed upon my banner, against the heads of parties, each and severally. I praise the intentions of young Thiersch, but he is too green and too narrow. The Swiss concerns have for some weeks disturbed me day and night: there, also, great sin has been committed—that effusion of blood might have been prevented. Jesuitism and Radicalism are two several masks of the same destroying spirit; but the former poisons the very *germ*, misusing the name of God. Wrong is on both sides; but if on the one side there is a false life, on the other there is actual death. The pinion-stroke of Time just now out-tones the cries of petty considerations. No one can hinder the inevitable: the endeavour must be to soften and turn it to good purpose. I earnestly hope, that the two great Protestant Powers may herein go hand in hand.

I cannot give up the wish to receive you in this house, and to see the magnificent cartoons of Raphael with you. The journey is so easy! You would find here many who admire your works. Now forgive your old friend his long negligence in writing, and accept, with all yours, from us all the heartiest greeting!

The following transaction referred to a private letter of the King, addressed to Queen Victoria, which it was his desire that Bunsen should deliver in a private audience to Her Majesty: at the same time Bunsen was informed by a letter from the King to himself, that the subject of the communication was political, relating to

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Neufchâtel. Bunsen having requested instructions from Prince Albert, received in reply an invitation in the name of the Queen to come immediately to Osborne House, in company with Lord Palmerston (to whom Her Majesty's invitation was simultaneously despatched), that the letter might be read without infringement of constitutional rules. This statement will account for the emotion with which Bunsen announces having safely steered between conflicting difficulties.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Osborne House: Sunday, 5th December, 1847.

My Beloved,—God be thanked! All right! Better than could be hoped! I delivered my letter last night, in private audience, to Her Majesty,—not speechless, but without a speech—after eight, before dinner.

I had desired Lord Palmerston to tell me what he wished me to do. As an abstract Whig, he said, 'It was unheard-of, quite unusual, that a foreign Sovereign should write to the Sovereign of England on *politics*.' 'But,' said I, 'you praised the Queen and Prince Albert for their excellent letter on politics to the Queen of Portugal.' 'Yes, but that was between relations.' 'And this between friends. But you are informed of the arrival, and of the contents of the letter, and will learn all that is in it. I shall, in handing over the letter to the Queen, say nothing but a few complimentary phrases, and plead the King's cause in the way the Queen will direct, in your presence the next day. Will that do?' 'Perfectly,' he replied. And so I did. The Queen read the letter before dinner, and came down ten minutes before nine. After dinner, Prince Albert told me that the Queen and he had had Lord Palmerston with them before dinner (from six to eight), and that we should to-morrow settle the answer. In the morning, the Prince translated the political part of the letter into English, and then discussed with Lord Palmerston the heads of an answer. Then I was called in to see the letter, and plead the King's cause, for which I was quite prepared. We all agreed:—

1. That conferences on Swiss affairs, on the basis of me-

diation between contending parties, were out of the question now. But the Queen wished to say (and Lord Palmerston saw no harm in it) that she *would* have accepted Neufchâtel in preference to London, as a place of conference, if it could still be thought of.

2. That (as I had proposed) *the Neufchâtel affair* was now the object with respect to which Her Majesty would try to be of use to her friend and brother. (I had demanded mediation with arbitration, between Neufchâtel and the Federation; but Palmerston observed, 'That could only be done upon the ground of general treaties, and then the three other Powers would come in too, and spoil the whole.') So I was to be satisfied with '*bons offices*,' in consequence of the instructions already given to C., 'based upon the detailed Memoir written by your Majesty's faithful *Bunsen*, as your Majesty allows me to call him.' Circumstances would show what further could be done.

This the Queen will write *in English*, beginning and end in German. I ought to add, that she answers, besides, to the point, on the coming forward of the German confederacy in a worthy manner on this occasion. She says, 'She and her Government wish nothing better; but as the only point now in discussion resulted from general treaties not regarded by the Confederacy, this was perhaps not the right opportunity. (Of course there are weighty reasons against it besides.) But that she was sure the English public would with great sympathy see the German Confederation take a prominent part in European affairs—only that it would make a very material difference in their eyes, if the councils of Germany were directed by the enlightened Cabinet of Berlin, and not by Prince Metternich.'

All this is now already written out fair, by Prince Albert, under Lord P.'s revision, for the Queen, who will write it herself to-morrow, when the letter will be despatched by express messenger. As soon as we hear what the Diet of Berne has decreed against Neufchâtel, Lord P. and I shall confer further.

If the *ground swell* was strong in the mind of Bunsen during this occasion, of experiencing the accustomed gracious kindness of the Queen and Prince Albert at

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Osborne, his return from thence in company with Lord Palmerston was attended by serious commotion of the elements without. In the boat which brought them to the shore, Lord Palmerston was requested to take the helm, as it would seem, to enable all hands to help in rowing through the unusually rough sea. Bunsen observed, that he had not been before aware of the necessary connection he now observed between *steering the vessel of the State*, and steering a common boat—whereto Lord Palmerston answered, 'Oh! one learns boating at Cambridge, even though one may have learnt nothing better.' They landed in safety, but the train was gone. Lord Palmerston declared that he *must* return to London on pressing business, and *must* have a special train. The railway officials protested that the risk of collision was too great for them to undertake. Lord Palmerston insisted, 'On *my* responsibility, then!' and thus enforced compliance, although everyone trembled but himself. The special train shot past station after station, and arrived in London without causing or receiving damage, the Directors refusing all payment from Lord Palmerston, as having transgressed all rules in order to comply with his desire, and considering themselves overpaid by the happy result, and their own escape from serious blame.

Contemporary Notice.

22nd December, 1847.

A Puseyite clergyman said to a friend who informed us, 'You know whom we have to thank for Dr. Hampden's appointment? it is all Bunsen's doing, he prevailed upon the Queen to lay her commands upon Lord John.'

The fact is, that Dr. Hampden is as much unknown among us as a person can be, who has been brought before the public. At Oxford Bunsen *saw him once*, among many other people, but had neither conversation nor correspondence with him—in short, no acquaintance, and he had been inclined to think Dr. Arnold too violent in his defence, in the 'Edinburgh Review' of 1838. But now, he has set about examining his

books, and, as far as he has proceeded, he has so greatly approved the contents, that he may perhaps end where he was supposed to have begun, by becoming his partisan.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*In Monmouthshire, whither she had been summoned in consequence of her Mother's illness.*)

Woburn Abbey: Wednesday, 29th December, 1847.

The day after to-morrow I may hope to find in Carlton Terrace an account of your dear mother; the Duchess insisted most graciously on my staying till Monday, but as the Prince goes to Windsor on Friday, I could make it clear to her that I must be in town at the end of the year. Certainly one has not known England, if one has not seen this magnificent seat of the Russells; for although less sumptuous in architecture, furniture, and gardens, than Chatsworth, and less *mignon* than Trentham, it is the most royal residence that I have seen in this country, as a whole establishment. The house is in an immense square, the old monastic form, with a portico on each side. There is a tea-room, where the Duchess is to be found from five o'clock to half-past, and where you may refresh yourself on arriving (as I did); it is ornamented with a fine collection of bronzes, a splendid genealogical tree, and the silver spade with which the present Duke turned up the first sod on the track marked for the neighbouring railway, with the wheelbarrow used on the occasion. The agricultural element pervades the greater part of the decorations. The next corridor brought me to the beautiful room intended for my reception. One of the galleries is filled with historical portraits of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (Queen Elizabeth and her sister Mary, Duke of Brandon and consort, &c. &c.); endless portraits of Russells (among them, those of the twin brothers, with some mysterious allusions, in the accompanying objects, to a tale of misery and crime; in one, a lady in the distance; in the other, a labyrinth full of serpents, which, from hints given by the Dowager Duchess, was the foundation of a tragedy, the 'Orphan'); in the dining-room are the celebrated Van Dycks and Sir Joshuas, full-length portraits, partly of ancestors, partly purchased out of the Orleans collection.

The morning is spent in the magnificent library, a wide

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gallery divided into four compartments, the middle one occupying two-thirds of the length: there the company meet, or occupy themselves separately. The Duchess sent a golden key, with directions to Stafford O'Brien to conduct me to the gallery of statues; a detached building in the midst of a garden, like the Braccio Nuovo; a beautiful hall, wide and long, with statues antique and modern; the Lante Vase (from the Villa of Hadrian) and the Sarcophagus of Ephesus form the principal ornaments, with a splendid mosaic from Rome, which occupies the centre. At the two extremities are flights of steps, each conducting to an *exedra*, or sort of temple: in the one are the Graces of Canova, which *I did not* worship; but the other, the Temple of Liberty, the sanctuary of the Whigs, interested me much. The present Duke's predecessor had the heads of the friends Fox and Grey modelled, and executed in marble, and he planned the temple; when dying, he disclosed the secret of his intentions to his brother, who executed the idea faithfully. Opposite the entrance is the colossal bust of Charles Fox, with verses on the pedestal written by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. On each side there are two busts of smaller dimensions—Lord Grey's is the only very fine head; a certain Fitzpatrick looks like a satire upon a senatorial countenance. I admire and relish the idea, so well suiting the residence of the head of that illustrious family of Russell, with the martyr and his angelic wife among them.

I saw besides, Woburn Church, built by the Abbot whom Henry VIII. put to death, with a beautiful churchyard. We passed by the farm, which is like a village, where the inhabitants, i.e. oxen, pigs, cows, occupy corridors of stalls, and styes, opening into spacious well-aired rooms, a regular convent of animals! In the afternoon I shall bury myself in the Archives, to try to find the traces in explanation of the destroyed monument at High Wood, of which there is no tradition in the family. The Duchess expresses the wish that another time you may not be prevented from coming. The kindness of the family is indescribable.

To the Same.

Woburn Abbey: 31st December, 1847.

My dearest love will receive these lines, whether in this year or the next, with the blessings of thankful love! My heart is always with you; and though I cannot say that I do not miss you hourly, I must in truth declare myself glad to know you are where you ought to be. Your dear letter reached me a minute after I had sent my last, and comforted me by the enclosure in your dear mother's hand; I trust I may find equally good intelligence *to-morrow* at home, whither I shall fight my way through all the kindnesses of the Duchess, and the further temptation to stay longer from Lord and Lady John's affectionate manner and agreeable conversation.

Yesterday was a day of satisfaction for the house of Russell, the news having arrived of Dr. Hampden's election. Lord John had been much vexed in the latter days by the unreasonableness of the people he had to deal with—but yesterday at three o'clock, when we were collected in expectation, and talking against time, in came little Johnny,* escorted by his aunt-like sister, and stationed himself at the entrance of the library, distinctly proclaiming, like a herald, 'Dr. Hampden,—a Bishop!' We cheered him, and some one asked him whether he liked Dr. H.—'I don't mind (was his answer), for I don't know him.' His father came in afterwards, radiant with satisfaction. After dinner I suggested as a toast 'The Chapter of Hereford,' adding *sotto voce* to Lord John, 'and he who has managed them.' Milnes and Stafford gave 'The Dean,' in opposition, and we were just divided, like the Chapter, two against fifteen. Lord John took all very kindly; he talked politics all the evening, unreservedly, about France, Spain, and Portugal. What I admired in him most is his unvaried simplicity, and the absence not only of all boasting, but even of exultation, with the greatest openness. Lady John copies papers for her husband, and is a very strong Presbyterian and anti-Tractarian. She has invited herself to come to see us at Carlton Terrace when you return, and hear our children play and sing: the fame of which

* Now Viscount Amberley, M.P.

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house-music has been spread afar, particularly by Lady de Clifford, who says she always comes out on the terrace when told that music is going on, especially to hear the singing of *the tenor*.

I yesterday read letters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough (incredible), where Mrs. Pendarves' letters to Swift are mentioned in a marginal note. I studied also three volumes of John, Duke of Bedford's life and embassy to Paris, 1763, to conclude the peace: he was a clever man, and did the least evil he then could to Frederick the Great. I also saw the conservatory, and the unique evergreen walk, planted by that same Duke 100 years ago: rhododendrons, laurels, &c., as underwood on each side of the walk.

To the Same.

4 Carlton Terrace: 31st December, 1847.

Here I am, faithful to my dear children and myself; under other circumstances, I certainly should have remained till Monday, as I was indeed very much pressed to do. The decision of the Hampden affair made the time yet more interesting. You will see in a few days an excellent letter of Lord John's, an answer to an address of the clergy of Bedfordshire *in favour* of Hampden. He had waited for such an opportunity in order to speak fully his own mind on the subject. Yesterday I went with Lord John to the Gallery of Sculpture and the Temple; then he played at tennis with Stafford O'Brien, and on returning to the house was met by the Duke, with copies of the letter to the clergy and other papers, which he, the Duke, had been revising for him. It is the Duke's glory to help his brother, in whatever way he can.

In the evening after dinner, Lady Rachel Russell (who is my great patroness) gave me a playbill on satin, and the Duchess another, which she offered to me in order that I might send it to you, but which I declined, saying I should send you mine. (All other such bills were on paper.) The plan of the charade had been arranged that morning; only the scenes made out, the rest left for improvisation. The first word, *Nightmare*, was represented by *Knight* (the dubbing of Sir Walter Raleigh), and *Mayor* (the Mayor of an unreformed borough near Woburn Alley) admirably acted. The next you must guess from the four parts. 1. Thetis (Lady Rachel)

about to *dip* the infant Achilles in the Styx. 2. An old Tory country-gentleman (Milnes) complaining of the Whig administration, and of the *low* state of funds, of commercial enterprise, of rents, of agriculture, and what not, and hoping that, for some comfort, Dr. Pusey will be the new Bishop; on hearing the name of Hampden, he swoons. 3. A *May*pole —girls and boys, headed by Lady Rachel, dancing round it, and singing an old national May-song (very fine). 4. A young actor, Mr. Pantwell, offering his services to Madame Vestris (Lady Rachel), as a peculiar proficient in bringing out a *sigh*. The whole was *Diplomacy*,—represented by my three colleagues, of Russia, Austria, and France, holding a secret conference, and signing a protocol *without me*; the one saying, when he last heard of me, I was in Egypt; another, that when he last saw me, I was in search of what I called a Church. When they are just about to sign, the genius of Great Britain (Lady Rachel as Britannia) appears, and after tearing the paper in pieces, advances to the audience, addressing verses complimentary to me, on the relations between the two countries. As no foreigners were present, the joke could do no harm. I have gone thus into detail, thinking the particulars might amuse your dear mother. Nowhere is hospitality practised on so grand a scale, or at least nowhere grander, than at Woburn Abbey; every room is the perfection of all credible and incredible comforts for the guest—all meals in inconceivable perfection of arrangement. The Duchess enacts *visibly* the Queen and Duchess, and *invisibly* (in the intervals, by her directions) the supreme Maîtresse d'Hôtel. The Dowager Duchess assists her with much tact. The day after my arrival, a banquet was given in my honour, with a display of all the wonderful silver services, gifts of Louis XV. to Duke John: the other days all was more simple. I have reflected much on the position of a Duke of Bedford or of Sutherland in the nineteenth century, and do not think it could be essentially more than what the present representatives make of it. The charm here is the historical and political standing of the House of Russell. The house is evidently the work of the first Duke, and then of Duke John, who made the Peace of Paris. I find all that was good in it was his merit, against Bute and Egremont; still Lord John justly blames him for having consented to keeping secret the transaction from Frederick the Great.

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My plans are these, D.V.,—4th January, to Althorp; 8th, to Castle Ashby; 11th, to Peel; then home, and one or two days at Broadlands, with Palmerston, who returns to town on the 20th, as do the Russells, who want to see Prince Löwenstein at Richmond Lodge before that date. The grief of the House is the abstraction of the Marquis of Tavistock, who writes daily most intelligent papers on political subjects, but will not *live* at Woburn, nor take any part in active life.

On the whole, I would not be the Duke of Bedford for all his income, if I was to lead his life but for one year.

To the Same.

Althorp: Thursday, 6th January, 1848.

I have been very lazy here, and that even since I had your precious letter! The fact is, I have so much here to *say*, and to *do*, that I scarcely have time to *limp* out for an hour, and then I must rest till dinner time. Be not uneasy about me,—it is nothing but flying rheumatism, one day in one leg, another in the other, with toothache, sometimes to the left, sometimes the right. The library is unique; so is the gallery for family portraits, and originals of illustrious men, Montaigne, Arnauld, also Sacharissa and her husband, who resided here. Van der Weyer and I *live* in the library. Host and hostess very kind and agreeable. To-morrow George and I go to Lord Northampton's, Tuesday to Peel's, from whence home on the 15th, and not stir a step, unless I must.

Carlton Terrace: Friday, 7th January.—Here I am, my dearest; my last evening and night were so uncomfortable from the pains I mentioned, that I resolved to cut short the proposed visits. Whether or not I go to Peel must depend upon the pain; but what I can say already is, that I feel very comfortable here, at my desk, in my room, in our dear house, with the good faces around me.

Saturday, 8th January.—I read last night Bancroft, with increasing admiration. What a glorious and interesting history has he *given* to his nation, of the centuries before the Independence! The third volume is a masterpiece; after having displayed all the plans and decrees of the monarchs of Europe from 1741 to 1748, he brings in 'the son of a widow, gaining his livelihood by surveying land in remote and uninhabited districts—George Washington.'

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Mrs. Bancroft read to me a beautiful passage out of a letter to her from Paris—the writer alluded to the atheism of Laplace and other astronomers in France, adding, 'Let them study *man*, and his history; on every page they will trace the hand of a protecting and loving Providence directing the world. This is the lesson which every day draws more and more from history. Man advances, and God protects the advancement of humanity.' This reminds me of a fine expression of Bishop Lee, this morning, respecting the Unitarians, 'The belief in salvation through Christ, and the opinion respecting the nature of Christ, are two quite distinct objects.' This is what in other words Schleiermacher says, 'The faith of the Christian rests essentially, not on that which took place *in* or *with respect to* Christ, —what befel Him or befel Him *not*,—but on that which Christ *did* and *performed* as the Redeemer. His accomplished work of redemption—actuality of redemption,—is the single essential object of the faith in which is blessedness; the contests about its nature belong to the past.' All right, in my opinion, where there *is* a Christian, that is, a spiritual, philosophy. But what is to be done in a nation where there is no such thing?

I shall not go to Peel at Drayton, alas! My toothache returned after I had made a dozen steps in the damp air.

Contemporary Letter.

Carlton Terrace: Friday, 14th January, 1848.

. . . Just come in from calling upon Lady Louisa Stuart. I wish I could write every word of her conversation. She was quite well, assured me that she 'had no complaint but extreme old age,' and that 'sometimes her head went like a cradle at sea.' I succeeded tolerably well in making her hear, and asked her about Lady Sundon (Mrs. Clayton), of the Court of Queen Caroline, as to whose Correspondence (lately published) the 'Quarterly Review' complained of the incompetence of the editor,—and that brought her upon the subject of the Court of George II., when she recollected and repeated to me a humorous ballad, attributed to Arbuthnot, on the occasion of the King's naming the Duke of Newcastle as godfather to a Prince just then born to the Prince of Wales, at which the latter took

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great offence, and objected to his standing in any other way than as proxy for some German Prince. The ballad is a parody on 'Chevy Chase':—

To name a child with might and main,
Newcastle took his way:
The child may rue that is unborn
The christening of that day.

The Duke is ill received; other noblemen are sent; among others the Duke of Roxburgh,—in vain. They bring word to the King (of whom it was said that he had learned but *three French words* wherewith to hold converse with his English subjects—'bon!' 'comment?' 'diable!')—so they report that they have waited upon the Prince—'Bon!' that he objects—'Comment?' that he has been furious, and sent them off—'Diable!' After this exclamation, the King sent orders to the Prince to turn out of St. James's, with his spouse, his men and maidens, his trunks and all trumpery, *except his children* (I am sorry not to remember the rhymes), and the ballad goes on to say that the new-born Prince took the thing so ill, that he removed at once to another world; and the writer (a Jacobite) winds up with the pious wish that the country may profit by such royal quarrels, and all the family seek domestic peace and union by voluntary secession to—*Hanover!*

Contemporary Letter.

Carlton Terrace: 19th January, 1848.

Yesterday I called upon Lady Louisa Stuart, who had been reading Alison's 'Life of Marlborough,' which I had lent her. She told me the only daughter of Cardonnel, the Duke's secretary, was a remarkable woman, whom she had seen, as the wife of a Peer whom she named, but whose name I do not remember. This lady showed Lord Macartney many papers, one being the copy, made by herself, of a letter to the Duke from her father, remonstrating against the practice of granting safe-conducts, or protections, for money, to secure individuals or districts in Flanders from free quarters and plundering. Cardonnel declared he could have nothing to do with the transaction, and remonstrated with the Duke on such acts of rapacity.

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Contemporary Notice from Diaries of Daughters.

Carlton Terrace: Saturday, 27th January, 1848.

My father spoke much at breakfast in a very interesting manner,—first on the objections to entails, which tended to the absorption of landed property in a few hands, and to the exclusion of the only efficient means of preventing poverty, by giving the poorer classes the means of making themselves independent by having a share of the land.

On Sunday morning, the 28th, the conversation turned upon the natural gift of healing, apart from all medical art or science; then upon the *wise man*, or *wise woman*, in almost every village; then upon the *evil eye*, which my father said was the oldest superstition in the world, and one which was to be found among all nations: he thought it belonged to the secret religions of mankind, on which he said he had written a good deal himself. Then he spoke of the secret societies, — the Freemasons, about which he gave us a most interesting account. He said Lessing had been the first to give a true idea of them, and that he had proved Freemasonry, as it now existed (although there might have been something of the kind among the Knights Templars), went up no higher than the time of Sir Christopher Wren, and not (as most Freemasons insist) up to the time of King Solomon. In the time of the former, party spirit ran so high, both in religion and in politics, that there was a general feeling of the want of having some common ground to meet upon, and with Sir Christopher the idea originated of forming a society, the members of which should be initiated with the greatest secrecy, as well as of adopting the signs used by the Guild of Masons, as common means of recognition. Then my father made a digression on the subject of Guilds, how when he was a child they were flourishing, and each had peculiar signs, into which each apprentice was initiated previous to setting out on his wanderings, to secure admission to all members of the Guild. The signs among masons referred to the peculiar curve of the Gothic arch, whereby the secret of construction had been preserved through centuries.

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Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Lilleshall.*)

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Saturday evening, 29th January, 1848.

. . . There is a comforting report from ——, of present good-fellowship, where the contrary prevailed before. An expression used is, 'I now like this place very much, because people are kind to me.' The hardness of the natural man is broken through; that divine spark of love which exists in every human heart, but which has need to break through the tough shell of *self*, has been kindled, and so she now feels the love which surrounds her: she supposes it to be something *new*, because she was not aware of it before, and she feels it now, because she is now capable of affection in herself. The kindness, whether of God or man, is not felt or estimated but by the heart which is capable of love in itself: in the hardened mind, discontent, hatred, and spite, are rather generated. You know that we have had occasion to observe in other instances the first burst of the divine being which is in man: not as a creature (as our German theology of the year 1400 has said), not as *self*, but as *God's image*. How hard was the shell in *one* soul (you know which), and yet how has meekness and affection and humility and kindness burst through that rind of pride and obstinacy and discontent which presented itself outside for so long a time! Depend upon it, that rind is just bursting in the other soul. Many struggles will still follow, but I hope He who kindled the fire will keep it up!

Letter to Bunsen.

29th January, 1848.

Has the appeal made by Mrs. Fry to the King of Denmark for the persecuted Baptists, and for liberty of conscience in general, been of any avail? The quantity of actual persecution under Protestant Governments, on account of diversity of religious opinions, weighed heavily on Mrs. Fry's spirit. The details of those last years of her life, when we lived near, and from time to time felt the sunshine of her presence, are deeply interesting; but the epithet is very tame to express the charm of her heavenly-mindedness and the pain of knowing

more of the anguish of body and spirit that she was called upon to endure. Mrs. Fry was so essentially feminine! the full growth and development and perfection of womanhood, with strength and power and firmness to preserve equipoise, such as woman rarely had before! Other women, when thus powerful, have often something harsh and masculine about them.

How little is one conscious of the 'joy and the bitterness of the heart,' even in those in whom one takes a deep interest! What 'abîmes de douleur' were in that heart, while the countenance and voice spoke only of peace and love! not an atom of self-compassion was there—no shrinking from anything she was called upon to bear, even though the keenest native susceptibility gave her peculiar capability of intense suffering.*

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

4 Carlton Terrace: 3rd February, 1848.

This is a grand day for politics! I can hardly keep my pen in order. The King of Naples has proclaimed, on Saturday last, January 29th, for his whole kingdom, the Constitution of Lord William Bentinck, given in 1812 to Sicily. O the Nemesis!

This rather crude, but not democratic, copy of the British Constitution, was given in spite of Caroline (who fled under execrations), and of Ferdinand, who abdicated. Francesco sanctioned it.

Then Napoleon fell, and Castlereagh disowned the work of Bentinck. The Constitution was abolished. Ferdinand promised a *Charte, à la* Louis XVIII.; we know the scheme of it,—it was never even finished, far less introduced.

In 1815, the King, instead of all Constitutions, after a preamble, confirmed the 'privileges granted to the Sicilians,' and gave an Edict of Administration, *à la mode de l'Empire.*

In 1820, that reaction produced a revolution, which was put down by force in 1821.

Then a quarter of a century, twenty-six years, absolutist misgovernment, which we have seen!

* This passage is introduced as containing the sentiments of Bunsen in the words of another.

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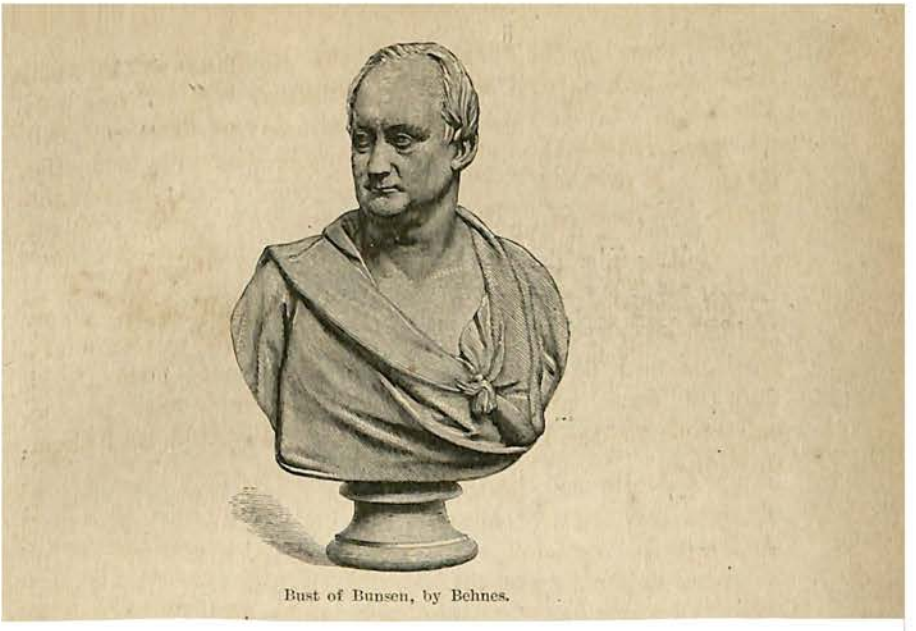
And now, *up to January* 12, the Sicilians would have been satisfied, as well as the Neapolitans, with reforms *à la* Pio Nono. January 12 was to be the day of decision. All was prepared for the outbreak; no publication appeared; the people set to work; Palermo was bombarded forty-eight hours, but resisted. The King's heart sank, and he yielded. *One* eminent characteristic of this King is his fear—an heir-loom from father and grandfather.

The consequences may be immense—incalculable. *Lega Italiana*—the Pope driven to secularise his government; Sardínia and Tuscany to give a Constitution! I am afraid that the waves set in motion by this event may be too boisterous for the frail Italian vessel. May God lead them to wisdom!



Bust of Bunsen, by Behnes.

CHAPTER XIII.

AGITATION IN EUROPE.

THE REVOLUTION OF THE 24TH FEBRUARY—BARON STOCKMAR AT FRANKFORT—THE RISING AT BERLIN—PRINCE OF PRUSSIA ARRIVES AT CARLTON TERRACE—TOTTERIDGE—LETTER TO MR. REEVE ON GERMAN PROGRESS—JENNY LIND—EXCURSION TO GERMANY—CONFLICT BETWEEN FRANKFORT AND BERLIN—BUNSEN ADHERES TO THE PRUSSIAN SIDE—STATE OF BERLIN—RETURNS TO ENGLAND—MEMOIR ON EVENTS AT BERLIN.

THIS narrative of the life of Bunsen has now been brought down to the time when the French Revolution of February 24, 1848, changed the aspect of Europe, gave the signal of a general convulsion, and powerfully affected the lives and opinions of all those who were called upon to take any part in the momentous series of events which ensued.

Bunsen's deep interest in them, especially inasmuch as they concerned the future welfare of Germany, is fully expressed in his correspondence from this date.

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Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: Monday, 28th February, 1848.

. . . We are all awe-struck and melancholy at this terrible state of things in France; and how is such a mob government to go on without war to employ the idle and flagitious hands demanding mischief?

On Saturday evening we were rejoiced to see our friend Max Müller arrive from Paris safe and sound. He had gone there a fortnight before to examine a manuscript, and found himself caught in the midst of a revolution. He went about the streets, and saw all he could, and got away on Thursday night by climbing over three different barricades in the direction of the railway to Havre, which, close to the station, had been broken up, but further on was in a condition to be used. The description he gives of the Pandemonium in the streets, the aspect of the savages, the wanton firing of shots aimed at quiet spectators, sometimes by mere boys (one of whom was heard to boast, 'J'en ai tué trois!'), brings very close to us, as it were, scenes from which we believed ourselves separated by a long course of years. It is said that robbery is not to be apprehended, but destruction is the object.

On Saturday, Bunsen dined with Sir Robert Peel, and went afterwards to Lady Palmerston's. I wanted to be told what people said—what people expected. He answered: 'Everybody is stunned.' . . . It would seem as if the Ministerial difficulties would be much helped by the 'wars, and rumours of wars;' people will feel that if the money had been spent it must be made up for somewhere, and in contemplation of a French *débordement*, the idea of national defences being put in repair will not seem unreasonable.

Friday, 3rd March. . . . The French *Gouvernement Provisoire* can hardly continue long paying the rabble to be quiet—and then, what can employ them but war?

Contemporary Letter.

Carlton Terrace; 8th March, 1848.

Yesterday morning, very early, a request came that I would hasten to the library. I went, prepared for walking,

hoping to persuade Bunsen to come into the park, but found I was wanted to look through and correct English translations of diplomatic papers. I had finished by the time two daughters had come down ready prepared, and then we induced Bunsen to break off and walk out with us At the end of St. James's Park, he left us to go on to breakfast with Mr. Hallam, to meet Guizot and Macaulay. At four, being summoned to the library for some questions to be asked, and finding Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Reeve just come in, I stayed to hear an interesting conversation on European politics. I wish I could write it all down; the Emperor of Russia and his supposed intentions and movements being the theme, and of course eliciting very different conjectures. Then, Bunsen went to dine with Colonel Mure. After my dinner was over, I had Milnes's new pamphlet on the State of Europe (letter to Lord Lansdowne) read aloud: it is very clever, and the only publication in English that contains anything like the truth about the condition of the Continent. I say the only one, alluding to the newspapers and reviews, which, I believe, are wide of the mark, as, for instance, yesterday's 'Times,' so coolly throwing upon Bunsen's shoulders all blame, if a war is not prevented, because 'he is said to have full powers,'—as if there were not two parties to a negotiation, the one of which declares war (the conclusion of the armistice) at the end of a month, before any attempt to negotiate has been made! But yet Bunsen will not leave off hoping; he says, 'A month is a long time, and many things may change for the better before it is over.'

Friday, 17th March. . . . As to Lamartine, my sentiments must have been incorrectly rendered, if I could be suspected of any admiration for himself. I only wondered at his having been able to write anything possessed of such power over my feelings, and therefore (I believe), true, deep, and tender, as is 'Jocelyn.' He is a self-idolater, a sort of Lafayette Bourgeois, believing his personal weight capable of stopping the avalanche which he has so greatly helped to set in motion. It was well said of what is called his History of the Girondins, by the Duc de Broglie, last winter, 'Il fait mentir l'histoire au service des principes révolutionnaires.' It was curious that he should so justly

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have judged of the tendency of that work, in unconsciousness of effects which were so near at hand.

I know not which way the Duchess de Montpensier is endeavouring to get to Spain; she came to Neukomm at Rouen, in her flight from Paris, to ask an hour's shelter while the Comte de Lasteyrie sought out a conveyance to take her further. Neukomm's sister-in-law gave her luncheon, which she ate like one half-famished, having had nothing for some hours. Neukomm had been present at the royal déjeûner given on her arrival from Spain, and it is remarkable that he should be the person to show her the last hospitality in France.

On Tuesday, 14th, we dined at the American Minister's. I contemplated Lord Carlisle, and heard Macaulay talk almost the whole dinner through.

Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.]

London: on the 22nd day after the Second Deluge, 15th March, 1848.

My Dear Friend,—Your arrival and that of Stockmar in Frankfort, as it were on the same day, has been the fulfilment of two of my unceasingly cherished wishes of two months' standing. Stockmar is one of the first politicians of Germany and of Europe—the disciple of Stein—army-superintendant of the medical department in chief, during the war—preceptor of Prince Albert—the friend and private adviser of Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians—finally, the confidential friend both of Lord Melbourne and of Sir Robert Peel:—that is the man who now represents Coburg at Frankfort, to advocate which measure I earnestly advised, and Prince Albert as urgently entreated, Stockmar himself to undertake that position. Pray go to him directly: after an hour's intercourse you will part as friends. So much for the present. I love Stockmar sincerely, and he loves me. I have no secret from him.

Day and night I repeat: Only unity with one accord,—within three weeks at most. . . .

No one in England any longer believes in our future.

Contemporary Notice.

Thursday, 23rd March.

. . . From the papers as much may be known as we know of the awful scenes at Berlin: the result—the breaking up of the Ministry, and the King's awakening consciousness of the realities and necessities of things, in which he could not bring himself to believe, when for years so many and various faithful servants have tried to obtain a hearing for their statements—rouses Bunsen's sanguine nature to hope for the future. The choice of Ministers is on the whole that which it was to be hoped the King would have made, at the close of the Diet (*Vereinigte Landtag*) last summer,—they being the individuals who commanded the confidence of that popular assembly. But now that they have been set a-going they have an immense work to do, which, had they been at it for the last eight months, the whole insurrection might have been prevented. The shadow of this event came beforehand, in the shape of a report from Paris of the King's having abdicated, which many people believed in London the day before yesterday, and there was almost need of an extra servant to take in all the notes and visitors and inquiries at the door. Several of the notes contained kind offers of hospitality, if the King was coming to England—houses in town and country placed at his disposal. But everybody was answered that the King *had* certainly not deserted his post,—*would* certainly not sneak away; and that has proved to be a fact. I cannot get the awful scene from before my mind's eye, when the slain were carried in solemn procession before the windows of the King's Palace—within the very court-yard; the bearers singing a hymn usual at funerals: calling upon the King, who not only appeared at the window, but came down, uncovering his head at sight of the funeral procession—spoke to the people, was cheered, and, after a pause, all sung the hymn of thanksgiving (for promises received) which you have heard my children sing. People and King are made of different stuff to those of Paris!

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Bunsen to Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: Saturday evening, 25th March, 1848.

A solemn seriousness ought now to fill the heart of every German: for without that, without self-conquest and self-control, we fall into the hands of Nemesis.

On the morning of March 27, at eight o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia arrived at No. 4 Carlton Terrace, unannounced, and causing as much surprise as if, on reading the notice in the papers two days before his having retired from Berlin, the possibility of his directing his course towards England had not occurred to the mind of Bunsen. The Prince was pleased to accept the proposal to make a speedy arrangement of rooms for his residence in the abode of the Prussian Legation. Some members of the family were at once quartered with friends, to make room for part of his Royal Highness's suite; Ernest Bunsen, with his wife and child, having been received under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Gurney, in St. James's Square—therefore, so close at hand, as to enable Ernest to assist his father in daily attendance upon his Royal Highness, and in ordering things, as well as circumstances allowed, to lessen the inconvenience of such a provisional mode of life to the honoured guest. Prince Löwenstein remained the only inmate of the house—being Counsellor of Legation. Extracts from letters, written during the period following this event, will furnish a slight sketch of the external circumstances at a time of great commotion and excitement, almost to distraction, in Bunsen's life;—a time memorable in the annals of Prussia by the close and appreciating study which the heir presumptive to her Crown applied to the working of the British Constitution.

The dignity, the manly cheerfulness, the gracious kindness, the constant regard for others' convenience,

which marked from first to last the Prince's demeanour, demand all the testimony that words can give, and the whole of the details remain deeply imprinted on grateful hearts. It was indeed with zeal, the result of cordial devotedness, that Bunsen and each member of his family made their best efforts in his service; but the manner in which such services were acknowledged and accepted as 'kindness,' which were but the fulfilment of bounden duty, will not be forgotten, while life is granted to the writer of these lines.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday, 29th March, 1848.

. . . I think all the business of accommodating the Prince has been got well through; and if on the one hand one has trouble, on the other one is saved trouble, for of course no visitors are let in, and thus we can remain quiet. One great business on Monday was making out the list of persons to be sent to, and put off—as we had made invitations for a series of Tuesday evenings. This day the Prince will dine with the Duke of Cambridge; we were to have dined at Lansdowne House, but that was put off on account of the Cambridge House dinner, and at last Bunsen will not attend the Prince thither, for he is not well, having been obliged to stay late in bed these three mornings with a feverish cold; and thus we cannot go to Devonshire House either. The Prince came to breakfast with us all at ten o'clock, and was very amiable. F. had fetched an armchair, and placed it in the centre of one side of the table; but the Prince put it away himself and took another, saying, 'One ought to be humble now, for thrones are shaking;' then I sat on one side of him, and he desired Frances to take her place on the other. He related everything that came to his knowledge of the late awful transactions; and, let reports be what they may, I cannot believe that he has had any share in occasioning the carnage that has taken place—but conclude that the general opinion at Berlin condemning him, has been the result of party-spirit and of long-settled notions, as to what was likely to be his advice and opinion.

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One longs to perceive in what manner a bridge can be constructed for his return home. He expresses much concern and scruple about the trouble he occasions; but now the arrangement has been made possible, it is infinitely preferable that he should be here, where we can watch over everything and know what is wanted, rather than his having to hire a place of abode; and it is also much fitter for him to stay here than anywhere else. I have had a walk in the park, while Ernest attended on the Prince at his luncheon. The Prince reminds me much of his father the late King, in the expression of truth and kindliness in his face.

. . . We have had our prospect again for the last week—the park and the Abbey becoming visible after three months' fog.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: 30th March, 1848.

I have been glad of the comparative quiet of this day, as, Bunsen being compelled to stay in bed, I sat in the room to defend it as well as I could from invasion of business. The doctor came early, and enforced his lying still—and indeed he is not fit to do anything else. The whole of the last month I have expected his having an illness, for it was not possible to live on beyond a given time without suffering, in that continual ferment of news, and talking, and writing.

The Prince breakfasted again with us in the morning, but our presence was not necessary at his luncheon, to which Mr. Barry was invited, as well as to show the Prince afterwards over the New Palace at Westminster. I feel truly sorry for him; for opinions, right or wrong, that have been held, and honestly held, during life, cannot suddenly veer round to the opposite point of the compass, just in proportion as they are honest. This would be my own case if I were he. He bears up, with dignity and feeling, but in a manly manner, against the daily shocks of newspaper intelligence. But I wonder that some persons should at once leap to the anticipation of the Royal Family emigrating! There never has been an idea of the Princess of Prussia or her son coming here; and I am sure they will not stir from their residence at Potsdam.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: 1st April, 1848.

I am thankful to announce Bunsen's recovery, not only because he was really and seriously ill, but because his illness may have been supposed *diplomatic*, which it certainly was not; and now he is out of bed again he will make haste to do the honours as he best can to the Prince, and seek to divert his attention from sad thoughts and painful intelligence. . . . You say that you are sorry for Bunsen, for he must be '*perplexed*;' that he is not in the least.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: 4th April, 1848.

A set of dinner parties is about to be undertaken, that the Prince may see such society as he pleases, which was not possible last week. On Thursday, the 6th, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge will come; the Duchess of Gloucester promised conditionally on the state of the Princess Sophia; Lord and Lady Douglas, the Prince of Hesse, and the Duke of Wellington. The next arrangement will be for Ministerial personages; the third, for leading persons of the former Ministry; and then, I suppose, we come to the ultra Liberals—'Her Majesty's most loyal Opposition'—a new conception, out of England!

The view from my windows is getting into perfection—the bushes quite out, trees just bursting, turf emerald green, and what glorious weather!

Friday, 7th April.—Our great dinner party went off well. I am glad to feel sure that all was successful, and looked as well as we wished it should, to show all respect to our good Prince, who was *censé* to receive the guests himself—the house of the Prussian Legation being, in the first place, *his* residence. The Duke of Cambridge had an inflammation in his foot, and was forbidden by Keate to move it, so he was obliged to send an excuse, and I am sure we regretted his unfailing good nature and animation; but the Duchess was very gracious, and has always much conversation. Before the guests had retired I learnt that my poor son Charles had arrived, having made a desperate effort to break away from

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Naumburg, without awaiting the end of his rheumatic fever, so stiffened in his limbs as to need being helped like a child. Not till all had departed could I go and welcome him, and was shocked at the sight. He had received most benevolent help from a Danish gentleman, with whom he crossed over the sea, and who saw him safe into the conveyance which brought him from the steamer. This proved to be a well known political writer, against whom Bunsen had been bound in duty to defend his King and the acts of Prussia in no mild manner. No one was ever more incapable than Bunsen of blending personal with political animosity; and assuredly in the case of the political antagonist in question (as a man entirely unknown to him) no such feelings existed. But it was with one of the many pangs attending this period of political feud that Bunsen had to discover in the kind and helpful fellow-traveller of his invalid son, to whose truly Danish good nature he paid a heartfelt tribute of gratitude, the keen opponent whom he had keenly met in the battle-field of opinion.*

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: 10th April, 1848.

I had a walk before breakfast with T—— round the park this beautiful day, which, God grant, may close unstained with bloodshed! Nothing was to be remarked but a few more policemen and not so many passers-by as usual. At breakfast, the Prince's aides-de-camp expressed surprise that I should have ventured out. I declared the impossibility on my part of believing that any disturbance would take place. On Saturday evening we had all been at Lady Palmerston's, when Bunsen approached the Duke of Wellington, saying, 'Your Grace will take us all in charge, and London too, on Monday, the 10th?' (This day being that of the expected Chartist disturbance, on the occasion of presenting to Parliament the monster petition.) The Duke answered, 'Yes, we have taken our measures; but not a soldier nor a piece of artillery shall you *see*, unless in actual need. Should the force of law—the mounted or unmounted police—be overpowered or in danger, then the troops shall advance—then is their time. But it is not fair on either

* The Danish gentleman's name was Orla Lehmann.

side to call them in to do the work of police—the military must not be confounded with the police, nor merged in the police.' These were his words, as well as I can give them at second-hand; and grand are the maxims of political wisdom they imply.

The Prince and party, including myself, are invited by 'the Duke' to Strathfieldsaye,—on what day?—on Good Friday!—or in Easter week, if preferred. I shall certainly not go, either time. Bunsen will of course attend the Prince, but I know not his determination.

The Duchess of Gloucester sent for me the day before our great dinner, to explain that she could not come, on account of hourly alarm about her sister. 'They insist that there is no present danger, but I fear the effect of those spasms. The difficulty is to excuse my not dining out to Sophia herself; for she desires me to go.'

Extract of a Letter to Bunsen, from Herr von Schön, formerly Prussian Minister of State, dated Königsberg, April 15, 1848.

[Translation.]

Your letter proves that England, however exclaimed against on the Continent as ultra Conservative, is, according to the order of the universe, in continual and steady progress. Hail to the example, for all States!

According to your desire, I send the outline of our land credit system; and, in my opinion, such an institution might well be formed in Ireland, if the principle of our establishment should be sanctioned by Act of Parliament. There is, indeed, as yet no mortgage-system in Ireland; but with respect to the general guarantee, an Act of Parliament might supply that want, by declaring all Irish landed properties to be liable for the mortgage debts of each individual estate. For, with respect to the debts upon individual estates, the Quarter Sessions might take the place of our Mortgage Commissioners, in keeping a register of estates indebted to the land credit system, in which the debt of the estate would be specified, *primo loco*. The English mind would find the chief difficulty in allowing the Land Credit Association to act independently in collecting the interest themselves in the shortest way, without judicial authority; but I suppose there the

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Sheriff might enter as an intermediate authority. The institution might, in my opinion, be of great use, more especially for Ireland, if managed with prudence.

Contemporary Notice.

Monday morning: 17th April, 1848.

Our dinner-party went off well, I think. Lord John was very lively—so happy in his wife's safety. The Prince is going to Osborne to-morrow, to stay till Thursday, Bunsen with him. I am glad he should have the sea air—and being with Prince Albert and the Queen always is a refreshment to him. The sympathy and interest with which they receive and encourage all his outpourings is as remarkable in itself as it is rare; and his consciousness of the insight and judgment of Prince Albert grows in proportion as he becomes better acquainted with his manner of thinking on various subjects.

Contemporary Notice.

Monday morning: 30th April; Totteridge.

How we have enjoyed being here since Saturday afternoon I cannot describe. We were out for hours after returning from church, sitting and sauntering and reading in the charming garden, and in the finest weather. . . . I am glad to have waked early this morning, thus being enabled to write; for as soon as we have breakfasted, I must drive to town directly, and plunge into the turmoil—going to the Queen's Ball in the evening.

Pray read the 'Nemesis of Faith.' I have not for a long time been so occupied with a book; but I wish no young person to read it, and have kept it out of sight while I had it in hand—only E. looked at it on the way from the circulating library, and was greatly shocked, which impression I wish her to retain, and not to make the allowances for the unhappy writer that I can. It is impossible not to feel that he writes his own experience in sentiment and opinion, though not in outward events.

Totteridge: 2nd May.—Yesterday, after disposing of much business, we were surprised by the appearance of Ernest and his father, Count Pourtalès, and Harry Arnim (nephew of our friends sent over as courier), who came to stay all

night, and have left us this morning. Bunsen, having been, alas! quite ill, had excused himself from Lady Douglas's, where the Prince was to dine—and thus took a few hours' leave of absence. I trust he may go on better again. I think him grown a year older during these two months of violent excitement and no quiet. O how thankful I am for this Totteridge! Could I but describe the groups of fine trees, the turf and terrace-walks! I should like to know its history. In one room hangs a plan of the estate (now belonging to Dr. Lee, the owner of Hartwell Hall in Buckinghamshire), where it is said to have belonged (about a century ago) to Viscount Bateman. The present meadows formed a park with many deer in it, till about twenty years ago.

Totteridge: 5*th May*.—Here I am again since last night, after two days ample share in London turmoil. Our great dinner-party turned out well, only one person invited failing to come, which was Lady Lansdowne—who wrote, that being unwell, she would remain all the week at Bowood; and we filled her place with Lady Emily de Burgh, who was an ornamental and charming addition. When we arrived in town on Wednesday, we found Ernest and his father making out a *catalogue raisonné* of the company for the Prince; and the opportunity was useful, not only for the help I could give, but to get my own lesson by heart; for during dinner I was repeatedly catechised by the Prince, as to individuals, their origin and relationships.

Most thankful I am to enjoy sun and air here *at all*, and so I must not complain of the necessity of returning to town again next week, for the Drawing Room, and indeed earlier than that day.

Tuesday, 8*th May*.—Yesterday we dined at the Palace—the dinner-party and no one else,—heard in the evening a set of German singers and musicians, part of a company who will perform German operas, to which I look forward with great pleasure. To-morrow we are to go to the Queen's Concert—and those not included in the invitation will enjoy the first German opera, for which we have taken a box, as in duty bound.

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Bunsen to Henry Reeve, Esq. (On the Draft of a Constitution for the German Confederacy.)

[Translation.]

Saturday morning: 6th May, 1848, half-past seven o'clock.

With heart and mind thus prepared, you have taken the Draft and its great object into consideration; you have conceived both in their relative import to the world's history; you render justice to both,—and yet you have not attained to a belief in our future.

What is with you essentially opposed to this is your rigorously conservative view as to the origin of the present Constitutional movement. You say poetically, 'The truly animating principle comes from above—the shades of Endor rise out of the abyss.'

Let me follow up this idea, in order to convince you that our struggle for freedom has rightly originated—that is from the Spirit—*descendit cœlo*. Was not its beginning indeed from above? in the minds of the great thinkers, who, from Lessing and Kant down to Schelling and Hegel, have, in conflict with the materialism of the past century and the mechanism of the present, proved both the reality and essentiality of reason, and the independence and freedom of moral consciousness, and have thereby roused the nation to enthusiasm for the ideal of true liberty? And did not poetry and the fine arts take the same way? What is the signification of Göthe in the world's history, if not that he had a clear intuition of those truths, and the art of giving them due utterance? Wherein consists the indestructible charm of Schiller's poetry, but that he has sung as hymns to the supernal, preternatural, those deductions of philosophy?

Now to proceed to the time of our deepest depression, and of our highest elevation,—from 1807 to 1813. That which now *would* and *should* and *must* enter into life, was then generated, in the midst of woe and misery, in blood and in prayer,—but also in belief in that ideal, to the true recognition and realising of which, the feeling of an existing fatherland and of popular freedom is indispensable. Truly prophetical (as the truth must always be) are the words of Schenkendorf in 1813, 'Freiheit, die ich meine,' &c., and 'Wie mir deine Freuden winken,' &c. And also Arndt with his grand rhapsody, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' and Körner's

melodies of death, and Rückert's songs, brilliant and penetrating as steel! All that may sound to the foreigner as mere poetic feeling: but to us, who then pronounced the vows of early youth, it was a most holy and real earnest, the utterance of overflowing hearts. And thus it remained to us; and our children learned from us to repeat the vow; and when we lay twenty-five years long in heavy bondage, when the very freedom of speech was suppressed, then through all suffering the spirit of liberty took refuge in the sanctuary of knowledge,—but, not as was the case with our fathers, to expatiate in untried regions, and seek freedom only in contemplation and speculation, but to fetch down the highest blessings of common life, as the poets of the former generation had in a vision beheld them, and as Scharnhorst and Stein and Niebuhr and Wilhelm Von Humboldt had grasped them in will and wish. Then was the younger generation instructed by persecuted men, that liberty is ancient, and tyranny modern, and that to liberty alone belongs that legitimacy which unsound politicians have used as a weapon for her destruction. Then it was that English empiricism, French abstractions, and the feeble imitation of both in the new Constitutions of Southern Germany, were compared with history and with the true ideal—and a higher standing point was aimed at and gained for all. Thus did the year 1840 find us; but the hopes which that year brought were not finally realised. King and people (as Beckerath finely expressed it in the year 1844) spoke wholly different languages, and lived in different centuries. The path became dark, and when the lightning and storm had ceased, the old state of things had vanished. Since then, seventy-three days have passed, and we are living, and the Draft of a Constitution was accomplished before *seventy* of those days had elapsed.

Descendit cœlo, if ever that could be said of a popular movement named in history—in the humble form which is ever assigned to the Divine, revealed in humanity. Dragged in the mire by knaves, hung round with bells by the weak-minded, schooled by the ignorant, the work of liberty has not been crushed by any class of enemies. As a heavenly birth she is making her way through foaming waves, and, in the power of the Spirit, she has lifted her foot out of the depths, to place it upon the rock of law and right—a position well earned by her forty years' wandering through the desert,

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amid the raging of nations, the vain fears and imaginations of Princes, the scorn and mistrust of France and of England, of actual insurrection, and latent anarchy.

Descendit cœlo.—Our Draft of a Constitution, the firstfruit of German political energy, is not a 'Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme,' it is not one of the numerous transcripts of the parchment Magna Charta upon continental blotting-paper—it is not the aping of the American or even of the Belgian Constitution; it is as peculiar as the nation to which it offers a form. A nation! rather, many nations:—no nation, and yet a nation! and, so may it please the Almighty, a great and a free nation! not one of yesterday, but of a thousand years of fame and of suffering. I cannot claim from you the enthusiasm I feel for the work which is the weighty subject-matter of the Draft in question: but I crave belief in it from you, for the very same reason that you, the true disciple of Burke, demand confidence in your own political faith.

I am ready to give up to you the Committee of Fifty, and the seventeen 'men of trust,' and the entire Diet: but though the Fifty, and both assemblies of Seventeen were blown to the winds like the free corps of Herwig and Hocker, yet the rock around which they collected will remain,—that is, Germany and the German people, even though humbled and torn in pieces for a thousand years, to many a mockery, to all an enigma!

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

15th May, 1848.

. . . Pray let the utterances of Peel and of the others be read to you. The Prince does all that is possible to help the German cause: but no one has faith in it.

Contemporary Notice.

Totteridge: 15th May, 1848.

. . . The Drawing Room of last week was entertaining—the number of new presentations was great, and there were many very pretty faces: the effect of dress was all the worse for the command that, with due regard to the general distress, only English manufactures should be worn—the time not having been sufficient for preparing or ordering on pur-

M & N HANHART DEL.

TOTTERIDGE BY MOONLIGHT

pose the best. The Prince of Prussia told me (when I took leave of him to return here) that if he did not go home directly, he should drive over and see us at Totteridge.

Wednesday, 16th May.—Bunsen and I dined at Lord Denbigh's; met Guizot, and Lord and Lady Mahon, and Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge. A portion of the home-party had gone to the German Opera, which the Queen visited that night, to hear the 'Freischütz.'

With Lady Raffles, we saw the Ladies' Drawing Exhibition, which does them much honour, there being paintings there as good as any in the Artists' Exhibition. They have this show for a charitable purpose. One drawing only I saw of Lady Waterford's—it was admirable: a sail in sight, and an anxious group rushing to the shore—expression and action just, and without exaggeration. An excellent Roman landscape by Lady Canning. An agreeable dinner-party with Lady Gainsborough—the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lord and Lady Ducie—Lady Roden—at whom I looked much, with pleasure and interest, not that I thought her like you, as the Duchess considered her to be, but she was a little what Mrs. Price of Foxley called 'a thing of other times:'—fine outlines, and fine skin; graceful dress, much drapery, but not looking muffled.

20th May.—Yesterday morning was fixed for the Duke and Duchess of Argyll to breakfast with us, to meet Archdeacon Hare, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. R. Cavendish. It was not desirable to have the party on the Drawing Room morning, but the Archdeacon's departure allowed of no delay. After all, the Duke came alone, as the Duchess's cough obliged her to remain in bed. How long the Drawing Room did last! and how tired we were! I rested the remainder of the day, and finished reading Curzon's 'Monasteries.' The book has roused a longing to see Mount Athos! of which I have still the fresh impression given by Dr. Clarke's travels; and it was curious to learn that no traveller has penetrated there, since Dr. Clarke, till Mr. Curzon came. This day (20th) the Prince had desired that Sir Benjamin and Lady Hall should be invited to dinner: so my girls and I remained over the dinner, to return to Totteridge in the moonlight coolness, the Prince having previously gone to the opera.

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Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.]

London: 17th May, 1848.

. . . Peel said to me three weeks ago:—'Let not Germany attempt to speak a word in European politics for six weeks—not till you are constituted. You speak in the feeling of a future in which we do not believe.'

Thus, we must with honour, but quickly, close the Schleswig affair:—that is, here on this spot, by means of a protocol, conclude an armistice.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday, 31st May, 1848.

. . . The amount of flurry and fatigue of Saturday, the 27th, almost passes description; as, after the *long* Drawing Room, I had hardly taken off train and head dress, when I found that I must drive to the Riding-house in Hyde Park to see the arrangements for the German Hospital Bazaar, and decide in what part I and mine were to set up our stall. I came home and dined, and worked all the evening with my daughters, at making out lists and prices. To bed late, intending to drive off at seven to Totteridge for refreshment and quiet on Sunday morning; but as I was rising at six, Bunsen woke me, and informed me that the courier, who had arrived late the night before, had decided the Prince to start immediately. Therefore I remained over breakfast time to take leave. The Prince spoke most kindly and touchingly—'thanking for kindness received'—and saying that 'in no other place or country could he have passed so well the period of distress and anxiety which he had gone through, as here, having so much to interest and occupy his mind both in the country and in the nation.' This was my share of the ever memorable farewell. Then I and F. drove to Totteridge; from that time to Monday we did nothing but enjoy the glorious weather in the garden. After witnessing the departure of the Prince of Prussia, Bunsen came here late on Sunday night, the 28th, and on Monday took his share with us of the luxury of sun and air, and rest and quiet, after walking with me in the morning (a rare treat—to go out in the very glory and perfection of the day, and such a day!) to High Wood, to fetch Lady Raffles. We sat on the dry turf, under the shadow of

those lofty firs, the pride of Totteridge. On Monday evening, we all returned to town, and to cares and bustle. To-day, however, our early morning was spent in comfort: we had Mrs. Cresswell and Mr. Alison the historian, whom I was very glad to see, not only as being himself, but as belonging to Edinburgh recollections of 1809–10. I liked him very much—a fine-looking man, with features not unlike those of his sister Montagu (Mrs. Gerard), and a pleasing voice, with that slight tinge of Scottish accent I so like to hear.

F. and I had a quiet hour this day (June 1), in St. James's Church, before the day's tumult began. I always feel at home there, from old recollections of very early days; and the service there is very satisfactory, much more so than it used to be in those times. We came home to plunge into the waves, drove to our stall, where a bevy of damsels collected by degrees to give their kind assistance. I left at six o'clock, having been asked by Miss Coutts in person to come with Bunsen to dine with her. This morning (June 2), Archdeacon Hare and the Bishop of St. David's breakfasted with us. This rain will be a universal blessing; the drought upon our dry hill of Totteridge was excessive. The view out of Carlton Terrace windows is now beautiful; the trees in St. James's Park washed clean from the dust. O! the luxury of an interval of quiet! We wait on here, to take Bunsen with us to-morrow into the country. . . . A Bazaar gives a curious opportunity of watching behaviour, and observing upon characters. Most of my very pretty band of girls pleased me much—not all. It is a great test of refined tact to hit the medium on such a strange occasion! I am, for my part, much too shy to be a successful shopwoman.

Wednesday, 7th June.—Next Monday I am to take my two girls to Mr. Nightingale's, at Embley Park, near Romsey in Hampshire, where we have been invited three times in four years, and Bunsen can as little spare time to go now as previously; but for myself it is possible, and the more we endeavour to keep out of the crush of the season in London, the less I am inclined to forego the opportunity of enjoying a social meeting which cannot fail to be agreeable. Our girls have in London only too much of crowds, but of society too little. Besides the daughters of the house (one our favourite and admired Florence) we are to meet several friends and acquaintance such as we are always glad to see;

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among others, Sir Robert and Lady Inglis. The park and country are said to be interesting, not far from the New Forest.

Bunsen was with us at Totteridge from Saturday to Monday, when he returned to town, Ernest and Elizabeth being there for him to have recourse to in any interval of business. He enjoys highly this Totteridge garden; pacing up and down on the turf, and writing in the fine large room which he has for a study, and of which in his absence we make a drawing academy—many good casts belonging to the house being arranged on a long table.

Monday morning, 21st June.—On Friday, the 18th, Bunsen and I dined at the Queen Dowager's, and it was an agreeable party, Lord Clarendon keeping up an animated conversation, stimulated by questions from the Grand Duke of Weimar, the same that came to visit us at Palazzo Caffarelli in 1835; he is now here with his young wife, a daughter of the King of Holland, a lively clever person, with a most royal power of locomotion and enjoyment, dancing late, up early, for the British Museum and other sights, and all day out. In answer to a question from the Queen Dowager, Lord Clarendon expressed himself as anything but cheerful in the prospect of his impending Viceroyalty in Ireland: things were in a bad state now, he said, and he could not expect much alteration for the better for a long time; important changes, difficult of accomplishment, must be and would be made; but contentment and satisfaction would hardly follow, as they should in reason.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Carlton Terrace: 1st July, 1848.

My dear Mother,—I should long since have written to give you a sign of life, from the midst of this Second Deluge, if I had not believed you had intelligence sufficient to convince you that we were still above water. But on the morning of this anniversary, I must address a line to her, whose dear, kind image is always before me on the recurrence of that blessed day which made *your* Fanny *mine*, without tearing her away from your heart. Who would not be thankful?—and I hope I feel so more than ever in this fateful year. In the midst of the crushing of thrones, administra-

tions, and favourites, in Germany, in the abeyance of all authority, in the birth-pangs of a nation of forty-five millions, I not only have not been crushed, but I have received proofs of confidence more than ever, not only from successive Governments in my own country, but also from the nation at large. If I am thankful for all this, I am still more so for being conscious of perfect tranquillity of mind (which is God's own gift), in looking to the future for myself and all mine, and for my dear country. It is not the tranquillity of apathy, but of conviction that all will be right in the end, in Germany, because country and nation are sound in heart, but only in the end.

My beloved King is in the position of one who, not having acted at his own time and opportunity, when present, now is obliged to see the nation act for him. . . . With all the facts that support my hopes, it is too possible that as long as I live, I may not see the great work of regeneration complete: but at least I have seen its beginning, such as I looked forward to with all the friends of my youth, and with all my honoured elders—Stein, Niebuhr, Gneisenau, and others—thirty-four years ago, when it ought to have been accomplished, and when it could have been done in peace. In this country, the cause I have at heart has to encounter two great enemies: first, a commercial jealousy of one united Germany; and secondly, that apathy which is the offspring of egotism and the parent of ignorance. I have unspeakable satisfaction in saying this openly, when I hear *radotage* about Germany. . . . The English press has done but too much to make the name of England an object of hatred. Fortunately, it must be the interest of both countries to stand well together; and we can dispense with English sympathies. As to myself, although all delusions have been destroyed as to the politics of England, I shall never cease to be attached to it, and never forget the kindness I have received, and am receiving, from so many persons in this country, or cease to be grateful for the practical understanding of life which I owe entirely to my stay in it; and the blessings, above all, which through my connection with an English family, through your and Fanny's kindness and affection, have become my portion!

And so I end as I began, with the assurance of being

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your truly grateful and attached son, of thirty-one years' standing. BUNSEN.

To the Same.

Carlton Terrace: 4th July, 1848.

My heart is too much moved by one of the kindest and most loving letters I ever was blessed with, not to yield to the impulse of responding to it immediately, hoping, however, that you will never think of sending me any answer except from time to time the single words, 'My dear son,' 'Your affectionate mother.' How these words penetrate to the inmost of my heart! I was afraid of having worried you with details of opinion, but I wrote what was uppermost in my mind, hoping on that account to be forgiven. How kind in you to take so encouraging an interest in all I have communicated to you! . . .

After the election of the Archduke John as Regent, the seventeen Plenipotentiaries of all the German Powers (forming the Diet, hitherto constituting the Federal Government), agreed upon a congratulatory letter to the Archduke, in which they inform him that they had been *all* beforehand instructed 'to express the cordial consent of their respective Governments.' People *here* cannot understand this; they say, 'Why consent to be mediatised?' not conceiving that to do so is the saving of all of them. Baron Hügel has already been recalled to Baden; in Würtemberg, the Parliament has insisted upon the giving up at once the pretension of keeping up diplomatic representation; Baron Beust, from Saxony, is in the same position; Baron de Cetto expects his recall from Munich; and Count Dietrichstein has sent in his resignation.

I send for your kind acceptance a copy of my 'Egypt,' in English, out of which your daughter, when she arrives, will read to you some passages containing thoughts which may interest you. . . .

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: Saturday, 8th July, 1848.

I must give some account of the multitude of impressions received in these days of bustle, which form such a contrast with the life of Totteridge, unwillingly left on Tuesday. On

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Wednesday, the 5th, I was at the Queen's Ball, with Bunsen and two daughters. Many pretty faces, and many beautiful dresses, the company spreading better than usual into various parts, instead of accumulating in one spot; and I had the pleasure not only of seeing the Queen (which you know gives me particular pleasure), but the unexpected one of being spoken to when she gave me her hand. She had that day sent us a beautiful engraving from the large picture by Winterhalter, of herself and the Prince and the Royal children. We were delighted to have it, and I longed to thank her, but recollected in time that I ought not to seem to take the gift to myself, however I might be a sharer in the possession of it; so when she asked whether Bunsen was not come (for we had made our way through the crowd before he came in sight), I answered, 'that he was following us, and most grateful for Her Majesty's beautiful gift.' But the remarkable event of the Ball was seeing Lady Napier, the wife of Sir Charles, whom I had called upon and invited without ever meeting, and in whom I found Fanny Philips, the niece of Admiral Foley, whom I had met with her mother at Abermarlais, on the occasion of the ball given by Lady Lucy in celebration of the reappearance of Charles Napier, after his having been left for dead on the field of Corunna! She did not then know *him* whom she married many years after as a widower, herself a widow. An interval of forty years between the two balls which bound our acquaintance! in which both have had high interests in life, and have shared the lot of marrying men whose names will remain in history.

Hitherto we have not allowed ourselves to spend anything upon amusements; if there were temptations, they were the more easily resisted, as the fatigue of unavoidable home-receptions, and of invitations not to be declined, was already more than enough; but at last, on the morning of Thursday, the 6th, Bunsen went himself to see what boxes, within a moderate price, the benefit-night would afford; and his trouble was successful in procuring us the indulgence of seeing Jenny Lind in the 'Sonnambula.' If Lady H. wrote to you on the effect produced by that gifted creature as eloquently as she described it to me, you will conceive, better than I can tell, what she is as a *whole*; for the grace, elasticity, modulation, roundness, fullness, continued life and

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animation, of her bodily movements, and of her voice, taken together, all seem the result of one impulse. No essential beauty, and yet the result of grace and unceasing suitableness, making the whole appearance beautiful; accounted for by the mind, whose softness harmonised the whole! But all words are flat that would describe such an union of exquisite, highly-finished representation of feeling, with the most perfect modesty, chastity of deportment; one must rather try by negations to separate the idea of her from that of any actress ever seen; she has not a single gesture or posture of the common stage sort, and the flow of action is as original as the flow of her voice. The long-sustained, ever-varied, piano passages, in which the softest, lowest tone was as distinct as the sharpest and loudest; the long-continued, rich, subdued, sotto-voce *shake*, followed by a swelling note, without any appearance of taking breath—in short, the whole of her singing was *song*, without any admixture or imitation of an instrument. I should think her's the perfection of the 'voce di petto,' almost without recurrence to falsetto. Her walking in sleep, gliding like a ghost, scarcely seeming to lift a foot, moving along a high beam over a mill-wheel, and descending a steep—sinking on her knees, rising again,—all forming the most complete contrast to her light, elastic, lively motions when awake, showed the same extraordinary command over powers of body, as her 'Sonnambula' singing over her voice. One never heard singing from a sleep-walker, but one feels her unearthly tone to be a just representation of it. After this inexpressible enjoyment, we stayed on, *as being once there*, to see the ballet, graced by the celebrated names, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and Cerito. I know not which was which, but one was beautiful—all were wonderful. The style is quite different from what I used to see in girlish days; all is *now* slow and soft, not springing and twisting and flying. The body and arms most graceful; the rest sinning as much against lines of beauty as against rules of decency. It is a disgrace to a civilised country, that pleasure can be taken in such a spectacle. The Greeks would have turned away in disgust from such ugliness in positions, although they would have allowed of exposure yet more complete.

Bunsen to Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: 15th July, 1848.

Göthe says:—'What man wishes in youth becomes his portion in age.' My case is yet better: what I wished for Prussia will (it is to be hoped) be fulfilled for Germany. You need not be told that the articles of the '*Deutsche Zeitung*' concerning yourself, are written as out of my very heart. May you but feel the courage to accept such a great and high proposal! I hear from various sides that you are the person in view for the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs. You should have seen the look of Lord P. when I told him the news, as a diplomatic report. 'That would be a happy choice indeed! He is one of the best political heads I have ever met with.'

It is quite entertaining to see the stiff unbelief of the English in the future of Germany! Lord John is merely uninformed. Peel has somewhat staggered the mind of the excellent Prince by his unbelief: yet he has a statesman-like good-will towards the *Germanic nations*, and even for the *German nation*. Aberdeen is the greatest sinner. He believes in God, and in the Emperor Nicholas! . . .

The present Ministry is weak, but every other impossible: Peel has constantly conducted himself uprightly towards all. They all together have no comprehension of the germ of the present social movement in Europe: they consider themselves as still in the ark, and look down from their Mount Ararat with the Pharisaic satisfaction of 'I thank Thee, Lord, that I am not like one of these,' or with the shortsighted self-gratulation of the islander in contemplating the surrounding billows. The Queen and the Prince maintain an admirable position: it is a true pleasure to me to observe how the Prince becomes more and more known for what he is. Belgium is here, too, looked upon as a pattern country, and King Leopold highly honoured.

There is no difficulty to be anticipated here, in the recognition of the German Empire—*when once it shall exist*.

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Bunsen to his Wife. (*After receiving a call to Berlin.*)

[Translation.]

25th July, 1848.

. . . Beust writes to Kielmansegge, that the post is to be offered to me, which Kamphausen has refused—that of Minister of Foreign Affairs for the German Empire. Who knows whether there be any truth in this?

Whoever now accepts the post will leap into the abyss of Curtius. It may be a duty so to do; but, oh! not fruitlessly. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Cologne: Sunday morning, half-past six; 30th July, 1848.

Here I am, sitting with my *three* sons, the glorious bells of the Cathedral ringing in the Thanksgiving for Germany's *Reichsverweser*, or Administrator of the Empire (the Cathedral itself is to be ready for opening on August 14, 1848, the first time since August 14, 1248); all soldiers with the citizens going about in their *gold, black, and red* cockades.

When I alighted here, I saw George with Helmentag. He brought me a message from the old Oracle—'*Accept.* I have declared that I will accept the Premiership, if you take the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.' Thile writes the same. But at Berlin they are not at all desirous I should.

Here all is German. I saw Mevissen last night—the Liberal deputy—with mutual satisfaction. Germany for ever! I would rather die for my noble country than live for anything else! What a difference! I at Cologne in 1837, and now in 1848! I am quite fresh. Hollweg I met at Malines.

Contemporary Letter.

30th July, 1848.

. . . After you had departed on Friday evening, Lord Ashley came in, direct from the chair of a meeting about the Ragged Schools. Nine young people, seven boys and two girls, who had distinguished themselves by good conduct, were to embark for Australia next day, and Lord Ashley was going to Deptford to see them off. He believes that serious measures will be taken to help off the young generation of these helpless ones to another soil. The night before, he

had been at the meeting which the 270 thieves had entreated him to give them: he and Jackson, the distinguished City Missionary, and the thieves constituted the assembly. The unhappy men were quiet, respectful, and thankful,—communicating particulars of their wretchedness, representing that they would do any work, submit to any labour,—but that, without character as they were, no possibility existed for them of access to the overstocked labour-market. Lord Ashley promised them another meeting, after he should have had an interval in which to consider and consult as to a plan for helping them. The greater part were individually known to Jackson—he had talked to them, read to them; but it was not his suggestion that they should apply to Lord Ashley—they thought of it, and consulted him on the subject. When this communication was finished with reference to the criminal population of London, and their miseries, Dr. Sieveking stated that he knew of a sphere of wretchedness yet more affecting—that of industrious, respectable tradespeople and mechanics, people who had never begged, or committed any offence against society, who yet knew not which way to turn for employment and means of subsistence. He had a district in the parish of St. Pancras—where it would seem that much was done for the poor; but the families whom he attended as a physician had more need of nourishment than of medicine: and the distress was not to be described of seeing want and privation which had not been incurred by any misconduct.

Alas! for the state of the world! May it please God to move the hearts and enlighten the understandings of all classes and individuals, so circumstanced as to be capable of applying the remedies needed,—and thus renew the face of the earth!

This passage, like many other 'contemporary notices,' is inserted to mark some images in surrounding scenes, through which the track of Bunsen's life was laid, which excited in him intense interest and sympathy, but as to many of which no written words of his own are to be found. With respect to the conditions of misery here indicated, *much was done* in alleviation: and the many prayers which accompanied the efforts of Christian

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charity, in well-conceived and zealously-effected plans, have been heard and answered—even though 'the poor cease not from the land,' and, wherever man is found, evil of every kind remains to be striven against.

Letter to Archdeacon Hare.

2nd August, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND,—Bunsen charged me, on the morning of his last day at home, to write and express his regret not to have had time to take leave of you, and explain the circumstances attending his departure.

A letter arrived on Tuesday, the 25th July, to signify officially the commands of the King, that Bunsen should come immediately to Berlin, 'for a few days' consultation,'—at the same time letters from more quarters than one, and public report even in newspapers, declared the intention to be to offer him the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the 'German Empire.' Still, of this nothing has been communicated officially. I shall not attempt to describe the complication of feelings called forth by the suspense of the crisis, nor how I dread his being dragged into the *Maelstrom*. I can only bear witness to his determination not to accept any apparent dignity, without *the power* essential to usefulness, and suitable instruments, should be granted with it: and he continued of opinion that he was more likely to be able to serve his country at his post in England than anywhere else. He was expected at Berlin on the 26th, the day when the Archduke John was to be there,—the meeting of course was impossible, as the summons reached him only the day before.

The Queen and Prince Albert desired to have seen him at Osborne House before his departure, but he did not feel at liberty to delay another day. He lost no more time in setting out than could be avoided, but he had promised to be present at the German dinner in celebration of the appointment of the Archduke, as *Reichsverweser*, and in honour of German unity, which took place on Thursday, the 27th July. Bunsen embarked on Friday night, the 28th.

The renewal of hostilities in Schleswig will prove Bunsen to be right, in a way he will deeply regret. After he had been authorised to treat through the mediation of England

(which his own personal weight with the Ministry *here* was chiefly instrumental in obtaining, for they frowned on the whole concern, and were not willing to have anything to do with it), and when, through that powerful mediation, favourable and *possible* terms were made out, to establish the principle upon which preliminaries of peace might have rested, Bunsen refusing to consent to an armistice till that should be settled,—suddenly did the Government at Berlin, as if forgetting what had been authorised to be transacted in London, arrange an armistice, without settling preliminaries; thus causing the withdrawal of England's mediation.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Thursday, 3rd August, 1848.

This day (as the papers mention the Frankfort offer) I have delivered to the Minister von Auerswald my written declaration:—'That, in the present condition of conflict between Berlin and Frankfort, I should never think of separating my fate from that of Prussia; whether or not an offer to that effect should ever be made to me.'

I saw the beloved King yesterday, and passed four important hours with him, experiencing all his former undisturbed confidence.

All the rest by word of mouth.

I shall not return by way of Frankfort. All Prussia is in a great state of irritation against Frankfort, as one man. The affair was not well managed from the beginning.

I shall reward myself this evening with Göthe's 'Iphigenia,' and Beethoven's 'Adagio,' in the theatre.

God be with you, and all our precious ones!

Bunsen to Stockmar. (*At Frankfort.*)

[Translation.]

Berlin: 4th August, 1848.

G. will have communicated to you the motives which have dictated my resolution; on that subject there will hardly be any difference of opinion between us, for no spring of action can be suffered to enter into contention with honour and duty.

I find a conflict existing, apparently not to be reconciled.

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I must consider Berlin, in several points, to be in the right. I perceive the impossibility for Prussia to act otherwise than is demanded by the truly spontaneous and natural popular feeling; and how can I then be doubtful what I have to do, having served Prussia thirty years, having interwoven my own interests most closely with its good or ill fortunes, being bound to the King by every tie of gratitude and affection? Still I feel the need of opening my heart entirely to you upon the thing itself.

Now, my deeply-honoured friend, for our meeting again in London! I do not intend to go through Frankfort; it could be of no use, and, besides, I believe that as soon as Bülow shall have come back with the reply, it would be well for me to be in London without loss of time; things do not stand well with us there since the refusal of the ratification.

Continue to me your affection and friendship, so infinitely precious to me!

Contemporary Account.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 6th August, 1848.

So much for the enduring alterations in Berlin; as to those which regard the population, they cannot easily be described in a few words. Here, where one was accustomed to behold in every third person in the street a soldier, the entire absence of them is striking and startling—as that of the Guards in general society, where they used to give the tone. At the theatre the other night, there was not a lieutenant nor a dragoon to be seen, to help in applauding the opera dancers! What would such an individual experience could he see the civilians, in most neglected attire, and without an attempt at deportment, mounting guard at the well-known stations? Here, where one was as much used to hear the calling out of guards to salute the passing members of the Royal Family, as in England to hear the ringing of bells—now to perceive no such sound is very strange. And as to the literature of the day, the ancient lime-trees are pasted full of all kinds of street literature, and at every corner is a board where old women sell the last publications in that class; besides which, hundreds of street boys are for ever roaring out the news. Almost every evening large gatherings of the mob take place, 'unter den Linden,' before the

University, &c.; when the citizen-guard makes its appearance, and with sound of drum requests 'gentlemen' to go home; which ceremony and noise continue till near midnight. It rarely happens that anyone is arrested, and all goes on with an easy kind of self-satisfaction, which at least prevents any sensation of alarm, as well as of seriousness.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Berlin: Monday, 7th August, 1848.

My stay was of pressing necessity, and I cannot be thankful enough for the impression that my presence here has made. That the King's former affection towards me has flowed forth afresh notwithstanding all obstacles, and his confidence in me has been, if possible, more unlimited than ever—must be mentioned first; but I believe I have also found favour with the Ministers, to all of whom I was a stranger, and to the greater part of them an object of suspicion; and from the public in general no unfavourable voice has reached me.

I believe I have not been useless here, as to several points of our public life; but the place for my remaining in is not Berlin, and still less Frankfort, as yet. The men of weight there have decided upon a course in which I could not go with them, even were I not withheld by their opposition to Berlin. . . .

My thoughts upon the condition of things here I shall write down at Totteridge, as soon as I have the longed-for happiness of being with you again, all you beloved beings!

I only add further that everything went off quietly yesterday, when the Clubs and the Trades had arranged a so-called *German* festival procession to the Kreuzberg, with *German* banners and songs of German unity—while 4,000 peasants from Teltow, in the country, with *Prussian* banners and a cross borne before them, advanced towards the same point from the other side—but, happily, the latter were by two hours the earliest, had made their speeches, and sung their songs, and drawn off, before the first-mentioned arrived, to go through similar evolutions. All went off quietly.

The street-riots here have decidedly no significance further than the evil effect of increasing by practice the lawlessness

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of the rabble of all sorts, and of the boys more particularly. The spirit of agitation rules the town.

I am going to-day to Potsdam, to Humboldt; then to Babelsberg, to the Prince of Prussia; then to Prince Charles; and return here.

12*th August.*—The Frankfort people *are in the wrong.* I set my conscience and common sense against them all, being at the same time their best friend, and convinced that they will repent not having followed my way. Too late, perhaps! but yet I hope the best.

I hope for peace in Italy, upon the old basis. Verona and Mantua forming the frontier: at any rate, a constitutional Upper Italy, with national institutions of its own.

Contemporary Notice.

Totteridge: Monday, 21st August, 1848.

On Saturday, 19th, Bunsen and Charles landed safely, and by seven o'clock made their appearance here, in flourishing health and spirits. A happy party, thick on the ground of sons, daughters, and grandchildren, as well as Lady Raffles, were ready to receive him. The general impression of what he related was satisfactory, but, as little as before, can anything be stated of probable conjecture as to what is to be, publicly or privately. However, Bunsen has been enabled, by this most providential journey into Germany, to see and know the state of minds, the bearings and specific gravity of individuals, and thereby to form some judgment of what he has to do, and how to do it, instead of feeling his way in the darkness and vagueness of distance. When he is asked the ever-recurring question, 'What is to be the future of Austria, of Prussia, of Hanover?'—he answers, 'No mortal man can form an opinion, and the less, the nearer he looks.' The expression of Maximilian Von Gagern alone denotes the state—'Ce sont tous des chiffres mal groupés.' With the King he had the most confidential communications, and was treated with the same affection as ever; but they meet in closest collision, like circles that touch each other at one point, and fly off in separate directions for the remainder of the circumference—that is, in principles and opinions.

Contemporary Notice.

London: Friday, 8th September, 1848.

Having, on Tuesday, the 5th, seen the Prorogation of Parliament, and afterwards dined at Lord Palmerston's (an agreeable evening, as usual), we had, on Wednesday, a dinner-party in honour of Baron Andrian, the Envoy from Frankfort, sent to London in return for Lord Cowley's mission. He looks like an Italian, and comes from the Italian Tyrol. Archdeacon Hare had announced himself as coming to town for one day, and he dined and slept here, and was entertained with the persons he met. Lord Palmerston dined with us, and was, as usual, very conversible; one thing he said to me I shall not forget, as marking the man's peculiarities:—'I was saying to Mr. Anstey, he deserved public thanks, for helping the Queen to a pleasant journey;—they have been making out that he had taken to his share a fortnight of the time of the House this Session. Now, if we had not had that hindrance, and had broken up a fortnight sooner, the Queen's voyage would just have taken place in the midst of the pelting rain, instead of in this fine weather.' I was struck with his having *spoken to Anstey*, who took up that time in making attacks upon him.

Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.]

London: 18th October, 1848.

I expect Stockmar's return in a week. His noble conduct with respect to me, and equally with respect to Prussia, is just what I anticipated from a man whose friendship with me is sacred and consecrated, having been sworn on the altar of the fatherland, and in view of Westminster Abbey.

Contemporary Notice.

4th November, 1848.

A letter from the Prophet Jeremiah,* just arrived, gives an inimitable, and I fear too accurate, a description of the no-government actually at Berlin—neither life nor death, as the German proverb says, '*Zu viel zum Sterben, und nicht genug*

* A nickname, fondly given by Bunsen to Usedom, on account of his mirror-like descriptions of persons and things falling under his own immediate notice.

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zum Leben.' The *jêrémiade* extends to Frankfort, which he believes only to be exulting for a moment on the verge of the yawning gulf of the Red Republic, about to swallow it up. But we will hope for better things.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

4 Carlton Terrace, 9th November, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been long silent, but you never will have doubted that my soul is continually with you, as I know, to my inexpressible comfort, that yours is with me. But I suppose, that there was little correspondence in the time of the Deluge, at least between those who were aware it *was* a Deluge. I feel that I have entered into a new period of life. I have given up all private concerns, all studies and researches of my own, and live entirely for the present political emergencies of my country, to stand or to fall by and with it. Εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος (*Il.* xii. 243). Saint Hector's creed is mine. In this spirit I have written a small volume of about fifteen sheets print,—'*Deutschland's Vergangenheit und Zukunft.*' It consists of three parts, as an introduction, two chapters—

'Wohin geht Europa? (whither tends Europe?)
Wohin geht Deutschland? (whither tends Germany?)

Then twelve chapters on the past, to prove that the Germans have ever been *one* nation, and that a federal one; and explain why their constitution was not completed and perfected before. The last part contains a political analysis of the principles according to which the Federal Constitution of the United States may be applied to Germany. Of course I agree with Gagern that the German Empire *cannot* now include the Austrian provinces, but that the two Empires, Germany proper, *sensu strictum*, and Austro-Germany, may be connected by a compact of eternal peace and unity (*Bundesverwandt*).

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Totteridge.*)

London: 28th November, 1848.

I have had an important note from Lord Palmerston on the contention between the Government of Schleswig-Holstein

and Denmark. I was enabled to answer him triumphantly, as the good Schleswigers had provided me with all documents.

All accounts from Berlin are good, as far as they go; the revulsion strong and general in favour of the King. The Silesian country has offered two millions—cities like Magdeburg (even) have offered to pay their taxes at once, beforehand, for 1849. I enclose an admirable letter from the leader of the moderate Liberals—(Harkort, a Westphalian) addressed to the workpeople.

Lord Clarendon has just left me; he, like all others, approves the King's doings, and hopes he will only persevere.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: Thursday, 7th December, 1848.

"Man designs—God guides." So it is again, my beloved! I had just overcome all personal feelings, and demanded of good Banks to accept the post, as to which Stockmar had written, at the same time, to Frankfort, that it ought to be offered to him,—had just reported the same *yesterday* to Berlin,—was just upon the point of writing further to Abeken, that I should be glad personally to withdraw from the transaction; when a letter from Kamphausen, of the 4th, announces, 'that the Ministry of the Central Power had requested him to apply for my authorisation to undertake the negotiations of peace, in which sense he had already acted.'

The former plan had been that I should come forward *quasi officially* (*offiziös*) on the part of the Empire, maintaining at the same time my *official* position relative to Prussia.

We will now consider all this to-morrow. Your ever faithful, BN.

Friday morning.—My dearest, best beloved! All right! I get up every day at half-past five, and go down, in the fur coat your ever kind love provided, to light my fire. I have written four chapters of the book, and Charles has made a fair copy of one; we hope to bring three, ready for reading aloud. We come, please God, to-morrow afternoon.

Vienna is blockaded.

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To Bunsen.

Totteridge: 8th December, 1848.

. . . We all lift up hands and eyes in wonder at the intelligence received! May the suspense only not be long! I grudge your being disturbed in the composure which you had *reconquered*. Now I must express the heartfelt satisfaction with which I have contemplated the effect of the workings of your own mind through a trial, very irritating to flesh and blood; and witnessed the complete conquest you had obtained over feelings most natural and allowable. Such a conquest could not fail of its own proper reward, in renewed consciousness of the never-failing aid from above, which can command a calm in any tempest of human affections, if only appealed to in humility and admitted powerlessness. But the external reward, and harmless triumph in being contended for, I hardly expected so speedily, even though events are proceeding now at such railway pace.

May God bless and guide you, through good and evil report, through exertions of friends and machinations of enemies, to the one end of your being!

'*Tu fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te!*'

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

London: Saturday morning, early, 9th December, 1848.

God be thanked! the Constitution which the King has given (*octroyé*) is not the old project, but a much-improved one; and has much of that which I desire. I thank you for your letter. To have your approbation and agreement in all that I do is my highest reward, and therefore my pleasure in your expressions has been indescribable.

Now the news—the Emperor of Austria has abdicated in favour of his nephew.

The King has dissolved the Assembly, dismissed Manteuffel, retained Brandenburg as President, and in the other Ministerial posts has placed men of Liberal principles. The Constitution is *octroyée*, to be in future discussed. Prussia saved, and Germany too!

Contemporary Notice, from the Diary of a Daughter.

Totteridge Park: Monday, 11th December, 1848.

My dearest father and Baron Stockmar arrived in the afternoon, when we had almost given them up, and joined us in walking on the terrace. They talked of the Prussian Constitution, of which my father promised later to give us a full account. I wish I could put down in detail all they said about it; on the whole they were well satisfied, but Stockmar insisted that there was much in the old project which ought not to have slipped into the Constitution. One article led to a discussion upon the abolition of the punishment of death; Stockmar said he was for limiting the application of it as much as possible, but quite against its total abolition even in political crimes, which, as he said, are often more serious in their consequences than any private offence. His reasons for this were, first, that he thought private revenge, for the prevention of which the severity of law was enacted, could not be prevented without it; and, secondly, that on the masses fear of death would exert a preventive influence impossible in the case of any other punishment. A French statesman having been named, whom my father was willing to consider an 'honest man,' even though disapproving his conduct, Stockmar said, 'Much understanding is required to be an honest man in public affairs,—understanding is necessary for a man to know whether he actually is honest or not; a man may wind round and round in a labyrinth of action for twenty-five years, supposing himself to be honest; and not be so at last.'

To Bunsen.

Totteridge: 18th December, 1848.

Here is an affecting proof that Neukomm's eyesight has been restored since the operation, although he is not yet so far restored as to be allowed free use of it. These are his words:—

'"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." "Thanks be to the Lord, for He is gracious; and His mercy endureth for ever."

'The first line that I have written since the operation performed on the 6th October. As ever your friend,

'NEUKOMM.'

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Bunsen to his Wife. (At Totteridge.)

London: five o'clock, Monday, 18th December, 1848.

I have received a messenger; they are greatly disturbed and dissatisfied that I should have made conditions, as they made none; but declare, in reference to the instructions, all things shall be combined after my views, and that no one shall be appointed here by my side.

As Heinrich Von Gagern is Prime Minister, things may get righted. I send off the messenger on Wednesday, and come over to you that same evening. Mrs. Rich will come next week.

To Bunsen. (In London.)

Wednesday night: 20th December, 1848.

A line, against to-morrow, to utter the anticipation that you will stay in town till Saturday. Glad as we should be to see you, you could have no peace here in the present crisis: and before Saturday surely things must be clearly seen through. God bless you, and compose your spirit!

Letter to Bunsen, from Heinrich Von Gagern.

[Translation.]

Frankfort: 25th December, 1848.

I feel a real need, while yet the probably short period shall last of my being in the Ministry, to enter into personal and confidential intercourse with your Excellency. With gratitude I recall the obliging manner in which you greeted me at Cologne in the Gürzenich,—that was a greeting which comprised a whole future of friendly relations: and the necessity becomes even more pressing for men who have mutually recognised each other as friends of the common fatherland, to draw closer together.

I have entered the Ministry at a moment in which no other man here was within possibility of choice: but yet there remains the question whether the decision as to my programme will turn out favourably for me,—and what, after me, will be possible? All parties are silently agreed to put off till after the New Year the discussion of the Ministerial proposal, which I enclose. The state of passion is already somewhat cooled, and I despair not of success,—I despair not even of the determination of a majority to place the King of Prussia

at the head of the Federal State: but in reference to this, we should obtain from the existing dynastic coalition merely a renewal of provisional and not definitive arrangement. . . I speak not of the way by which to attain the end,—but of the end in view.

The condition of foreign affairs urges the speedy decision of our constitutional question; they are in the hands of a central government, without means, without agents, without influence—in a state for which I can no longer be responsible.

The position taken by Austria, with regard to the middle States, has left the fate of Germany in the hands of Prussia. The affair of Schleswig-Holstein lies in those of your Excellency. Who would not long to see this embarrassment ended? . . . .

I doubt not of your good offices to render the position of Mr. Banks acceptable to him: you may reckon on my being ready to use my best endeavours to prevent difficulties from arising, which might become complications.

I place myself and the cause under your patriotic and tried protection! Herr von Andrian, who in London will take his leave, will deliver this letter to you.

Accept the assurance of my most sincere respect,

HEINRICH VON GAGERN.

At the commencement of 1849 Bunsen was again summoned to Berlin, to be consulted on the relations between Prussia and the Germanic Body, in which he took a lively and unceasing interest. There can be no doubt that the 'great work' to which he refers was to induce the King to accept the Imperial Crown of the new German Empire. Bunsen was ardently favourable to this measure, which the King finally refused to adopt.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Hôtel des Princes, Berlin: 12th January, 1849.

I am doing well, having remained in bed till noon, *fasting* upon barley-water. Last night I returned from the Palace at nine o'clock, *voiceless*, after four hours' incessant discussion. The King's reception of me was most kind and hearty. I

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enclose his letter, which met me at Potsdam! As soon as we were closeted, I said to the King, I was sure he could not believe I had meant what he at first supposed, by the words of my letter. 'A kiss,' said the King; 'it is all right'—and a hearty kiss was my 'yes.'

I reserve all further particulars till my return. I feel almost certain that I shall depart the 19th or 20th for Frankfort, and be with you the first week of February. There is nothing now for me to do here. The 22nd February may change the face of affairs about Easter. In the meantime—*bene vixit, qui bene latuit.*

I met Count Brandenburg, the Prime Minister, at the King's—nothing could be more kind than his reception of me: and all he said was in my way of thinking. I must make quarantine to-day and to-morrow, to recover the shock of this most severe journey. This laying-up is quite a God-send, otherwise I should be talking myself to death. Abeken keeps me *au courant* of what passes. Lepsius, Gelzer, Hollweg, Pertz, Gerhard, are talking to me—which is a great treat. I do not believe I shall write to you again from Berlin,—but Charles will, who is very helpful.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Frankfort, Hôtel de Russie: Saturday, 26th January, 1849.

. . . At length I feel my heart to be free to write to you. When I am in grief, I am like a horse, enduring in silence: and that has been my condition until a week ago, when, after two weeks of distress and anxiety, such as I never experienced before, the King *suddenly* conceded all that I had been up to that moment craving and supplicating for in vain. In three minutes all was concluded, which it had seemed as if months, and even revolutions, might be required to effect. (The details you shall hear when we shall be again united—I hope, at the latest, in a fortnight.) As soon as this victory was accomplished, I resolved for once to take my fate into my own hands; and proposed immediately to go to Frankfort, whither at the same time the official *Declaration* was despatched. The ostensible reason of my going was 'to confer in the matter of the Schleswig-Holstein instructions,'—and then receive at Berlin the definitive instruction. But I was

also empowered to speak openly to Gagern what I should deem necessary in order to bring *the great work* to an end, with God's gracious help, and not conceal, what the King had said to his Ministers and friends, 'that in the *main point* he held one and the same opinion with me.'

Wherefore I arrived, after a journey of adventures, on Thursday evening, the 24th, at this place, yet too late to go to Kamphausen, who had invited a numerous party to meet me: yesterday I talked the whole over with him: he looks upon me as his political friend.

Then I went to Gagern,—and we were soon united in opinion as to the main point: to-day all has been arranged in detail. I have said nothing yet of Lord Cowley, who is the first of English diplomatists. He is as German as myself, and is most helpful to Gagern with the best advice. He is penetrated with the conviction that if we do not succeed in carrying through the work within three weeks, a terrible revolution may ensue, and is even now at the door. He received me at a splendid banquet, after which Banks and I remained with him till late at night.

Now, do you say with me, 'Lord, I am not worthy of the mercies Thou hast shown unto me!' Not that we are yet at the goal! on the contrary, the conflict *begins* now in earnest, and we may all perish in it—but that is in the hands of God. I care no more for the rest of life, if only *that* great object is attained: such a fatherland is worth any sacrifice. It goes hard with me to break off from here: and yet I suppose my return is necessary for the work of peace. Could I so arrange things as that a written communication were sufficient without first coming myself,—I should remain in Germany until the decision. The 15th February is known to be fixed for the breaking out of a Republican Revolution in Germany with fire and bloodshed. Yet not a hair will fall from our heads without the will of God,—and I fear nothing.

I think, at the latest, I shall go to Berlin on Thursday next, the 31st.*

* The answer to this letter, dated 1st February, contained an exhortation to Bunsen, rather 'to remain a few weeks longer, to carry through by influence what only influence could accomplish.'

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To Bunsen. (*At Berlin.*)

Totteridge, 21st January, 1849.

. . . To-day Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe announced themselves as coming to luncheon or early dinner, and brought Mr. and Mrs. Cobden with them, with whom I was much pleased. An animated conversation was kept up, and we parted with great cordiality—I expressing the wish that they would come again when you should be at home—answering for your being glad to see them: and they desiring nothing better. Cobden's testimony was gratifying, to the King's uprightness and faithfulness in having kept to the letter every promise of concession made in the hour of revolution, and not having been tempted to equivocate by the consciousness of military power and of the return of the tide of popularity. As he observed, such truthfulness is rare in the annals of royalty.

Two extracts from a Memoir by Bunsen, on the subject of his journey to Berlin and Frankfort in the months of January and February 1849, and of subsequent events—finished in June of the same year—may be inserted in this place, as an indication of the severe suffering to which his feelings, both as a German and as a devoted friend of his King, were exposed during those days, and, in fact, almost to the end of his days on earth.

First Extract.

[Translation.]

I departed from Frankfort, February 10th, in joyful thankfulness for the success of my negotiations, for all the kindness I had found, and for the consolation and confirmation of belief, which I had obtained as a provision against the awful future, in the heart of the German nation. Never had I been possessed with a clearer intuition of the fact that Germany is *one* country, and that Germans have the destination, the means, the strength, and the courage, to become the first nation of Europe.

On Sunday morning, 11th February, at half-past seven, I was again at Berlin. I wrote *directly* a report to the King, that I might not later have to write one in greater detail.

With respect to the Schleswig affair, I said that the King's peaceable intentions and proposals had met with a willing and cheerful acceptance. As to Germany, I stated five propositions as decided: the hereditary principle; the revision of the Constitution, yet without adjournment; the necessity that Prussia should declare herself, in the spirit of the Circular Note of 23rd January, ready to take the lead (without Austria) in the Federal movement, at the same time leaving it to every other member to enter into it or not; lastly, urging that the lever of Frankfort should not be broken. When I now read through the four pages of this letter, and contemplate the course of the last two months, my heavy heart is yet more weighed down.

The King answered me instantaneously and in haste, the same day, that of all that he would do nothing; the course entered upon was a *wrong* done to Austria; he would have nothing to do with such an abominable line of politics, but would leave that to the Ministry (at Frankfort): whenever the *personal* question should be addressed to *him*, then would he reply as one of the Hohenzollerns, and thus live and die as an honest man.

Very soon after I received from the Ministers the commentary to this utterance. As soon as I had left Berlin for Frankfort the King had veered round at once; a secret correspondence was carried on by himself with Olmütz; the necessity of the existence of the Chambers, and of an understanding with them, was no longer taken into account; the King would not give up politics; on the contrary, he would begin now really to direct them, and that alone. I struggled as I could against grief and indignation, and was glad to have already announced to the King my departure for Wednesday. I was received with kindness. The King read to me his letter to Prince Albert, of which I was to be the bearer, in which he said, 'He had never repented in such a degree of any step as of that which *I* had advised him to take, desiring that he, the Prince, should hear from myself what I had to say on the subject.'

The King communicated to me further the artful letter of the King of Würtemberg, who was now entirely won over by Austria. I was to observe from that how all the world was against Prussia.

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On the same evening I wrote to Kamphausen, to whom, with Vincke and Gagern, I had given the right hand of fellowship in faithful adherence to the German cause, entreating that Berlin be considered the centre of gravity in German affairs, and that he and the other Prussian deputies would hasten hither to the opening of the Chambers. I wrote also to Vincke. I took leave of the King after he rose from the dinner table; towards the end he became as affectionate as he used to be formerly, and touched no more on painful points. He dwelt upon the comfort he had in desperate moments experienced in faith and prayer, assuring me that even in the night between the 19th and 20th of March the last year, he had been wholly without fear or anxiety for his life.

[The 'great misunderstanding' of the night of the 19th March 1848, remains a secret. An aide-de-camp (whose name no one knows) brought an order, in the King's name, 'that the troops should withdraw,' instead of which the King had commanded 'that the troops should withdraw towards the Palace.' This enigma nobody could or would solve to me; but General N. assured me that at twelve o'clock on that night, the King was resolved to retreat out of the town with the troops, and to invest it;—then began a state of wavering, until all was too late!]

I left the King with tears, silently and with a heavy heart, Wednesday, 14th February. That evening, I was at Lord Westmoreland's dinner-party; having had that morning an animated scene with Meyendorf, to whom I communicated the main points of the Memorandum. He endeavoured to intimidate me. 'You know that you have never before spoken of Norway as an example of the form of federation—you have let yourself be talked over to that in Frankfort; but that is a state of war! I am working against you; my position is inimical, &c.' I rejoined, with entire composure, 'I request you to refrain from that high tone, which makes no impression upon me. I could also speak peremptorily, but it were better we should confer tranquilly. You know well, that I used those same words to you, "the relation of Norway to Sweden must form the standard," before my departure from this place to Frankfort: but, moreover, you must know better than I do, that Count Nesselrode, in a despatch to Budberg, expressed approbation of the "*form of Norway*,"'

He thereupon softened (whether ashamed or not) into a tone of conciliation, and closed with honeyed words.

Thus passed the last day at Berlin: but the evening brought me yet an hour of refreshment with the Prince and Princess of Prussia. The arrogance of Austria had irritated the Prince.

I saw Pertz; and then hastened, late as it was, to the beloved Lepsius, with whom I met some young and German-minded friends, from two of whom (one from Nürnberg, one from Bamberg) I obtained many useful notes towards my 'Essay on the Constitution.' We drank together to the well-being of Germany, and parted at ten o'clock, when Abeken accompanied me to the railway.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of Saturday, 17th February, I reached Carlton Terrace, after a delightful journey through the moonlight and the early morning-sunshine of spring, from Dover.

I announced myself to Lord Palmerston, one day sooner than I had promised to return; and then drove with my beloved ones to our favourite Totteridge.

As I had quitted Frankfort with the longing desire to be enabled, there in the centre of German life, to live and act, so did I quit Berlin with a physical repugnance against the thought either of living or dying there. A general consciousness of dissatisfaction had come over me already in 1845, which in 1848 strengthened into disgust, and now were moral indignation, dejection, and grief fixed permanently in my heart. More than ever did I feel myself a foreigner in the chief city of my fatherland, repelled even in the very dwelling-house of my King. The antechamber countenances recalled to my mind the condition of 1806; there was no free spirit, no fresh and unshackled heart, no human sympathies among all those human forms there seated or gliding about. (An enumeration follows.) Lastly, X., ... now the organ of Meyendorf for communication with the King, by means of whom the King was plied every morning with all the bits of intelligence that could be found likely to irritate and displease him,—at one time, the rudeness of the Frankfort orators, at another, the so-called insurrectional plans and utterances of Gagern; again, the complaints of princes, of noblemen, and of the well-disposed, who felt themselves oppressed (no matter

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where they were), even mixing suggestions relative to the highest politics. Through this channel the Emperor of Russia transmitted menaces to the King, by word of mouth and in writing; and thus were formed within the King's inner Closet notions, plans, convictions, against which the Ministers vainly contended, and secret correspondences, which overruled politics and ruined diplomacy. Already in 1848 I had discovered traces of this system of by-play, and suffered from it; the malicious letter of Lady —— to Frau von Meyendorf came in this manner to the knowledge of the King; but now I had penetrated further behind the scene, and could see and feel the destructive effects of the political agitation ceaselessly carried on. Of the Court in general the only positive characteristics among many negations, was that of enmity to the popular cause. Humboldt's presence was a consolation, as well as here and there a man of worth in office, known to me from former times. The hatred of the official body, and of the party of nobles, *as such*, which had persecuted me now during full twenty years, came upon me in yet coarser distinctness than ever, as well as their incapacity and the narrowness of their views, which the exasperation of 1848 had but more strongly brought to view. To Count Brandenburg I was drawn by his inartificial kindness, and his manly devotedness to the King; but his entire previous course of action was a censure upon mine, as mine was upon his. The general impression made by countenances all around was that of choking from suppressed rage. A real statesman was nowhere to be seen; and what could such an one have attempted at Charlottenburg, in the present state of things? The King was resolved to direct all politics by himself alone, he would have a Dictatorship by the side of the Constitution, and yet be considered a liberal constitutional Sovereign; whereas he regarded the constitutional system to be one of deceit and falsehood. The faithfulness, the discipline, and the bravery of the army, being the object of his just pride, he reckoned upon being able to unloose the political knot at last by means of the military; for his noble heart was corroded by habitual exasperation from the event of the 19th and 21st March 1848, which was more and more transferred to Frankfort. Often did more liberal thoughts and feelings emerge from the flood; but the surrounding influences and the secret communications from Olmütz and Munich allowed not of their permanence.

However I struggled against the thought, I could not be blind to the fact that the noble King was preparing for himself and the country a dark and difficult future, which seemed inevitable; humanly speaking, no help to be within reach, at least as long as the King remained in Charlottenburg and Berlin. He might have been compliant with a German Ministry of high intelligence, high station, and European reputation; but never with one merely composed of Prussian, Brandenburgian, Pomeranian, and Saxon materials. The idea that subjects, and those such as he felt to be inferior to himself both in abilities and experience, should direct his politics, should in any degree hinder his acting as he pleased, was intolerable to him. What in earlier days, and even still in 1848, had appeared accidental and transitory with him, now assumed a fixed and fateful character; and what was to my feeling the most painful, was that I could not perceive the same high and truly royal consciousness of right as existed formerly; also that his energy in action bore no proportion to his resolute bearing and declaration of will; that there were moments in which he might be said to sink exhausted, rather than to yield to argument; after which giving way his inward wrath was kindled. I felt myself ever bound to him by affection and gratitude, but the bond of souls was torn asunder, the hope that I had founded upon him had been a delusion; a nearer relation to him in the Ministry of the State had become impossible, or must have closed in an absolute breach.

All around I was aware of disesteem, mistrust, hatred, indignation, directed against the King, by which my heart was irritated as much as wounded; he occasionally spoke of abdication, but the idea that the act was, or might become necessary, was in the heart of thousands. And this in the case of a Sovereign so rarely gifted, so noble minded, towering so far above his fellows; born to be the beloved of his people, the jewel and ornament of the age!

Thus did I leave Berlin, resolved never willingly to return thither; which feeling has been more and more confirmed. The four months which have since elapsed have only formed one course of mental suffering, anxiety, grief, pain, and vexation, with few glimpses of light; and I must call them the most distressful and afflicting of my life.

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Second Extract.

[Translation.]

That which I regretted so deeply in Frankfort, that the measure I had earnestly recommended before my journey thither had not been put in force at the right time—namely, the exclusion of the Austrian members from the debates upon a Constitution which, since the declaration of their government at Kremsier, they could in no wise accept—soon revealed itself as the essential occasion of ruin to the work which had so far proceeded. The Prussian Governments would not advance resolutely and firmly in the direction of the 23d January; the directions despatched to Kamphausen were good, but received no subsequent support; the twenty-eight Governments acceded, in mere mistrust of Prussia, or were induced later, by the delay of Prussia in declaring herself, to act upon private and individual views. They decided for the second reading, in spite of all opposing considerations: and why? because all confidence in Prussia had vanished, and fear was in every heart. The representations made were not attended to; and Gagern was under the necessity of yielding much to the *Left*, in order to obtain the passing of any proposition. The position of Kamphausen became a difficult one, which difficulty was further aggravated by the appearance of the arrogant and inimical declaration of Austria. Some members determined to carry the question by storm; but the *hereditary imperial* dignity (*Erbkaiserthum*) for Prussia fell through. At length the question of *chief ruler* (*Oberhaupt*) was in all form debated, and but a small majority declared for it, as the Austrian members (all but three or four) voted in the opposition.

Up to this time I had not resumed my correspondence with the King; I could not muster spirit to do so. The Prussian Chambers began well, but afterwards they did not keep up to their first standard. The entrance of Count Arnim into the Ministry was an indication how entirely the politics of the King guided all. Bülow became the victim of his own consistency; his resignation was, perhaps, unavoidable, but the choice of Count Arnim, the man of Metternich, the man of Cracow, would have seemed impossible, save to those who knew that the King was his own Minister of Foreign Affairs, and only desired a passive instrument, which should be agreeable to Austria.

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On the 14th the King wrote to me, that Gagern was determined upon war with Denmark, but *he* (the King) would not make that war; that Welcker intended to have him (the King) proclaimed Emperor, but that *he* would not accept the crown of shame. According to these declarations I was desired to speak and act. I received this letter on the 30th, and the day after had intelligence of the vote for an Emperor (290 assenting, and 248 members withholding their votes), and could not further continue silent, but urged his acceptance, quoting the saying, that 'acceptance is the *end of the beginning*, but rejection *the beginning of the end*.' (This was dated the morning of the 31st March.) The evening of that day I received a letter of the 27th, in which the King suggested 'that I should as soon as possible break off the connection with Frankfort, as I could not act according to opposite instructions.' On the 26th I had received from Berlin the most incredible directions in the Danish matter, by which (but an error of the transcriber was afterwards recognised) I should have been called upon to act as much against my instructions as my convictions, and yet upon my own responsibility. The King's counsel, therefore, came to hand at the right moment, and I wrote back the same evening, that I should the next day lay down my office as German Plenipotentiary; at the same time announcing to the King that he must dismiss me, if the Danish line of politics of Count Arnim was to be adhered to; for I could not sign the protocol which had been laid before me. I was thoroughly disgusted with my position and all the transactions.

This communication of mine arrived on the evening of the day on which the King had received the Frankfort deputies.

Thus came round the precious season of Passion Week. On Good Friday the King wrote to me that 'I must, for God's sake, justify myself; if I had indeed said what Lord Palmerston attributed to me, that I could receive no commands from Berlin in the Danish negotiation, I must perceive what he would be obliged to do.' This was a severe trial! I replied to the letter (which revealed the utter confusion of the King's perceptions as to the nature of the negotiation, as one carried on by the Central Power), on the 12th April, with a documentary statement of the history of the plenipotentiary office in question.

Two days later I received the King's Easter letter, in which

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was no mention whatever of the accusation; but the King entered kindly, and with tolerable composure, into the reasons for which he neither *could*, nor *ought* to, act in the matter of the Imperial Crown according to my counsel.

At the same time the Circular of the Ministry upon the subject of the King's decision and reply came to hand; of which I sent a translation to Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, and transmitted to the King the highly intelligent reply of the latter, in my answer of the 17th of April. He expressed himself as 'fully aware that great objections lay against acceptance; but that refusal might bring yet greater dangers, by the delay to be apprehended in accomplishing a final arrangement. The King, however, had given a strong proof of an unambitious disposition.' I entered no further into the subject of the King's decision, as that could have led to nothing; but argued that nothing further remained, but, in the spirit of the Constitution, to call a Revision-Parliament, together with those Governments which were willing to unite. In conclusion, I addressed myself to the King's conscience as to his expressions regarding the cause of Schleswig-Holstein, and implored him not to incur blame therein.

Meanwhile the Congress of Princes was opened, under the Presidency of Radowitz. I had always insisted that Radowitz would remain faithful to his former professions, and to the sentiments he had expressed on the occasion of the voting for the choice of an Emperor; no one else, however, would believe it; but as for a successful result with the King, I had my doubts as well. Those were sad weeks! Anarchy, civil war, insurrection, on all sides! But excess of distress brought at last a solution, as the Prussian army showed itself to be unbroken, while other thrones were shaken or hurled down. The King's appeal of the 15th May was a ray of light, which I joyfully hailed as such; but the time was gone for words to be effective!

The intelligence of the settlement with Hanover and Saxony arrived on the morning of Whit Sunday (27th May), not altogether unexpected by me; for all things indicated that result. The first sure intelligence I received was on the day of the Queen's Drawing Room on the 31st, from the Hanoverian Minister; and I mentioned it to the Queen herself, who, however, the next day (1st June, at the concert at Court), expressed herself as still incredulous, and full of distressed anti-

cipations for Germany. At length, on the 2nd June, the document of the Constitution arrived. Stockmar and I recognised in it a sincere acknowledgment of the tendency of the German endeavours, and a pledge of a final and a happy solution; but the intrigues of Austria, Bavaria, and of the Archduke John at Frankfort (to gain time for other purposes), continued in activity. I expressed to the King my joyful congratulation, but also my apprehensions and suggestions as to the law of elections, and the transition from dictatorship to constitutional rule: having previously communicated to him a letter, written in his name to Peel, in justification of the King's line of proceeding. I also wrote to him again, on the 5th June, after the conferences of Gotha, and the betrayal on the part of the Kings of Hanover and Saxony.

An event which in the beginning of March had not been anticipated, the removal of the Prussian Legation from No. 4 to No. 9 Carlton Terrace, took place in the third week of the month, when within two days all our possessions were cleared out of one house into the other, passing over the terrace so as to be as little as possible within public observation: and the family retreated to Totteridge before the night following the last of those days. Seven remarkable years had been passed in the beautiful abode of Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay: but however much it had been deservedly valued, the gain in acquiring the house of Mr. Alexander was incontestable, both as to space, and amount of light, and also in the better arrangement of rooms. A severe indisposition resulted to Bunsen from exposure to the March winds when superintending upon the terrace part of the work of removal—for the youthful period was now past in which he could show himself proof against shocks to body and mind; and three days' rest in bed sufficed not to remove the cough, with which he felt obliged to go to a dinner-party at Lord Palmerston's, on Wednesday, the 28th, and to the Drawing Room on the 29th (marked in a contemporary letter as the first *rainy*

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Court-day observed during seven years), to avoid exciting a supposition of keeping out of sight from diplomatic reasons. The present period answered to that of the year before which followed the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, when Bunsen was also seriously indisposed, in a manner now becoming distressingly frequent. But activity in official correspondence, far from having relaxed, seemed rather to increase in feverish excitement in proportion as the grounds of hope of any happy result diminished more and more.

Bunsen to one of his Sons on his Confirmation.

[Translation.]

1st April, 1849.

You have entered into a solemn engagement, not to live to yourself, or to follow your own personal selfish will: but to take *Him*, whom the Lord *your* God and *ours* has sent as the visible image of His perfections—Jesus Christ,—in faith and humility, as the pattern of a life of self-devotedness, and, if need be, of a willing and courageous death for the cause of right and truth. You come now, with full sense of self-responsibility into this world, which God has opened to all who duly improve His gifts, that they may labour to change and renew the face of it according to the Divine likeness, and help to raise to the glorious liberty of the children of God those who bend under the yoke of the necessities of nature. . . . .

I send a courier to Berlin, with the most earnest advice and supplication to the King, to accept the offer to become Head of the Central Power, and thereupon to summon the entire Parliament to Frankfort. All things are in the hand of God—the hearts of Kings included. But, my heart is heavy, and life often weighs upon me with almost crushing weight.

CHAPTER XIV.

CORRESPONDENCE.

'NEMESIS OF FAITH'—FROUDE—CHRISTOLOGY—OCCASIONAL MEMORANDA—RELATIONS WITH AUSTRIA—OSBORNE HOUSE—PRINCE ALBERT—BIRMINGHAM—WARWICKSHIRE—MANCHESTER—GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851—BUNSEN'S SPEECH—THE GORHAM JUDGMENT—DEATH OF SIR R. PEEL—BROADLANDS—DANISH AFFAIRS—EGYPTIAN STUDIES.

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Bunsen to Max Müller.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: 22nd April, 1849.

YESTERDAY evening, and night, and this morning early, I have been reading Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith,' and am so moved by it that I must write you a few lines. I cannot describe the power of attraction exercised upon me by this deeply-searching, noble spirit. I feel the tragic nature of his position, and long have I foreseen that such tragical combinations await the souls of men in this island-world. Arnold and Carlyle, each in his own way, had seen this long before me. In the general world, no one can understand such a state of mind, except so far as to be enabled to misconstrue it.

In the shortcoming of the English mind in judging of this book, its great alienation from the philosophy of Art is revealed. This book is not comprehended as a work of Art, claiming as such due proportions and relative significance of parts; otherwise many individuals would at least have been moved to a more sparing judgment upon it, and in the first place they would take in the import of the title.

This book shows the fatal result of the renunciation of the Church-system of belief. The subject of the tale simply experiences moral annihilation; but the object of his affection, whose mind he had been the means of unsettling in her faith, burst through the boundaries which humanity has

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placed, and the moral order of the world imposes: they perish both,—each at odds with self, with God, and with human society: only for him there yet remains room for further development. Then the curtain falls—that is right, according to artistic rule of composition; true and necessary according to the views of those who hold the faith of the Church of England; and, from a theological point of view, no other solution could be expected from the book than that which it has given.

But here the author has disclosed the inward disease, the fearful hollowness, the spiritual death, of the nation's philosophical and theological forms, with resistless eloquence; and, like the Jews of old, they will exclaim, 'That man is a criminal! stone him!'

I wish you could let him know how deeply I feel for him, without ever having seen him; and how I desire to admonish him to accept and endure this fatality, as, in the nature of things, he must surely have anticipated it; and as he has pointed out and defended the freedom of the spirit, so must he now (and I believe he will) show in himself, and make manifest to the world, the courage, active in deed, cheerful in power, of that free spirit.

It is presumptuous to intrude into the fate and mystery of life in the case of any man, and more especially of a man so remarkable; but the consciousness of community of spirits, of knowing, and endeavouring after what is morally good, and true, and perfect, and of the yearning after every real disciple of the inner religion of Christians, impels me to suggest to you to tell him from me, that I believe the spasm of his spiritual efforts would sooner be calmed, and the solution of the great problem would sooner be found, if he were to live for a time among *us*. I mean, by residing for a time in one of the German Universities. We Germans have been for 70 years working as thinkers, enquirers, poets, seers, also as men of action, to pull down the old and to erect the new Zion; each great man with us has contributed his materials towards the sanctuary, invisible but firmly fixed in German hearts; the whole nation has neglected and sacrificed political, individual existence, and common freedom—to pursue in faith the search after truth. From us something may be learnt, by every spirit of this age. He will experience how truly the divine Plato

spoke, when he said, 'Seven years of silent enquiry were needful for a man to learn the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-men.'

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

London: Christmas, 1847.
(Sent off 25th April, 1849.)

With you I long to confer upon Christology. Our points of view cannot, I apprehend, be very far apart. And I am convinced also that the *rigorously rational* line of argument (from Lessing and Kant to Schleiermacher, in what may be considered the essence of his historical belief) claims its place, not in our Universities only, but also in the life of our congregations. If indeed no honest formula of real concord should be possible between that view and the other, as historically fixed in our Churches, then the world will have but the alternative of becoming either unchristian or Roman Catholic. But the one is as unworthy an anticipation as the other. My own personal endeavours have ever tended, and now more than ever, towards three points:—

1. To bridge over that divergence for the life of the congregation, not by means of formularies constructed by speculative ratiocination by so-called dogmas, but by the living act of worship; in which (subjectively) all religion takes its rise. Upon this point I can render honest account, historically and speculatively; yet I hold back until God shall show me that it is time, and my conscience shall tell me that I have made all parts clear to myself. But I learn daily so much at least as to perceive how little I know.

2. To bring into full acknowledgment the Christian element, first, theoretically, then, in the State, by promoting the development of political freedom.

3. And lastly, in the Church (i. e. congregation, community of believers), by perfecting the diaconate,—Christian socialism, or the system of mutual ministration.

To the faithful and conscious following up, however feebly, of these three points, I find, after forty 'years of learning and of wandering,' now on the verge of my sixtieth year, the *unity of my life*: and I am strengthened by clinging to it in the midst of conflicting currents, the disturbances and interruptions of my outward calling, and the commotions of

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the inner man, as Antæus by the embrace of his mother earth. This has been my ruling consciousness since 1841, and to this, the closer acquaintance with the Church of England, and with the decidedly erroneous direction she has taken since 1843, has materially contributed, certainly not less than my critical examination of the original sources of Christianity. The hierarchical tendency now prevailing is untenable.

'From these words you will already gather my dissent from the policy of the Eichhorn Ministry; that is, from the present mode of carrying out an originally just idea of our piously-minded King, who, however, since 1843, has veered as much to the right hand as I myself to the left. He is influenced by consideration of the destructive energy which he attributes to unbelief in positive Christianity, as taught in the Churches, to enact limiting ordinances in the domain of conscience. I have done my utmost by the strongest statement of objections to clear the law of 30th March from the stains which render it a mere 'Edict of Toleration;' and glad should I have been, could I have converted it into a 'law establishing religious and confessional freedom.' But I could not attain my object; and now the mode of execution is wrong too.

'The wretched spectacle of a wholly lifeless Church, and theological system, as well as a clear consciousness of the necessary and salutary consequences of critical enquiry, has brought me to oppose more strenuously than ever all government of the Church by the State, and to advance by all means in my power a purified faith. In my opinion, the King has fallen into two essential errors, in spite of my faithful and persevering warnings: first, His Majesty did not accept the saving formulary of Ordination, proposed by the General Synod of 1846; far less did he introduce into all provinces the Synodal system. Then, he has renewed, on the contrary, the old system (long since untenable) of consistorial administration, and endeavoured to govern with it. I cannot discern how the King should get clear of the consequences of these errors as long as he lives. To turn again into the right way is, humanly speaking, under given circumstances, impossible. I scarcely need assure you that, for my own part, I have long arrived at the conviction that my calling cannot be in this direction.

My 'Church of the Future,' and 'Ignatius,' have both been

written under an irresistible pressure from within; but also with self-congratulation on the opportunity given me of rendering any mistake on the part of the King with regard to my views impossible. The Ministry of Public Instruction is also not to be thought of, for me, in the present direction of the King's Government. The more, therefore, do I endeavour to fight for the cause on literary ground. 'Marcion,' and 'Hegesippus,' and the 'Tables,' are as good as finished, but 'Egypt' demands two years more, and, until that time is over, I shall think much, but work little, on the domain of Christian doctrine and history. CHAP. XIV.

And here, Christology claims attention in the first place. I start from this axiom: that Christology, as taught in the Churches, cannot be brought in union with the right interpretation of Scripture, with the historical views, the speculative thought, and the moral consciousness, of the time we live in. Therefore, I am somewhat angered at the *second* edition of Dorner, and do not agree with Nitzsch in his dogmatic writings.

The question I desire to put to you is the following:—Does the doctrine of the Logos, as still understood by Origen, in connection with the theory of identity, as founded by Schelling, but without losing the conception of personality, open a way of reconciliation with the ultimate results of that criticism of which Schleiermacher, in his character as Exegete, is an embodiment?

I placed this very question before Tholuck in August last year, and he admitted to me that he had arrived at the same point; here, alone, he believed, was the solution to be sought for. We must reduce the difference to that between the infinite and the finite, i.e. *infinitum in finito*, the Eternal in time.

At the first attempt to carry through that view, I am encountered by the Gorgon-head of Pelagianism, which Nitzsch held before me in all its terrors when we first conferred upon my theory of self-sacrifice. My axiom, 'Christ is deified by His unique and unapproached sanctity,' they denounce as heretical. And yet this, and no less, is asserted by Luther's greatest teacher, the godly author of the 'Theologia Germanica.' To me it is quite clear that the entire theological doctrine of Grace, as opposed to free agency, is a theological

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error and confusion; as incorrect as its opposite, but not a whit more true.

Schleiermacher's celebrated passages in arts. 13 and 93 to 98 are not, to my mind, founded in fact. His reference to John iii. 10, for μονογενής as Christ's own expression, is, to say the least, not quite clear. The above-named passages appeared essential to him for his argument. But that cannot make them true for me from the historical point of view. And speculatively also they are not, I believe, established. I can only agree with Schleiermacher's art. g.g., in so far as the writer separates the necessary basis of belief from the two facts there mentioned.

For this reason, I consider the Schleiermacher school in that respect not of a durable but a transitory nature. Just as little do I perceive help in Hegel, less still in his Tübingen followers. Finally, Schelling's last attempts will not bear examination, full as they are of splendid flashes of discovery, which, however, cannot be denied to Hegel either.

Thus then it might appear as though enlightening enquiry had not yet advanced since the days of Lessing and Kant ('Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts,' and 'Religion innerhalb der Gränzen der reinen Vernunft'); but all that lives in me stubbornly resists such a conclusion, though I am conscious of standing on the basis of those two great men.

The *self-consciousness of Christ* must not be assailed. But the question is (a question which Schleiermacher too suggests but discards), whether that self-consciousness could otherwise declare itself than within the general conditions of humanity, i.e. according to nationality and personality. And a second question is this,—whether, in order to believe in Him as the Redeemer, we must nevertheless acknowledge that for that self-consciousness it was indispensable to be uttered as of a prototype i.e. self-beginning (*selbstanfänglich*), for otherwise, Christ cannot be considered as First Cause?

The Father alone is free from the limitations of the temporary and transitory. The Son 'was in the form of a servant,' as long as His appearance on earth lasted. But is it less Divine, to reveal the essential nature of God, in the purest, most universally intelligible form of human reality, than in a (supposed) supernatural mode of appearance? That which under the one supposition is attributed to the appearance,

the other acknowledges as existing in the eternal cause of the appearance. Why may not both suppositions subsist together? We have not now to deal with scoffers like Voltaire, or with negations like those of the Encyclopædists and Materialists: but with a serious philosophy of the mind, and a critically-founded, positive system; and, in great part, with minds honest and serious, who accept and honour the Scripture. Need we be impeded by the falsely so-called Apostles' Creed, or the pre-eminence therein given to the *mythical deposit* of the deep impression produced by the Divine revelation in Christ, which has become predominant in the Churches? Must this so be, and can it thus remain? Why should not faith in the Divine revelation be true and vigorous when it assumes that man is the highest exponent of that Divine revelation given to us mortals?

It was my intention only to write to you a few words to shadow forth what I desire to discuss with you, by word of mouth, after our thirty years' separation. I hope what I have said will not frighten you from complying with my invitation to come and see us.

(*Conclusion, dated London, 25th April,* 1849.)—I cannot send off my letter written sixteen months ago, without a sign of life and an explanation. I let the letter lie, in the wish thoroughly to prove in my own mind the view therein stated. The year 1848 drove the vessel of my life into storms and tempests, and I was shaken inwardly as well as outwardly by the violent swaying of the billows: but this present Easter I have granted myself a few days of contemplation, and the result has been to find the system consolidated into a part of myself, and living with my own life.

Christology can never be rightly established, without a due development of the wholly neglected doctrine of the Spirit. For the Spirit of God is the power which reveals and realises God in the community of believers, constituting the mystery of spiritual unity which through successive generations is preserved in the multitude of individual souls.

To the whole period from Origen to Luther, I feel an utter stranger. After Origen the Church-system, not the congregational, but the hierarchical, was finally established, in opposition to that of Moses, as a new Law, and went on growing and developing itself up to the time of Luther. The new

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birth, however, is slow and difficult. Christ must and will become living flesh and blood nationally, as He did humanly —as He is becoming in the community of believers. Universal priesthood, instead of the former exclusive order; works of love, instead of professions of faith; belief in God within us, (i.e. Christ) with such awe and humility, as can alone preserve Him to our souls;—that is the Religion and Church of the future. All besides must fall, and is already spiritually annihilated. The Bible remains as the consecrated centre of the world's history, from the standing-point of the individual consciousness of God.

In England everything, except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God, is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic; public worship in general lifeless; the vivifying spirit startles like a spectre. The fall may be terrific, like that of ancient Rome;—see my 'Egypt,' vol. i., the chapter on the Learning of the Romans.

With us, the theological reaction will pass away like the political, and the anti-theological revolution like her daughter the Red Republic. We are still the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes. I live my intellectual life in my native country.

Occasional Memoranda, in Bunsen's handwriting.

[Translation.]

July, 1849.

. . . Meanwhile, English conditions and the politics of Great Britain did not give me much occupation. Ireland alone reminded the English that they had a point of mortality. All that is false, corrupt, decaying, decrepid, overdone in their whole social system, they feel but as something artificial, confused, inconvenient, without such a sense of inherent evil as should rouse them to a thorough change. . . . . To speak with the English on foreign politics, is only worth while on the Roman question. All were agreed that France has cheated not only England, Austria, Naples, the Pope, and the Romans, but also herself. On the subject of Germany the Tories were inimical, the Whigs apathetic, the Radicals alone reasonable. Only with Peel could I speak on the subject quite openly and with confidence.

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In the course of the day, I regularly saw Stockmar once, if not twice; we lived in German politics, as to which he, as usual, saw all things in the present in still darker colours than I did myself—both, however, agreeing in our faith in the great future of the fatherland. The greatness of events had banished from the mind of each of us all reserve and misgiving, and each lay open and plain before the other. Our compulsory inactivity was the hardest to bear for both; at length he departed on the 3rd for Germany. In my mind the resolution was more than ever confirmed, to remain at my post as long as duty (i.e. opportunity of being of use) should retain me: but, as soon as an outlet should present itself, to consecrate the yet remaining days and years, to enquiry and reflection upon the highest things. Meanwhile, I determined to live now as much as possible in the country, at Totteridge.

The projected Design of a Union with Austria.

Even after the events of 1848 and my own experiences in 1849, it was to me as a thunder-clap in a clear sky to find on Friday, 20th July, in the Cologne paper, the intelligence that Prussia had made to Austria a *proposal of Union*, in 15 Articles—according to which the two Empires (Germany and Austria) should have one and the same diplomacy, therefore one line of politics, one political government, and one Federal Court consisting of four plenipotentiaries, under the presidency of Austria, to decide upon peace and war. Only one thing seemed incredible, that Austria should not at once have accepted the proposal. But this may be thus explained: first, by the boundless arrogance of Schwarzenberg: secondly, by his consciousness of what Austria intends, as soon as Hungary shall be subdued—that is, to renounce all the mummery of Constitutionalism—which has without doubt long been agreed upon, in confidential conference with Russia; besides which, the design is in itself impracticable. Austria, with her own complications of States and of policy, can represent no German interests in foreign affairs—it might as well be decidedly pronounced, that 'Austria should direct the politics and diplomacy of both Empires, as she long has done.'

An hour later, at one o'clock, in a conference with Pal-

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merston, I represented to him the thing as credible, saying, 'That is the result of your policy—you would not have a German Federal State, and thus you drive us to throw ourselves into the arms of Austria, therefore into those of Russia; an Empire of seventy millions will, at least, suffice to command consideration for us, and the rest will come of itself. To myself, of course, this turn of things is very painful, for if the project of a Union does not succeed, there will be endless confusion and internal conflicts, while, if it succeeds, you and France will turn your enmity against us, as the world's chief anarchy; in either case, Germany loses her proper national course of politics—that of a solely defensive Federal State, to which her nature, language, and history have long been preparing her. But the re-establishment of the old connection of States is impossible; and, equally so, the subsistence of the several German States in single independence: wherefore nothing remains to us (as the world has conspired against the German Federal State) but fusion with Austria. See what will come of this! Officially I know nothing, but I believe in the thing as announced by the newspapers. We may be obliged to guarantee to Austria all her possessions, inclusive of Lombardy and Venice, and of course of Hungary.' Palmerston endeavoured first to treat the matter as absurd and impossible, but I would not allow him thus to dismiss it, and at last he said, 'Well, the tendency towards a German Union was laudable, only it appeared merely good as a plaything; *could* it be realised, it would be beneficial, and it would entirely suit the policy of this country. But the plan to erect such a monster of an Empire is another thing. That would be a public nuisance. And what a policy for Germany to guarantee to Austria the possession of Italy! It would produce a hostile position of England and France against it,—it would be a renewal of the Holy Alliance, only in a more practical and formidable form. That is impossible.' I requested that he would keep in mind what I had told him.

That same Friday afternoon, 20th July, I took opportunity, when Drouyn de L'Huys paid me his visit on assuming his post, to state to him *academicamente* the whole matter. He apprehended quickly all that I detailed, and gave me in return his concise and correct French formulary at once:—

'Le rétablissement de l'ancienne confédération est impos-

sible : les États ne sauraient se maintenir dans leur isolement. Le projet de Francfort, tel qu'il a été repris et remodelé à Berlin, donne à l'Allemagne la consistence nécessaire, sans lui donner une force ou tendance aggressive : elle tient la balance vis-à-vis de l'Autriche et de la Russie. Si ce projet ne se réalise pas, à cause de la jalousie et de l'amour propre dynastique, il y aura ou la république ou l'asservissement sous l'Autriche. La république remuerait l'Europe : la monarchie de 70 millions reproduirait les inconvéniens de celle de Charles V et du Traité de la Sainte Alliance.'

He said further, that when he first became Minister, they had confined themselves to a close observation of the German movement; but they were disturbed and brought to anxious consideration by the aggressive demeanour of Germany in every corner,—in Schleswig and in Limburg speeches had been heard treating of the recovery of Alsatia and of the Baltic provinces. A German Federal State, as I had described it, would cause no serious danger to France, and would therefore bring about no inimical feeling. He abominated the thought of the union of all Germany with Austria.

For refreshment after this long day's work, I visited, at six o'clock, my truly esteemed colleague Bancroft, who agreed in my view of things, and communicated to me the President's instructions on the subject. The American diplomacy outruns the English by far. Already, on the 22nd March, Squier, as secret negotiator, was on his way towards Leon, from whence to proceed to Nicaragua, to protest against the giving up of toll.

Osborne House.

The melancholy intelligence and gloomy prospects, under which I left London on the 25th July were but too well confirmed by what I learnt at Osborne House, and by the letters which followed me thither. On the 26th, I had just time, after reading what the post had brought, to despatch a letter written by Prince Albert to the Prince of Prussia, together with a letter of my own to his Royal Highness. Prince Albert had encouraged me to send his letter by the common post; he had no objection to its being known, wherever the packet might by the way be opened, how he condemned the acts and the persons by whom Germany was betrayed, as he had written his opinion to the Prince of Prussia. And why should

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it not be a matter of indifference to me, that whether on this or that side of the sea, my convictions should be read? It is long since my ships have all been burnt, and that I have given counsel to friend and foe, without consideration of consequences to myself! I shall maintain my post here, as long as I can, as a fortress of freedom; but I shall not withhold a word of warning, in order to keep off the attacks that menace me, nor shall I go forth to meet them.

All that I long after is beyond these trammels;—leisure for reflection on the Divine which subsists in things human; and for writing, if God enables me to do so. I live as one lamed; the pinions that might have furthered my progress are bound, yet not broken.

Sir James Stephen is to become Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He intends to lecture upon French History, and therewith to connect the general history of European civilisation. I observed to Prince Albert, that Stephen probably came to this determination from the desire to make Guizot's work on the civilisation of France and of Europe a foundation for his lectures; but that purpose was ill judged, for the great epochs in art and science in the modern world belong to the Italians and the Germans, and not to the French. Yet much may be said for Guizot's opinion, that the French have exercised so powerful an influence over the world; they form the medium between the practical English and the theoretical German. They have always best understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation. But their influence is diminishing.

The important thing would be, that Stephen should make of the Professorship of History a life-calling; that he should *live* at Cambridge, and unceasingly labour to influence the cultivation of mind in the youth of the University, by a well carried out course of historical instruction, not only by aphoristic, dilettante lectures—although even such will constitute a step in advance. Stephen is said to be Evangelical in principle, but not fanatical or narrow-minded, as is proved by his articles on Wilberforce and Hannah More.

The Prince observed, when I had stated to him the theory of Guizot as to the relative position of the three nationalities to each other and to the world, that the danger of the French was in licentiousness; the Englishman's besetting sin was

selfishness; that of the German, self-conceit. Every German knows all and everything better than all others.

I remarked to the Prince, that the single-action (*Einspännigkeit*) of the German was probably the consequence of our imperfect political condition, the want of centralisation; that individualising in things intellectual was a feature of character in the German, as federalism in things political. But were there a sufficient central power opposed firmly to this tendency, *that* would be just the requisite condition of the highest and most beneficial civilisation. England and France have a great advantage, in that each, by the joint operation of the most distinguished intellectual faculties to be found in each nation, can produce, and represent on every given occasion, the very best within its separate capacity; whereby the *measure* is given of what is attainable in that country—the *standard* is not only elevated but kept high.

The Prince is actively busied with the idea of an Universal Exhibition in London, of the produce and the results of industry of all countries. Four classes—i., the raw products (wool, flax), as original material; ii., machines; iii., manufactures; iv., productions of art, for the improvement of artistic skill and of taste. I suggested the formation of a mixed jury, to distribute the prizes. It will be done by subscription. The undertaking is a grand one, and no person could conduct it but the Prince, from his great versatility of knowledge, and his impartiality.

It is at Osborne House that the Queen more especially feels herself at home; she there enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content. She walks out in the beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds with the Prince and her children, in prospect of the sea, and of the proud men-of-war of Great Britain, in the midst of a quiet rural population. In the afternoon we all drove to St. Clair, the country residence of Lady Catherine. Harcourt, near Ryde: where a bazaar was prepared for the benefit of the Hospital. The Queen made purchases to a considerable amount, and distributed a part among the accompanying party. In the royal *char-à-banc*, I sat near the Prince of Wales, and behind the two eldest Princesses; they all spoke German like their native tongue, even to one another. The heir-apparent has gained in appearance of strength, and has a pleasing countenance;

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he will be eight years old in November. I called his attention to the eagerness with which all the inhabitants crowded round to behold the Queen, because she was so good, and therefore beloved. Both by the Queen and the Prince, Stockmar is beloved as a friend, and honoured as a great man.

I communicated to the Prince my apprehensions that the question of Mosquitia and of the possession of S. Juan de Nicaragua might cause war between England and the United Sates. If England will maintain her theory as to the existence of Mosquitia as a State, she ought to do more than has yet been done towards enabling the uncivilised inhabitants to become a nation, by attracting colonists, and forming establishments for instruction. The Prince possesses a memoir by one of Sir R. Peel's sons, who had been rowing up the river S. Juan de Nicaragua in a boat without serious difficulty, in spite of the Falls; where such exist, a canal must be contrived. The upper lake (of Leon) is magnificent in scenery.

From a Contemporary Letter.

Mr. Adderley's, Hams House: 19th September, 1849.

On Thursday, the 13th, we were taken over to Birmingham, and between seeing the process of electro-plating and the exhibition of manufactures, several hours were passed much to our amusement. It is satisfactory to see so many fine works of art reproduced in fac-simile in bronze and other metal, by the above-mentioned process; but though the cost is much less than if they were of silver, they are still of too high a price to attain the object of bringing works of high artistic merit within the reach of those whose means cannot command that luxury. Bunsen went over daily to the meetings of the British Association, with Lord Harrowby and Lord Lyttelton, and they returned to Hams to dinner.

On Friday we were taken by Mrs. Adderley to Merevale Abbey, the residence of the Dugdale family, and of the great antiquary of the seventeenth century, whose fine portrait we saw in the modern mansion, built on an elevation, in castellated imitation of a style of ancient buildings, prior to the Elizabethan, and not so well calculated to meet the demands of modern society as to space and cheerfulness. We walked down to the site of the original abbey, of which little remains

but a very picturesque church, and were shown the beautiful new built parsonage, in the sitting-room of which I observed Dr. Arnold's portrait installed as patron saint over the chimney-piece; and understood that the incumbent had been one of his pupils, and continued devoted to his memory. The park is most beautiful, and very extensive, inequalities of ground and fine trees placed and grouped to the best effect; and the flower-garden exquisite.

On Saturday, the 14th, a plan was arranged for showing us Warwick Castle and Kenilworth ruins, and between the two Stoneleigh Abbey, the residence of Mrs. Adderley's father, Lord Leigh. We set out by half-past nine in the morning, and returned to Hams Hall to dinner by half-past eight in the evening, having achieved all with great ease and pleasure. The gratification of seeing Warwick Castle again is not to be told; it seemed to me to have increased in beauty (probably from the growth and the arrangement of the vegetation), during the number of years since I first beheld it; for I remembered well each of the most remarkable points. Kenilworth was a new acquisition to my store of images, and the best points of view were shown by Lady Leigh in a manner that showed her comprehension of the picturesque effect. She drove us all round her own park, splendid in trees and undulation of ground, with the 'smooth flowing Avon.' The house is a grand Italian palace, tacked on to some small remains of the ancient abbey. It is interesting to learn that the Hams Hall tract of country belonged to a now vanished *Forest of Arden*, a name with which one is made familiar by Shakespeare, in 'As you Like it;' and which, therefore, perhaps indicates a portion of his boyish haunts. The place is new and unfinished, but the beginning of a flower-garden, planned and planted in a gravel-pit, which will be truly ornamental when the shrubs are grown up, rejoiced my heart, as showing that the doctrines inculcated by Mr. Price, of Foxley, 'on the Picturesque' (so strongly imprinted on my memory), are not wholly forgotten or exploded.

We left these amiable friends, after passing truly pleasant days with them, on Monday, the 16th, and arrived by five o'clock at the Manchester station, where Mrs. Lee was kindly waiting to fetch us. That day there was a large dinner party of remarkable persons—glad to see Bunsen, and with

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whom he was glad to converse. The same was repeated daily, whether at the Bishop's, or at other hospitable houses; one was the house of Mr. Fairbairn, so highly esteemed by all who knew him; another was the house of Mr. Schwabe, by whom we were invited to a dinner and musical party afterwards, to meet Lord and Lady Wilton and many others; the music was very well chosen, Mr. Schwabe understanding the fine arts, as we further perceived, when by daylight we saw the copies he has brought from Spain, of Murillos at Seville, and many other fine things. In the mornings a vast amount of sightseeing was accomplished; at the Asylum for the Blind we enjoyed a musical performance of as many portions of the 'Messiah' of Händel as we could stay to hear, being desired to select what we pleased, whether solos or choruses, as performers among the inmates were found for each and all, accompanied by an organist who was also blind. At the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, the object most interesting was a little girl, blind as well as deprived of all her other senses, owing to the condition of disease and neglect in which she had been found as an infant. Her transmitting messages, impressed upon the palm of her hand by the Director, which she carried without mistake to the right person among the inmates, bringing back the reply, was one of those wonders, which, believed on testimony, have become tangible; but most truly affecting was the beholding her countenance on the approach of two little children of the Director's, whom she held in great affection; they had not touched her, were not even near, when she was aware they had entered the room, and the sightless countenance seemed to beam with light and love. The calico printing at Rhodes, and numberless arrangements for the comfort and intellectual furtherance of the workpeople in that industrial village, constructed by Mr. Schwabe, was a sight to meet the feelings of all; while the mechanical wonders of Manchester were specialities not for the uninitiated. Much more might be told, but the sum total is, that we enjoy our journey, and all the kindness we receive on all sides, from strangers as well as from old friends.

Contemporary Notice from a Letter.

1st October, 1849.

We did not quit Manchester without having made excursions, not to be forgotten, any more than the matter for observations and reflections furnished by each successive day spent there—ushered in by the Bishop's conversation at breakfast, unfailing in variety of interest and information, while his elucidations and explanations vivified all the scenes visited afterwards. The excursions were first to Bolton, and the family of the Ashworths, with their vast establishment for cotton manufacture, and for the wellbeing of the colony of human beings whose labours transmute cotton into gold; habitations and cheerful appearance left nothing to desire, while the schools for the numerous children did not equally bear scrutiny; the ability and readiness of the boys in arithmetical calculation was observed upon by Bunsen as admirable, whereas to questions concerning other lines of intellectual development, the answers were not such as might have been wished. The other excursion was to Liverpool, over the railroad accomplished by the genius of Stephenson, against all protest and almost universal mistrust, over a shaking bog, and issuing (with an effect which no previous description can lessen) through a tunnel in the very centre of the town and its most remarkable group of objects. But Liverpool, as the city of merchant princes, with its public buildings, the range of well-built docks and warehouses along the grand estuary, and the new creation of Birkenhead, now rising, as if by magic, into solid existence, made a great impression upon Bunsen as telling its own tale of weight and worth, more immediately to the eye, than is the case with most centres of trade, and of the riches thereby created—which call for a mental process of addition and multiplication in order to be estimated.

If the view of Liverpool and Manchester, and the wide industrial province, suggests to the mental vision a great battle-field of human nature, against the potent evils, moral and physical, to which it is a prey, so did the numberless proofs of public spirit, of Christian benevolence, of self-devotedness to the law of duty and con-

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science, relieve the awfulness of the contemplation, with the assurance that if the presence of *ten righteous* (of *ten* living in the consciousness of God and of their duty) would have *saved Sodom*, so is the number of guardian spirits far greater, to keep alive what is right and true, and to avert condemnation in England, and her centres of wealth and their concomitant iniquity. If written words of Bunsen's are not forthcoming with reference to this journey, yet were these the sentiments called forth by word of mouth ardently and variously uttered.

At Fox How two days were spent with Mrs. Arnold, wonderfully supported both in body and mind; Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth were found well in health in their eightieth year, but utterly broken in spirit by the loss of their daughter, Mrs. Guillinan, two years before. The weather, usually rainy during this expedition, allowed an interval in which to take a glimpse of some of the 'scenes in strong remembrance set,' to which all had, in the year 1829, been introduced by Dr. Arnold himself. On Saturday, 29th September, the party left Fox How, and reached in the afternoon Wootton Hall, in Staffordshire, from whence, two days later, Bunsen returned to London.

Bunsen to ——.

[Translation.]

7th November, 1849.

As you once planned writing on the 'Topography of Syracuse,' I send you the work of the excellent Leake, with the impressions of coins, as a birthday present, to be received as though written for you and in your stead. It has ever been a true pleasure to me, and is so daily more and more, to see what I had wished to do well done by another. There remains at last for every one so much more to be done, than he has time or power to accomplish; and often do we find that the especial work assigned to us is what we can better do than that we had personally projected.

God has laid upon you a heavy trial, in the disorder of your eyes, and in the crushing of your Frankfort hopes—

which in great part were mine as well as yours. Let us pray to Him, to render both visitations as essentially benefits, as from a human point of view they are evils; that is the true and infallible healing-power of the Spirit which is from God—*ὁ τρώσας καὶ ἰάσεται.*

As real faith and moral earnestness render the subjection of self a foundation of liberty, so they convert an evil into equivalent good, and transmute earthly grief into pure, that is, divine, joy. It is with comfort and joy indescribable, that I observe your endeavours to attain to this vantage-point; and be assured that the faithful endeavour alone is a pledge of attainment, if we can but say from the innermost of our hearts, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!'

Your next year of life will probably be a year of transition: but such is life altogether; and the art of living is, to take every portion of it, whether in doing or suffering, as a moral task, to be performed in the power of the Spirit: then the way which seems to descend will be found to have led upwards.

Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.]

Windsor Castle: 17th November, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since 1848 I have become of full age. The last scales have fallen from my eyes, and the last tears will soon dry away in them!

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Llanover.*)

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday, 14th November, 1849.

I am here, awaiting my African travellers, not yet arrived. Richardson finds he must start to-morrow, as the caravan for the Soudan leaves Ghat (a place already very deep in the desert) on February 2nd. Mrs. Richardson accompanies him to Tripoli, where she awaits his return. Fairbairn is coming to-day to take his Berlin Commissioners in hand. Government has in a very handsome despatch thanked me for the plan, and the mission of the two engineers. Stockmar arrived here on Monday, stayed all yesterday to have a good talk with me; will come again this morning, and goes to Windsor in the afternoon. I have sent your excuse to Windsor Castle in full form. I shall find at Windsor Castle the old Duke, whom the Queen has often caused me

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to meet, and who is always particularly communicative to me.

I hope to despatch the messenger early enough on Saturday to be able to dine at Totteridge with the dear children. Ernest and Elizabeth are here with their two children, and a delightful new greyhound, shivering and always wanting to be warmed. Palmerston is sweet as honey. There is a storm brewing in the Cabinet. I have had a letter from Radowitz—in great spirits. Louis Napoleon must become Emperor, now or in 1851, or fall. I shall send you a letter of Gladstone's (very interesting) as soon as I have answered it, which I cannot do until I have been to the British Museum.

*Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.**

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday morning, 14th November, 1849.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I cannot begin my day's work before I have thanked you for your ever dear and precious words of love and affection! *Dum spiro amo* is the motto, I think, of one of your seals, but certainly it is that of your heart. You may believe me that I feel it; and that I do so more and more, every time that I see yourself or your words. And love is the seal which God's Spirit requires to find upon our souls; as one of the wisest and most pious of the Fathers (Clemens of Alexandria) says in explaining the saying of St. John to the same purpose, adding 'The Spirit is Truth.' I wish all those who consider themselves believers would *really* believe in this word, and then certainly the result must be love to God and their neighbour. All our German speculation has at last come to this: that what the human heart believes in faith, but cannot prove to be true—IS true; and that love is the infallible exponent of faith in life. I believe also this to be at the bottom of what the Saviour has said of the sin against the Holy Ghost. There is no belief possible in Christ, without believing in the Spirit.

I am moved to write in this strain, because, although I am now in town for diplomatic business, my mind is full of the last *three and a half* happy days at Totteridge. I have at last come to the point, which I have been striving to obtain

* This letter was the last ever written to her; two months later she had received the death-stroke.

since 1817—'the Life of Christ'; and although I must begin by clearing the porch and outer hall of the temple, obstructed by the theologians still more than by the philosophers, yet do I perceive the breath of life proceeding from the temple and its sanctuary. My dearest F. and M. have assisted me so well, that we have already cut out and pasted together in the true chronological order more than *one-third* of the four Gospels: I directing, M. finding the passage and cutting it out with her neat fingers, and F. receiving and registering all the pieces, and, after examination, finally pasting each in its proper place. When we *tested* our work on Tuesday morning, not one verse was found missing or misplaced. When I return, I hope to go on in the same manner, pasting in the evenings, and writing the outline of the explanatory book during the day. When I have done, I shall go to Herstmonceaux, to read all to Hare.

I am anxious to publish the Greek Gospel in harmony with a revised German translation, and shall try to persuade Hare to make the revision of the English text for the English edition. But whether I shall publish it during my lifetime or not, must depend upon circumstances. This age in which we live is so profoundly sick and diseased at heart, that I often feel little disposed to write for it. But what is true will prove to be true, in time. There is no hurry.

I enclose to my wife a sheet containing Humboldt's introductory words for an album of Göthe, to be deposited in his (Göthe's) house, which the nation has purchased, and which is formed into a museum.

And now, my dear mother, I will harness myself, as Carlyle says, for the day's work.

Ever your grateful and affectionate Son,

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Llanover.)

Saturday, 24th November, 1849.

The expedition to Central Africa is settled. We are on the eve of great discoveries in Eastern Africa. Kilimandjaro has been touched by travellers' *hands*—it is a mountain like Chimborazo, an extinct volcano, 22,000 feet high. The sources of the Nile must be on the western slope, whither Redmann is gone.

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Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

9 Carlton Terrace: Thursday, 29th November, 1849.

Not till this morning could I even read your dear letter, as the political crisis and the African journey occupied me till late last night.

Gutzlaff, the apostle of China, the traveller, interpreter, is arrived in England, and has come to see me. His frank and energetic character is very prepossessing: he is full of enthusiasm, and, as to China, full of hope as far as Christianity is concerned, full of fear as far as politics are considered. The late war with England has unsettled the whole measures—there are sixteen millions sterling of debts; the Emperor's proclamation lately published is curious, so also papers respecting Canton. 'The people's will is God's will,' has been taken as the *motto* of a general agitation. The seas swarm with pirates, the land with secret societies. Gutzlaff dines with us on Sunday next, at seven o'clock *quietly*. I hope you and Ernest will come to meet him.

I have promised to go to Mr. Behnes, the sculptor, on Sunday at half-past one, to be compared with the cast of my bust.* Mr. W. Hamilton, the great antiquarian, will be there too. Could you not come also? It is so near your house.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

London: 10th January, 1850.

. . . Meanwhile, there has been a most lamentable working upon the King's mind, by the united Russian or Absolutist party, and the Pietists. The latter have affected his conscience, saying that the Constitution was godless, destructive of the holy union between Church and State, that it had *unchristianized* Prussia, &c. Were this sheer bigotry, I could tolerate it as error of conviction, but there is at the bottom a great amount of low and short-sighted interest of *caste*. The Constitution stipulates that the nobles of the ancient provinces shall in future pay the land-tax like all others.

The King's conscience, I *believe*, is now righted: but the secret is out: the King will hardly recover his place in

* An engraving of this bust will be found at p. 165 of this volume.

public estimation, although *Vetter Michel* is of a forgiving disposition. Fortunately, it is considered as what it is—weakness, not faithlessness; false scrupulosity, not word-breaking. At all events, the King *freely gave* the Constitution, 5th December, 1848, and it is now rather amended in the sense of moderation. The King receives the law back better for him than he gave it.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

Carlton-Terrace: 17th January, 1850.

. . . I remain silent owing to grief, which you will understand. Still I do believe in the possibility of an understanding between the Crown and a majority in the Chamber.

I have received a most kind letter from the King. He desired, as he says, to write me a long letter, expressly to communicate congratulations with his original heartiness upon the engagement of my daughter Mary. Much love, but no politics, in the letter.

Wednesday, 30th January.—I take leave of you until Tuesday next, as I go to-morrow to the funeral of my deceased mother-in-law.

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Llanover, after the death of her mother on the 18th January.)

[Translation.]

London: February, 1850.

. . . At Berlin all is right—although I have not yet read the King's '*last* OWN speech,' as he called it—I believe, after all, it would have been better that he had not made it; but one must take him as he is, and he has to try to reconcile the 6th February, 1850, with the 3rd February, 1847. Still everybody seems to be satisfied and pleased. The ceremony* was very solemn—the King affected to tears—all the bells rung, and 201 guns fired, as he pronounced the sacred engagement.

A passage has been found by G., showing that Milton was one of those who had called in question the authenticity of the letters of Ignatius.

* Viz., of the King's taking the solemn oath on the Prussian Constitution.

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Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

(Probably) February, 1850.

. . . All's well that ends well—and whomsoever God loveth (as assuredly He does the German nation), to such, all things must turn out for the best.

As a Prussian and a German one must be proud of such Chambers and of such a people. Their self-conquest is above all to be admired: for the German is not only more conscientious, but also more obstinate in his conviction than all other nations; having, besides that, little political stuff.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: Tuesday morning, 5th February, 1850.

Last Saturday I buried a beloved mother, and I return from her grave (which her poor neighbours did not quit till they had filled it in with soil by single handfuls, that not the smallest stone might fall upon her coffin) to the bridal house from the house of death. Thus does the circling course of life reveal itself to our eyes.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

London: 20th February, 1850.

You suppose I am going away from this country! I never dreamt of going—never was I more bound to London and England than at the present moment. Prussia is in the haven, as to herself; but the German Union, or 'United States of Germany,' are yet to be born, and at this eleventh hour all the powers of evil double their efforts to prevent this great European birth, or rather this beginning of regeneration. But, 'Portæ inferi non prævalebunt contra eam!' All the powers of the Continent are against us, and traitors are in the camp. The Princes are wavering, more or less, now that the hour of danger is past. Still they are bound, by their popular parliaments, finances, and necessities, and cannot shake these off, as many do their words and engagements.

A meeting was held on the 21st February, 1850, in Willis's Rooms, on the proposed Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, at which, after speeches made by Lord

Carlisle, M. Van de Weyer, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and the Bishop of London, Bunsen moved, in the following terms, the fourth resolution, expressive of the hope that all foreign nations would cordially promote the endeavour of England to carry out an undertaking in which all nations have an interest:— CHAP. XIV.

GENTLEMEN,—I believe this earnest hope is well founded: I trust you will express it unanimously on this day, and I am sure the echo will come to you from all parts of the world, and the chorus of the response of nations will speak as harmoniously and as forcibly in reply. You have a right to expect from me the reason for anticipating with so much confidence such a result. My confidence is founded upon a general principle, in the truth of which I firmly believe, and to which all I have heard to-day from the noble Earl and my right reverend friend gives a powerful confirmation.

This principle is—'Appeal frankly to the reason and good-will of mankind, and mankind will answer you accordingly.' Reason and good-will are, thank God, as deeply rooted in the human heart as the instinct of self-preservation and self-interest.

Whoever proposes what is based upon those eternal motives will find an echo in the human breast. Now, it is easy to prove, and it must be clear to every foreign observer who has followed attentively the origin and progress of this great national movement, that the plan proposed is not useful to you alone, but to everybody, and that it is as reasonable and noble as it is calculated to promote your material interests. It addresses itself to the best feelings, as well as to the general interest of other civilised nations. The Earl of Carlisle has proclaimed, and your applause has sanctioned, the great principle,—the admission is universal, the undertaking English; the Exhibition is international, the subscription national.

This is a noble principle, and the only one worthy of the object and of yourselves. The response will be a corresponding one. The world, which has been your guest, will ask you to be theirs in their turn. You intend to admit, free of duty, all products of foreign industry to the Exhibition, as far as they are destined for this purpose only; the same will be

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done to you in the future Exhibitions on the continent of Europe and in the United States of America. . . . I rejoice to see your first houses everywhere the first in promoting this great national object. This spirit of true liberality does not surprise me. During a stay at Birmingham and Manchester I had the opportunity of seeing with admiration how soon and how thoroughly all local and class interests gave way to patriotic and liberal feelings. . . . It was quite right that you should take the lead in a proposal which must form an epoch in the history of modern commerce and industry. Some years ago, Prussia gave the first example of an exhibition of all branches of industry for the whole of Germany, whether they belonged to the Prussian Customs' Union or not. What Prussia has done for Germany, you are doing for the world. God bless you for it! It were very natural that you should entertain the anticipation of showing by such a general exhibition your own superiority; but the noble Earl has said, and I have heard it stated by other English authorities, that you think yourselves you may be beaten by foreigners in some branches of industry. . . . But, whatever the result of international competition for pre-eminence may be, I am sure of two things—first, that you will not fail to turn into triumph every defeat, if there be such, by your redoubled efforts to improve upon what you see others have done, and thus give a good example to others to do the same with similar energy and perseverance. Secondly, I am sure that you will prove yourselves superior in applying to general usefulness, and thus improving and diffusing over all classes of society, and over all quarters of the world, the benefit of whatever may be invented by others. . . .

Your vast undertaking has also a political, and a still higher, I may say, a humanitary character, and these features will not be the last to be acknowledged and hailed by the other nations, and secure their zealous co-operation. All epochs and eras in history have their peculiar signs and symbols; there are, I am sure, many present here who recollect the Congresses of Princes of former periods. They began by assemblies of mighty emperors for ambitious purposes, and prospective warlike expeditions; then, after the peace had been secured, followed more peaceful Congresses of Princes for the preservation of the same; they did not produce, how-

ever, the desired effect, nor were people much satisfied with their results. Now, the symbols of a new era are peaceful associations for intellectual purposes and general improvements; lately, we have had Congresses for the improvement of prisons, and for peace itself. All nations want peace, but peace, like all other heavenly gifts, must be nursed and cherished sedulously, reverently, incessantly. Peaceful meetings of nations for practical purposes and social improvements are the natural signs, indeed, the necessary pledges of peaceable dispositions among the mighty nations of the earth; and there was the other day a clause adopted in a city meeting which bears immediately upon this question—the only machines and instruments to be excluded from this Universal Exhibition are to be those of destruction. I remember it was a striking circumstance that when that general German Exhibition to which I have alluded, took place in 1844, the Prussian Government, in looking out for the best public building to be selected for that Exhibition, chose the celebrated Arsenal at Berlin. Thus, this magnificent building was emptied for that purpose, and the products of peaceful industry became, for months at least, the inmates of the storehouse and very sanctuary of war. But the principle you have lately sanctioned holds out a lasting protest against war and strife; you have by that act expressed that the arts of destruction ought not to be encouraged by national exhibitions and prizes. I am not over sanguine in my expectations; there is, and always will be, a mighty counteracting power of passions and evil desires, but there is a rational hope of gradual progress. . . . It is my firm belief that every good thing will be done whenever it can be done; and it can be done whenever the conviction becomes general among good and wise men that it ought to be done. I therefore would urge upon you to believe firmly in these principles, and to act boldly up to them; and be assured beforehand of the grateful acknowledgment and sympathy of all nations. They all want peace, and their immense majority strive and yearn no less for order in liberty than for liberty in order. The whole spirit of the undertaking calls our thoughts to something which appears to be even higher than what is generally called political relations; it may, under Divine Providence, become a signal progress in the great

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cause of humanity, of civilisation, and, therefore, of Christianity. Do you not think it a sign of the times that the Consort of the Queen of this mighty empire should have been the first to conceive, and the most zealous to promote, this Universal Meeting of civilised nations in this marvellous metropolis; that the Queen herself should come forward with her mighty word and bright example; that this idea and proposal should be taken up so energetically throughout this mighty empire as a great national cause; that the dignitaries of the Church should vie with the statesman, the nobleman with the manufacturer, and the artisan and operative with the master, in supporting this great national and social question, as a good work for everybody; that all nations should be ready to hear the announcement with joy and sympathy and honest rivalry—only two years after one of the greatest, most extensive, and deepest commotions in European society arose, and when the waves of that modern deluge have not yet subsided? I see already with my mind's eye hundreds of thousands of the most ingenious and enlightened classes of all civilised nations assembled, first here, in this ark of social order during the late deluge, and on this rock of true liberty; and later, at Paris and in the other capitals on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. I see the visitors admiring not only the cattle show, and the implements for agriculture, and the whole phalanx of the machinery of industry, but also the master-pieces of genius and taste. I behold mentally the wise and good men of all nations successively meeting in assemblies more elevated in object than those of the Olympic Games, and exchanging with each other wise thoughts and fruitful speculations. And do you not see with me how the walls of separation (unfortunately, still more or less connected with nationality) must fall down, not only before the trumpets of general industry and rivalry, but from the irresistible force of common feelings of brotherhood, of a consciousness that every nation in its day has to run the same glorious race of a truly ennobling progress of the leavening the things of this world with something higher, and freer, and nobler, and everlasting? Do you see how prejudices and evil feelings, still separating nations from nations, and brethren from brethren, will disappear before such an effusion of light and community

like spectres and demons of light?' Go on then, gentlemen —take the lead in this noble career—Europe and the civilised world has its eyes upon you; you have undertaken a work of astounding magnitude, carry it out in that noble spirit in which it has been conceived. Fulfil the prophetic words of your poet! * Go on; give out the word of friendship and peace to all nations—and the good men and good women of all nations will say, Amen! and the angels in heaven will say, Amen!

Bunsen to his son Henry.

London, Foreign Office: 8th March, 1850, four o'clock.

I am this moment come from the Privy Council, and have heard the most remarkable judgment pronounced, which since the Reformation and the civil wars has ever been given in this country on a great point of faith. The judgment of the Lower Court is reversed; Mr. Gorham's opinions not being heretical according to the Church of England, he has a *right* to be inducted. The contrary opinion would be against the clear principles of the Church of England, and dangerous to all subjects of Her Majesty, both for their spiritual and temporal interests. The Articles were to be taken as the doctrinal expression of the Church; the Liturgy, as the devotional expression. The Burial Service would alone suffice to prove that the expressions of a Liturgy ought to be interpreted with restrictions, not unconditionally. The judgment goes besides through the Baptismal Service itself, and, abstaining from all theological opinions, comes on legal ground to the decision.

It is remarkable, that, as stated in the Exordium, the two Archbishops fully agree with this judgment, the Bishop of London not (though he sat with them to hear the appeal). I can guess his difficulty; he would not give up, what he once brought forward, that Rubrics and Liturgy *also* were

* A passage from Pope had been quoted by Lord Carlisle at the close of his speech:

'The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide:
Earth's distant ends our glories shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to meet the old.'

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to be used to find out the *doctrine* of the Church. My excellent and truly venerable friend does not see that Rubrics and Liturgy may be used to *relax* and *take off the edges* of doctrinal formularies, but not to make them more strict and cutting. There is the mistake. In the latter sense I always have stood up for a Liturgy: but, God knows, never in the other sense. Besides, people ought to consider that the Rubrics and Liturgy were never intended to be a *regula fidei*, but only a rule of discipline, for good order.

Well, my dear Henry, this is an important day for your Church. May God bless it! I sat on the Privy Council seats, behind the right side of the Judges, along with Dr. Wiseman! Going out I met first W. Goode (the protagonist of the Evangelicals), with whom I shook hands, and who was *blissful*: then my way was stopped in the lobby by two persons—and who were they? Archdeacon Wilberforce and Hope. They drooped their heads, and after some silence, going on and I following them, Archdeacon W. said, 'Well, at least there is no mistake about it.' In which I heartily concur. B. has already announced (in a sermon) that he will go out. *Bon voyage!*

God bless you and yours!

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 20th March, 1850.

It is melancholy that we write so little to each other, and most probably the fault is mine. But that I have the same affection for you as ever, and that my whole house is attached to you, I can add with the best conscience. These lines will be brought to you by Lord Goderich, son of the Earl of Ripon—a young man of German cultivation, eager for improvement, who desires to know you and your works.

For my own part, I am more vexed at the blindness and ill intentions of the rulers, than at the folly of the people, and the criminal madness of their seducers. But I cling to the German cause, like a shipwrecked mariner to a plank, preferring to go down with it than enter any other vessel—rather consigning all such to the deep!

The month of April 1850 was marked to Bunsen and his family by an event rejoiced in at the time, and

ever after dwelt upon with earnest satisfaction—the marriage of his third daughter Mary to Mr. John B. Harford, of Stoke, near Bristol, on April 4: on which occasion it was found possible to collect all the ten children, five sons and five daughters, for the second time, the first having been at the time of the marriage of his son Ernest. A third such meeting was not to take place; the difference of age between the eldest and youngest being nineteen years, they never were all assembled in childhood under the parental roof, although each and all first saw the light in the same place, on the Capitol at Rome. A very serious illness followed this gratification of Bunsen's hopes and wishes: and he was for many days confined to bed by bronchitis and a gastric affection, for his entire recovery from which much time was required, even after he had returned to his accustomed activity. This was the description of disorder to which he from henceforth was perpetually subject,—preceding and accompanying the attacks of suffocation, which proved the gradual steps, in accelerated progression, of the mortal affection of the heart with which he struggled for ten years longer.

Contemporary Notice.

Friday, 15th May, 1850.

We were greeted at breakfast by M. Boucher, who had arrived the night before from Paris, and is full as usual of interesting communications. Later, M. Valette also reached our house, and we shall be privileged to have him as a guest during the few days he will remain in London; he is going on to Scotland. In the evening M. Boucher related much of his late travels in several directions in the south of France. In reply to questions about the state of the public mind, he said that of the various candidates for influence, Louis Napoleon was the only one with whom an idea is connected, because of his name and relationship, although of his individuality little or nothing is known; whereas the other men of any distinction, even including Cavaignac, are familiar only

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to a public hardly extending beyond the walls of Paris. The view of probabilities thus unfolded was new to everybody.

In conversation at dinner, M. Valette told us (among many things of higher interest) that a medal was circulating at Paris with a figure symbolising the Republic, with the words Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité; on her head a *star*; above, thick tresses; and underneath, the name of the maker, Oudinet. The inscription to be read thus:—Liberté—*point*; Egalité—*point*; Fraternité—*point*; détresse (des tresses) partout—où diner?—à la Belle Etoile. Very deficient in *esprit*, but abundant in illwill and utterance of the general dissatisfaction.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: Saturday, 8th June, 1850.

. . . I have to-day finished the *Fourth Book* of the outlines of the 'Life of Jesus:' the whole will consist of six. I hope by the end of this month to complete this sketch of the work, and also the Synopsis; and the 1st July to take 'Egypt' again in hand, in preparation for the congress of friends in August, to which Lepsius will also come in August.

Here all are tired to-day from yesterday's dancing at our house: it was daylight when I conducted the last lady to the door: nothing could be more successful. T. was lovely; F., queenly. Beauties *only* were invited.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Osborne House: Friday morning, 14th June, 1850.

We had an ideally fine journey—Lord John and I alone together, in the railway and on the steamer. We afterwards walked from the shore to the Queen's house. After luncheon I stayed in my room, till half-past four, when the Queen kindly told Lord John to call me to walk out with her, till seven. The air was delicious, and the conversation such as I thoroughly enjoy, open and free, and treating of things important for head and heart. At eight I had my audience, and I had compressed the address I had to make into very few words; the Queen was very gracious, and conversed much during dinner. To-day Lord John returns; I remain till to-morrow.

When I am away from home, and find all around very gratifying, a renewed consciousness comes over me of the love that binds me to you and the whole family group, and of the treasure I possess in all, and more especially in yourself. So it was with me yesterday, as my heart dilated in the magic circle, and I was impelled to tell you what I felt, which you must communicate to the rest: giving my love also to Aunt Sophia, and telling her that she belongs to the home-party.

Extract from Daughters' Diaries.

Friday, 21st June, 1850.

My father and Ernest went to Dover to meet the Prince of Prussia, who had travelled almost straight hither from Russia, and arrived thus just in time to be present at the baptism of his godson, Prince *Arthur Patrick Albert.*

Saturday, 22nd June.—My father was present at the baptism, and at the dinner afterwards; my mother was invited to the evening party. The Prince called to see us all in the course of the day, and was as kind as ever.

Monday, 24th June.—We were invited to go with my mother to the Palace, to a small evening party with music. We found ourselves to be the only *young ladies*, and attribute the distinction to the desire of the Queen to do peculiar honour to the family of my father just when the Prince was present. There was good music, and the playing of Blumenthal was very fine.

Saturday, 29th June.—My parents dined at Mr. Pusey's, and afterwards we went to Lady Palmerston's, where the crowd was greater than ever, because everybody desired to congratulate Lord Palmerston on the triumph of the Ministry, and particularly on his own triumph, in the debate on the Greek question the day before, which had threatened the overthrow of the Whig Ministry. Lord Palmerston had spoken four hours and a half without break or pause, to the admiration of all; and Sir Robert Peel in his speech later made him a striking compliment, saying, '*We* are all proud of him,' meaning the members of all parties, whether agreeing with him or not.

A deputation of noblemen and gentlemen had presented to Lady Palmerston a portrait of her husband, in token of

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approbation and admiration. The picture was hung up, but it is neither a good likeness nor a good painting. But how was everybody startled by the news, that Sir Robert Peel had been thrown from his horse when riding in the Park, and was seriously hurt!

Monday, 1st July.—The account of Sir Robert Peel is more alarming than at first; he suffers a great deal, the collar-bone being fractured in three places. . . . The Queen's first concert took place—but she will have wished everybody away, for she feels acutely the danger of Sir Robert Peel.

Tuesday, 2nd July.—My father dined with Mr. Hudson Gurney, to meet Anna Gurney. In the evening Lady Waldegrave's splendid ball was overcast, and in a measure broken up, by the melancholy news of Sir Robert Peel's death at half-past eleven o'clock. We went home, and so did many people. Ever since Sir Robert Peel has been considered in danger, a crowd has besieged the entrance of his house, and a bulletin was from time to time read aloud by a policeman. The deep and silent grief of all classes is most affecting.

3rd July.—The all-absorbing subject of interest has been collecting and hearing everything that can be known about Sir Robert Peel; the newspapers give an interesting summary of his life, and some of them were edged with black out of respect for him. The Queen's grief is excessive: she is in a constant flood of tears, and with the greatest difficulty could be prevailed upon to hold the Levee, which, having been fixed for this day, could not be put off. Many expressions of hers are quoted, showing her full sense of the loss she herself and the country have sustained:—'I have lost not merely a friend, but a father.'

Friday, 5th July.—My father dined at the Palace; the Queen for the first time came to dinner since the blow she has felt so much.

Saturday, 6th July.—The Prince of Prussia came to wish us good bye; Sir B. and Lady Hall were also here, because he desired to see them. My father and Ernest accompanied the Prince to Dover.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: 17th July, 1850.

The loss of Peel can never be supplied. The Queen and the Prince have shown, on the occasion of this calamity, their own high standing in human nature. Altogether, what a treasure of sincerity, truth, and noble feeling is there in this royal pair! What a blessing for the country! A great impression has been made upon the Prince of Prussia by such a degree of mourning for a public servant.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

9 Carlton Terrace: Tuesday, 31st July, 1850.

I intend to depart Thursday morning for Antwerp, to be at Bonn on Saturday early. I have leave of absence for the month of August. I thank you for all your kind sympathy. Lord ——'s insolence has been the means of endearing England to me, from the abundant expression of kindness, public and private, which it has drawn forth on all sides.

My conduct as to that incredible Protocol has been highly approved by my Government, and applauded by the nation. P. had yielded, when in a scrape, first to Russia, then to France: the prize has been the Protocol, the victim Germany. They shall never have my signature to such a piece of iniquity or folly!

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Monday, 5th August, 1850, Antwerp, Hôtel de St. Antoine.

Here we have landed, after the most ideally beautiful passage. The porpoises came dancing on the waves to meet us at the Nore, and at the North Foreland shoals of mackerel; then a glorious sunset over the moving lake, and after that, what a night! All round the vessel a phosphorescence like the Mediterranean, and the stars as it were obtruding themselves on my naked eye. I had been on deck all day; at half-past ten lay down on a sofa and slept quietly till near five o'clock, when I went on deck, and found myself in the Scheldt, with a sand-bank around, and no vessels. What a change from the last time of looking out! But the sky was more blue, and

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the sun hotter. Then we landed. We are three minutes' walk from the Cathedral, and I intend to stay here, instead of proceeding to iron Liège. Nothing is wanting but the one thing, wanted every hour,—and that is your dear self, with the group around you. If I am not strangely mistaken, I may bestow myself as a birthday present on the 25th.

Extract from a Letter to Bunsen.

London: Friday, 16th August, 1850.

The temptation is great to give way to your invitation to meet you,* which I was so glad to receive! But I see an evident necessity that I should stay with these girls. And much as I should rejoice, were the time but come for our hiring a house and living in quiet,—yet as we are still held fast here, it would be only tantalising to look at houses.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*Crossing the last on the way.*)

[Translation.] Bonn: Thursday, 15th August, 1850.

Lepsius came back last night, two days earlier than his promise. We have worked all morning, and shall have done on Saturday. On Sunday I go to wait upon the Princess of Prussia, and sleep at Cologne. The King expects me at Berlin, so Abeken writes, and Lepsius tells me. To avert such a calamity, I must be off before my four weeks are over. I shall, therefore, send off my letter from Cologne; when the King receives it, I shall be on my way to London; whither I shall return on the 24th straight, in case you do *not come.*

Bunsen executed his purpose, and was restored to his family on August 24th, pleased to hear that a plan had been made to spend his birthday (the 25th) in an afternoon expedition to see Hatfield, to be met by Lady Raffles and some young friends of his daughters—the whole forming a numerous and cheerful party, not one of whom could have anticipated the cloud which was to overcast the whole, in the discovery, then first made, of

* A proposal had been made by Bunsen that his wife should meet him, for the purpose of looking at houses in Bonn,—the wish to resign his post in London having revived; although he still contemplated the act as distant.

Bunsen's inability to walk even a short distance, from oppression on the chest. At Bonn he had first made the melancholy experience of this new infirmity, which he comforted himself with regarding as transitory, and had refrained from mentioning in his letters; nor could he yet make clear to himself that his physical existence was threatened, and his bodily powers no longer what they had been. With frequent resting, and much discomfort, he accomplished the round of the sights at Hatfield and of part of the park with the rest; but had not been three days at home before the ever-increasing suffocation became complicated with a gastric disorder, from which after many days the strenuous regimen, imposed by the treatment of Dr. Curie, restored him to comfort and comparative health. But he was ordered to take a bare quantity of indispensable food, with strict regard to diet, as to the quality and number of meals. Dr. Curie did not utter the sentence, implied in the terms 'disorder of the heart;' but his advice coincided with that of Sir Henry Holland two years later, who was the first person to give the true name to this breaking-up of health and ease. This disorder was critical in more ways than one; for Bunsen had returned from his journey with the full determination at once to take leave of absence for a year, preparatory to a final resignation of his post and of diplomatic life; and his wife at his desire had commenced preparations for a family-removal, when, the illness intervening, the plan was indefinitely postponed.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: Wednesday morning, 25th September, 1850.

I have undertaken an immense work about the Chinese Dictionary, but it certainly will not be like the labour of Sisyphus. The ripened fruit is already there; the gold lies revealed in daylight—whether the shaft be a productive one or not, leading into the heart of the world's history, the

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event alone can show. I have *extracted* 130 out of the 400 roots, and already *worked out* 70 of the number. Thereby it has become highly probable to me, that for each of the 400 roots the 'Hieroglyph' is yet to be found; Rémusat says, he believes there exist 200 such, but I find many besides, which he seems to have overlooked. It is most natural, that there should have been as many hieroglyphs as words—otherwise the one half must have consisted of compound hieroglyphics. Such there are—for instance, Sun and Eye together = Light. But each root must have been connected originally with a simple symbol. The system of writing was consolidated about 2950 years before Christ. The dryness of the work is relieved by the enjoyment of the *naïve* poetry of the original language in transmitting significations.

Bunsen to Platner (Saxon Chargé d'Affaires at Rome).

[Translation.]

London: 30th September, 1850.

It was very kind in you to send me a few lines by our friend Emil Braun, with an account of yourself. More especially do I rejoice to perceive that you are not only in health and strength at your advanced time of life, but that you retain that freshness and freedom of spirit, without which life is not life, and old age becomes a torment and chastisement. I learn from your communications that you, like myself, have steered again into the haven of free speculation and science, out of which we both sailed in youth into the open sea of present struggle and action. I have been led back into that harbour of refuge by enquiry and thought, and the course of life and its experiences; and I thank God, that I have not, either as a thinker or as a believer, suffered shipwreck, nor bartered my liberty for any form whatsoever.

I too have studied Giordano Bruno in late years with peculiar interest and deep sympathy; the recent occasion having been the translation of Schelling's Dialogue, *Bruno*, by that truly uncommon woman, the Marchesa Florenzi Waddington, into the most exquisite Italian, with admirable intelligence and comprehension,—which she requested me to examine critically with her; and I did so the more readily, as her work had been one not of vanity, but of benevolence towards an Italian philosopher, Mamiani, eighty years of

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age, who, unacquainted with German, longed to read the work of Schelling in his own fine language.

The work of Bartolmès of Strasburg (which received the prize in 1847), 'Sur la Vie et les Ecrits de Giordano Bruno,' gave me a second occasion of becoming more nearly acquainted with that strange, erratic, comet-like spirit, marked by genius, but—a Neapolitan; whose life was but a fiery fragment. But, indeed, all that is of *man* is no more than a fragment! Even Schelling finds it impossible to come to a close; his great work is not likely to appear till after his death, for he will be applying the file to the last moment. I can never cease to regret his having overloaded himself with philosophical-historical matter, so that the ballast became too massive for the fire-ship. I read his earlier works with increasing admiration. It has been by independent speculation that I have been brought nearer to Hegel. What originally repelled me, is what I always miss in him: *personality*, —that which I call *self-consciousness*, finite and infinite, as the source and substratum of all life. Yet what an immense undertaking has he not, up to a certain point, successfully accomplished! The remaining task is, *first*, to preserve the liberty of speculation in Germany,—at present its only home and refuge; and *then*, to bring about the union, and the reconciliation of research and thought, of religion and science, of idea and reality, in a legitimate manner, that is, in moral consciousness, and in a living faith in the moral order of the universe, as being the centre of gravity in the spiritual cosmos.

Should you go to Germany, a stay of eight months would suffice to enable you to convince yourself that herein is to be found the centre of the endeavours and aspirations of all the noble spirits in the nation; and that this nation itself is in the midst of the birth-throes of the political and spiritual future of mankind, which the German mind is, even now, called upon to endure and struggle through for the whole of humanity. From some expressions of yours, which perhaps I have misunderstood, you seem to doubt this; but you would be the first to admit being mistaken, if you could again see and know Germany. For political information, I refer you to Braun; and only assure you, with the frankness of an old friend, that you commit an anachronism in considering

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Kings and Princes (since 1848) as the leaders in German politics.'

Das gewaltige Schicksal,
Meinen Herrn und Deinen.

'Events and mighty Fate—My Lord and Thine' (as the divine Göthe says) are driving on the German national movement, which, after a short triumph of dynastic selfishness or blindness, will annihilate all the powers of evil which have been arrayed against it. We are already well advanced in Germany, although but in the first act of our constitutional development. The storm is over, and has cleared the atmosphere.

I am as glad to hear that you are upon so good a footing with the truly Christian and high-principled Pabst (Protestant minister at Rome), on his account as on yours. In the love to all moral truth, and in divine love itself, lies the great and real point of union for all that has been separated, and the eternal bond of all hearts which have been kindled by the lightning-flash from above.

I rejoice in the fine artistical development of your son. When the spirit shall move you, pray write to me again, and remain assured of my unalterable attachment and faithful friendship. Farewell, and continue to me your affection!

Bunsen to friend Kestner, in his Museo-Kestneriano, Roma.

[Translation.]

London: 30th September, 1850, morning.

. . . It was sad that our intention of meeting on the Rhine came to nothing. If you can but come here in 1851, I hope it will be either late (end of July) or early (end of April), for between those dates I shall have no quiet: and you must live nowhere but with us. I have a real need to have a thorough intercourse, and a fresh weaving-in of life with you. It did me good to see my dear fatherland again, and to convince myself anew that the German people—however inferior in the art of regulating its political affairs (because too honest not to believe the promises so freely made in need), torn to shreds for centuries, and never actually united—is yet the first of nations, not only in the intellectual sphere, as being that of knowledge and of faith in its true

sense (that is, of a belief in the Invisible, the Spiritual, and therefore above all in the Divine order of the universe, in short, in God Himself), but also in maturity of opinion (*Gesinnung*), if it could but manage to act on its own perceptions. What I in my inmost heart consider to be right, and true, and reasonable, I there found distinctly impressed as a general conviction; and even with individuality of conception, with a certain originality, and a living certainty; and without any real difference between Catholics and Protestants. CHAP. XIV.

But political discussion was a thing for very few: I avoided the subject in general society. On the other hand, I revelled for four days in conversation with Rothe, on speculative and theological topics; four days with Lepsius on Egypt and India; two days with Bleek on the life of Jesus; and the evenings with Welcker on art and archæology. Sometimes I took walking exercise, but not enough: and to that neglect, and the change of diet, and the hours of meals (perhaps having brought with me the germs of the disorder), I ascribe having returned with an inflammatory fever, from which the admirable homœopathic treatment (with nine days' fasting) has, however, relieved me. Since my recovery, I have determined, after long inward conflict, still to continue dragging at my load, in spite of season and Exhibition troubles, and at least labour against the powers of evil in my position, even though it should not be allowed me to effect any good, in the matter of Schleswig-Holstein. Meanwhile, I am with all my might at work. The sketch of what may still demand preliminary labour is complete, and I now behold the connection of the Egyptian with the Chinese as capable of being made out, but I must (curiously enough) collect for myself all materials in the first place:—for, as yet, the strange language of China has only been examined and enquired into in its signs, and not in its sounds. I feel confident of the result, that is, the confirmation of the view which I have held and followed up throughout my life, and which I stated four years ago in a book written in English,—that the human race possesses *one* language, and the ancient history of the world lies deposited in the speech of subsequent nations. We discover, in following up the course of the world-organising races, a line of from ten to twenty thousand years, which, somewhere about the middle, was broken through, by various local floods, an

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upheaval of mountains, a sinking of valleys, in Central Asia. Chronology exists only for about five thousand years backwards from our time, and originally in Egypt alone, which itself was a depository of the extinct, submerged, original Asia about the sources of the Euphrates, beyond Babylon and Palestine. The Jewish documents give us connected records of time up to David; in the first twenty chapters of Genesis are, however, most important traditions, for the greater part misunderstood, from the very earliest times. Therefore the way of scientific enquiry, beyond Egypt, reverts to Asia, and the documents are the languages: the computation of time is by epochs, as in the early history of the material earth, only that we have not to deal with millions of years, nor with a stratification of rocks, but with a comparative span of time (for the human race on earth is of yesterday), and the epochs are those of our own spirit and of our self-consciousness.

We have read latterly in the evenings your '*Römische Studien*' with great pleasure,—the images of Roman life and of your own life are refreshing. I hope this valuable little book will make its way, at this time of political evolution and provocation,—in spite of the mental confusion and narrowness which result therefrom.

What joy has been reflected in our house, by the beaming countenance of our Mary, returned from her wedding tour, Braun can tell you.

To yourself I wish a continuance of life untroubled in your chosen country of the arts, for I am convinced that you can only live at Rome; but all the more should you pay visits to the friends *ultra montes*, in Germany and England.

My wife will write herself. How often we miss that reflex of all grace and goodness, our mother, gone to her home! And Christiana too, is also gone before her. . . .

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

11th October, 1850.

I am thankful to say I feel quite well again, and am in the midst of preparations for my fifth volume, and more particularly of the Chinese language. I found I could not do my task without undertaking this labour:—all have hitherto considered that language as if consisting of *signs*, not of

sounds; and thus I must make myself a *Dictionary* according to the sounds, for only on this basis can I found any resemblance with other languages.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Broadlands: 28th October, 1850.

Here I am, most kindly received—and they have asked exactly all the persons to meet me whom I could be supposed to like to see: *no* diplomatists, but the Jocelyns, Rawlinson, Honourable Charles Murray, with a Persian who accompanies him; and Mr. Sullivan;—Spencer Cowper is expected. All is arranged for an alliance rather than for a rupture, and that is also my key-note. I have received this day from Radowitz (dated 23rd and 24th) intelligence of the same plan being adopted, which on the 24th I ventured on my own responsibility to propose, and which on the 25th I recommended to the Government:—an armistice between the Duchies and Denmark—and negotiations and proposals for peace, at the same time. That instruction has been sent to Kiel and to Copenhagen on the 23rd. So this augurs well for a good understanding between Radowitz and myself, and as a starting-point at Broadlands.

The usual longing has already recommenced, to get back to you and your children, and the life of Carlton Terrace. But it is right to be here.

Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

9 Carlton Terrace: 4th December, 1850.

I must make it the first work of this day to write you a line—first to explain why I did not come to you yesterday at *one o'clock*—having received your invitation not till *after one*. Secondly, to bless you, and say how I bless God, for having given you that thought of showing sympathy and charity to those outcast children of society, between whom and this stepmother of theirs, God alone can definitely judge, and who have given proofs of their earnest wish to exchange a life of work and obedience for one of reckless vagabondage. It is the experience of the love of brethren whom they see, which leads them to believe in the love of the Father whom they do not see; so Christ and His beloved disciple both have

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said; and Pestalozzi said the same when he began *his* Ragged School about fifty years ago,—and so said that poor forlorn boy, whom that man of God at the Hallische Thor, at Berlin, reclaimed after years of prayer and toil. So all reclaimed Chartists and Communists declare, as their own experience.

And it touches me particularly, that you, my beloved daughter, spoke to them as the Spirit gave you to speak, when you had assembled them around you; and that you did so on the anniversary of a day on which God visited you so visibly, in taking to Himself the child He had given you! May God give you grace and power to go on humbly and unostentatiously, in this blessed way, thus showing yourself as a true follower of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of His true servant, your great and never-to-be-forgotten aunt, Elizabeth Fry. God bless you!

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.] Windsor Castle: 4th January, 1851.

Soon comes the tempest of the World's Exhibition and migration of nations—perhaps also of politics now slumbering in our disgrace. My duty is of course to hold out until the end of the Exhibition, but then with all caution to endeavour after the execution of the plan of removal, which the hand of God so decidedly defeated last year—as I can now perceive, according to the eternal wisdom of His fatherly Providence. I meditate going in August on leave of absence with your mother to Bonn, with purpose to return only to take final leave. All this I shall talk over with you when you come in February—of course the plan is not to be spoken of; the Ministry would be too happy to send me away, but the King supports me faithfully and powerfully. My recall was demanded by Austria and proposed by Manteuffel. You know the reasons which make it a duty on my part not readily to yield to my adversaries this important post.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: Monday, 6th January, 1851.

The only thing important in a despatch received from Berlin to-day,—the first sign of life from that quarter since 1st November of last year,—is that, to judge from the expres-

sions made use of, the London Protocol at least is *not* to be signed.

The days passed at Windsor have greatly refreshed and strengthened me; and I shall never forget your friendship then shown to me.

Bunsen having been very generally supposed to have suggested the idea of the first Great Industrial Exhibition, which in such various ways engrossed attention during the year 1851, it is necessary to insist upon the fact of his having had no other connection with the project, than by taking a strong interest in its accomplishment, and working with all the zeal and energy of his character in favour of the design of Prince Albert, and in defence of it. That it did not originate with him, is a simple fact; but it may also be said that the idea was not of the kind native to his mind, to which the whole mass of interests connected with trade and the perfecting of objects of industry was foreign, and which could only enter upon the entire subject historically and statistically. Bunsen admired the royal grasp of mind in Prince Albert, which led to a conception productive of such beneficial and lasting effects, and perceived from the first, that the results could hardly fail to tend to that friendly amalgamation of nations in the pursuit of arts and objects of peace, towards which all his own efforts and wishes tended. The variety and virulence of objection made to a proposal for a comparative view of the products of various countries and of the results of industry of all nations, with a view to stimulate talent and to offer examples on all hands—however rational and natural it may seem to be, now that the complete success of Prince Albert's design has created an insatiable desire after such Exhibitions—would seem incredible, were it not sufficiently fixed in the memory of the contemporaries whose patience was tried by it; and Bunsen and his family were peculiarly exposed to the brunt of animad-

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version on the supposed absurdities of the plan, and the dangers and inconveniences anticipated, from the general attribution of the blame to him as being its originator. The greater part of the Corps Diplomatique made open show of the ill-humour felt and expressed by their respective Courts; the sentiments of which prevailed over the mind of the King of Prussia to such an extent, that in the first instance his permission was refused to the Prince and Princess of Prussia to accept the invitation of Queen Victoria; and was finally granted rather in consideration of the decided wish of the Prince to make the proposed visit, than in consequence of the arguments and the evidence which Bunsen forcibly brought before His Majesty, to prove the tales of conspiracy to be wholly fictitious which in continental Courts were received as credible.

A nation which reads newspapers is capable of being acted upon by opinion, and of acting in unison as one man; and certainly, from whatever cause, the opening of the Exhibition of the 1st of May, 1851, was a decided success—the weather was perfect, and the general good humour, as well as the demeanour and behaviour of the countless multitudes, proved that the English public resolved to do themselves, and the day, and the cause of popular interests, all honour, as well as to the Queen and to her Government.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: 18th January, 1851.

. . . The unmeasured expressions in the letters of X. and Y. and Z., as well as the utterances of L. and G. and other friends that have been reported to me from Berlin,—and at the same time, the assertions in a letter of Humboldt's, subdued in language by eighty-two years of age and by Court life, yet in another way exciting, have brought my heart, already agitated by parting from Radowitz, into such a commotion and dashing of waves, that I find it doubly tran-

quillising to address to you a few lines, and seek in contemplation of you, of your patriotism, of your friendship, and of your steadiness of political judgment, to moderate the inward storm, and in some degree to lighten the burden that weighs upon me. It is hard, indeed, in such a time, to be the servant of a King, and not a free man. But I am where God placed me. . . . Every man who is above fifty years old bears his history upon his own back. It is of no use to endeavour to make men other than they are: but where evil does not rule as a principle, and the divine spark is not quite extinguished, much can be accomplished, if the just complement can be found.

May God be with you, and the God-favoured Royal pair with whom you dwell!

With a faithful, much saddened, but not desponding heart,

BUNSEN.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: Thursday morning, 18th March, 1851.

Künzel wishes to give a characteristic sketch of Peel—and that is what you alone can write, or dictate. Pray do it. Life is short, and your words will remain. I refer you to-day, meanwhile, to your own letter (sent, I think, to the '*Deutsche Zeitung*') on the subject of the cavillers against Peel in Germany, in the autumn of 1850. You once devoted much time to Guizot, and I rejoice that you can now place Peel on a German pillar of honour,—that would be a work far more rewarding the effort, and for Germans more instructive, and more especially consoling.

One of my dearest and best friends, Lachmann, has died in his fifty-eighth year, at Berlin. I am much grieved by this loss. Tieck too is dead.

. . . The Tories are still spreading the alarm of plague, famine, insurrection, &c., &c., as likely to be the effect of the Exhibition. *Mundus insanit.* I am in 'Egypt.'

To the Same.

[Translation.]

26th April, 1851.

. . . The Prince of Prussia is to arrive in the afternoon of the 29th. . . . I am finishing the fourth volume of 'Egypt'

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for the press, having in the latter months retouched the second and third for the English edition. The results are still more decisive than I had expected. The history of nations can, approximately, be carried on up to 9,000 years before our time; the history of the dream-period, in which language and mythology arose, extends to between 15,000 and 20,000 years; and all this in the development of the race of our blood-relations. But our chronology extends with astronomical certainty to above 3,600 years before Christ.

Old President Schön has written me an admirable letter; he is, in his eighty-seventh year, still full of hope for Germany and Prussia, and for the victory of what is right and good, and of the spirit and intelligence of the nation, just as when he wrote the letters to Stein in 1812 and 1813, which I hope you will have read in the 'Life of Stein,' vol. iii. B.

I hear with pleasure that the Prince interests himself for that truly remarkable school of Monro's at Harrow Weald. No doubt, the small publication will be known to the Prince, on the subject of that institution, which gives important promise for the future about the cultivation of real schoolmasters and preachers for the people—otherwise, it is at his service. I happen to know something about that school.

From the newly-discovered work of the Bishop Hippolytus of the year 230, it would appear that the Nicene Creed is, to say the least of it, one-sided.

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

London: 28th April, 1851.

I rejoice to see in your case that misfortune and trial better reveal what is in the man, than good fortune; and that you maintain equanimity in the one case as well as in the other. Who could have believed, dear friend, that there had been in Germany so much wickedness and faithlessness? Still we will sing the *Magnificat*, out of which, in the indignation of your honest heart, you quote a suitable verse. I fear these times will deprive many a man of faith in the Divine government of the world—short-sighted though they be. Pray read with me the seventy-third Psalm, as I have translated it.

Do you know, dear friend, that I think you ought to come

to London during the Exhibition? My proposal is, that you should alight here, No. 9 Carlton Terrace—where your room is ready for you. The sooner you come, the better—says the mistress of the house, with best greeting. Surely, you will come?

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: 10th May, 1851.

. . . In this very year, therefore, before the end of July, you ought to *have been here.* In July the Court goes into the country; from August to April is the empty period. June is therefore the best month. In May we have the house full; but from the 10th June you would be most welcome.

We all rejoice at the cheerfulness with which you have accepted our invitation. God will grant a blessing to your coming! All greet you, including Neukomm.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

April, 1851.

Tell your excellent B——— that he should not take it ill of Germans, that they give him as an Israelite the hindmost place:—*that will not be of long continuance;* it is ever more becoming clear to me, in beholding the Jewish dispensation from the stand-point of universal history, that whoever will not give up the world's history in despair, must assume in his own soul the future fact of the Christianising, Hellenising, Germanising, of the Jewish system; and say to himself, as a son of Israel, that he is *thus* brought nearer to Abraham than he was before. Such sons of Israel must therefore help the sons of Japhet to *Hellenise* Christianity, to raise it to the idea of entire humanity; in other words, to found the *true* Hero-worship with the *one true* Dionysos-Osiris at its head. That sounds absurd, but is yet true!

Extract from a Daughter's Letter.

Carlton Terrace: 3rd May, 1851.

. . . I hope you will have heard something of my mother's impression of the splendid opening of the Exhibition on Thursday, the 1st—and I wish you could hear how my father speaks about it—he was *so happy* that all had turned out so

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well, that in the evening after E. and G. had sung many favourite pieces of Händel and Mendelssohn and Neukomm, he asked us all to join in a few verses of 'Sei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut'—as the only appropriate expression of his feelings of thankfulness and entire satisfaction. He looks upon this Exhibition as most important also in a political point of view, in honouring the interests of *the people at large*, by an assemblage of the people, attended and countenanced and sympathised in by royalty and nobility; not as in former times, a costly gathering *of* and *for* kings and princes and grandees alone, with attendants and spectators.

Bunsen to Max Müller.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: seven a.m., 15th May, 1851.
(Olymp. ii. 1, by German chronology.)

I must after all take my early hour for writing to you, instead of writing or preparing a chapter for my fifth Book on 'Egypt'; for I foresee that the day's flood, beginning with breakfast-time, will not have ebbed till after midnight: and I must utter to you two sorts of things: first, my thanks and congratulations for the plan of your lectures. You have considered the Epos in its full significance as to universal history; and for the first time brought it in connection with the earliest time of the epic nations, and their original consciousness of language. That has given me inexpressible pleasure, and revived in me the longing after your presence, and of being enabled to read to you some chapters, the writing of which has been an exquisite delight to me.

I undertook the restoration of the time of the patriarchs, in the belief of their reality, and by the method I have followed all through: and the greatness of the result has astonished me. Having finished this section, I felt the courage to add to the Preface composed last Easter, an Introduction, entitled 'History and Method of the Contemplation of the History of Humanity:' and have thus reverted, as by a stroke of magic, to the last Paradise of my innermost consciousness of life; my prescient grasp of future discovery, having been in the solemn nights from 1810 to 1813 consecrated into a vow; and the statement thereof

having been written at Berlin, to ask the confirmation of Niebuhr in the last weeks of my German (as distinguished from my cosmopolite) life—January, 1816.

What I wrote down in 1816 now comes full and fresh before my mind, after thirty-five years: my Indian voyage is become an Egyptian voyage, and the life-voyage tends towards its close. But having, since 1816, sought the form and the occasion for seizing that original idea of youth, as a fixed point of aim, having devoted to it the life of life, thought, research, enquiry: having, in the narrow valleys of active duty and of individual investigation, lost sight of the glorious prospects from sunny summits (except in single moments of rapturous vision)—now, at length, has the flood of Egyptian enquiry, after a quarter of a century, lifted me once again upon the Ararat from whence I had descended into the conflict of existence. I only intended to give a summary view of the mode of treating the world's history: and to my astonishment, something different has come out, at which I start back amazed, but gaze with rapture, and devote myself with all my heart's youthful glow.

I believe I have to acknowledge a part of my happiness as procured to me by enemies and opponents; for what the newspapers say is true, not only the Prussian Camarilla and her instruments in the Ministry, but those higher powers which seek to strangle in their embrace both Prussia and Germany, have demanded of the King my recall; but as yet he has supported me with the faithfulness of a friend, as well as of a King. Such attacks rouse in me at once both rage and courage: and since on the day of receiving the intelligence of our thorough defeat (20th November, 1850), I determined to complete my Egyptian work, God has graciously imparted to me such courage abundantly. Never have I worked with such a satisfactory result, since that time when, besieged on the Capitol by the Pope, and left to my fate by Berlin from the 6th January to Easter Sunday, 1838, I first designed the five books on Egypt. Not even the Great Exhibition nor the visit of the Prince and Princess of Prussia have caused a break; the fourth volume was closed on Sunday evening, 27th April, and early on Tuesday, the 29th, I wrote, at Dover, the first chapter of the 'Traditions of the Earliest Times,' after the Preface (mentioned already) had been granted to me on

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Easter Sunday. On the 27th May, all that had been connected with the visit of the Prince had rung out its last echoes on the strand of Dover, whither I accompanied him, as I had gone there to receive him.

I have now advanced as far as Leibnitz, in the historical view, which will be closed with Schelling and Hegel, Göthe and Schiller, and which began with Abraham.

Now, you should come here, just at this time, if Oxford and the gods of the Veda permit. Meanwhile I announce that G. will accompany the amiable Prince Frederick William with Colonel Fischer to Oxford, and show the future King of Prussia (incognito) the European Benares.

I have still something to suggest about the 'Niebelungen.' Your admirable letter ripened in my mind a thought which often has shot through it,—that the slightly veiled historical foundation of the poem, as well as its most ancient nationalities, have never been sufficiently examined into and brought into evidence. Grimm does not care for what is historical, further than his own 'Beginnings of Nations' are concerned: and my dear deceased Lachmann was always disinclined to concern himself with it. When I wrote for Chateaubriand (in 1825) that short essay in French which he printed in his 'Mélanges,' I read through all that had been published on the point which most nearly concerned me, and was surprised at the scantiness of matter collected; and since that time I have not heard of any further enquiry on the subject. Yet how can one believe that the notices of Günther and the Burgundians in the poems, should stand alone and single of their kind? To me it is clear, for example, that the myth which brings Attila and the great Theodoric of the Visigoths together as contemporaries, has its historical root in the fact, that Theodoric King of the Visigoths fell in the critical battle of Châlons, 451, contending against Attila, while his son Thorismund, rallying the forces to revenge the death of his father, by a last effort overcame the Barbarians, and proved himself the victor: whereupon the Franks drove the Huns across the Rhine. Hence it is that Attila is connected with the great King of the Ostrogoths (who lived forty years later), and with the royal house of the Visigoths, and their kingdom itself—with all which nevertheless Attila could have had nothing to do. By neglecting

such scattered particulars, one falls at last into the Görres-Grimm-twilight, in which, not only everything *is everything*, but everything becomes *nothing*. *Etzel* is to the perceptions of Grimm *not Attila*, but a 'raillery of tradition,' allowing of no certain conclusion. I find, on the contrary, that wherever the instrument is not wanting to point out and prove the process of fermentation and decomposition in the historical materials, out of which (by a mode perfectly analogous to the process of originating language in the first period of man) the epic tradition organically proceeds, the genius of epic poetry, when its due time is come, interposes its grasp, with an historical consciousness of destiny; as does the tragic poet at a later period. If you should have time, pray follow up this track. Your generation and your fraternity have their weak side in this (the historical) direction: and all that concerns that enigma called 'people' has been driven too much into the background by the superciliousness and pomposity of our critical system of research. The saying of our humourists of the eighteenth century, that 'Nothing new has taken place in Germany since the death of Hermann,' might be repeated with the alteration, '*since Siegfried's death.*' The popular mind which mourned over the fall and murder of Hermann, was the same which formed in its tragic mood the tradition of Sigurd. Must not the hearts of our own ancestors, whose blood flows in our veins, have felt as we do under similar emergencies? In all times and down to the present day false brethren have betrayed, sold, and murdered the German Prince called the People. Had we but, even now, a Siegfried-Hermann! *Exsurget ultor!*

The Exhibition is and will remain the most poetical event of our time, and one deserving a place in the world's history. *Les Anglais ont fait de la poésie sans s'en douter*, as M. Jourdain was found to have made prose. As soon as you can, come to see the Exhibition and us!

Extract from a Letter of a Daughter.

9 Carlton Terrace: 25th August, 1851.

I should like to procure you a glimpse of our usual luncheon and tea-table, which (particularly the latter) is generally surrounded by an average number of from twenty to twenty-six guests, very various and distinct from each other. First,

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you would see Wichern, from Hamburgh, with his tall commanding figure, and his fine, mild, but yet decided and energetic countenance, and his deep bass is always heard pervading all other voices. Then (usually sitting next him) Bernays, from Bonn, forms the strangest possible contrast, with his small, quicksilver figure, and black-bearded, restless clever face. Then Lieber, from America, with his fixed, melancholy, sentimental look, joining nevertheless in conversation with great zest and interest, always mixing in strange outlandish compliments. Next to him, Waagen, with his inexhaustible fund of good humour and anecdote, always for the benefit of everyone within reach of listening. Then Gerhard, with his benevolent expression, ready either for serious or learned talk, or for any joke or fun that may be going on; and his wife, with her never-failing, mild cheerfulness and interest in everything, without any fuss or fidgeting, thus giving only pleasure in daily intercourse and no trouble. These are the inmates of the house, to which you must suppose in addition a regular supply of unexpected guests drop in at every meal. Yesterday, Pastor Krummacher came with two daughters to make a call;—and while we detained his daughters here, he joined Wichern and several others to inspect some Ragged Schools. They returned about eight o'clock, when the home set were just ready to rise from table, so room could be made for the five who entered. First, Wichern; then Cramer, from Lyons (whom we much liked), who married Elizabeth Sieveking; Krummacher; Le Grand, brother of the friend of Oberlin; and a Mr. Marriot, of Basle, a kind of missionary going about all Germany, and seeming more of a German than an Englishman.

On Saturday evening, when Count Albert Pourtalès was here (his company is most agreeable, and he has not forgotten his visit at Totteridge in 1848), and F., wishing to divert the course of conversation, endeavoured to lead Waagen to relate a celebrated story of his, Waagen was deeply engaged in conversation with one of the five Professors from Berlin, and thus she found it necessary to repeat the call in rather a louder tone, 'Herr Professor!' whereupon five figures instantly started up with a bow, responsive to the appeal, which each supposed intended for

himself! Wichern makes good use of his time; every minute of the day that is left unoccupied in his present business (of examining establishments and institutions, taking cognisance of what is accomplished and what is wanting) makes him unhappy, as his active and almost restless mind has been so long accustomed to be bent strongly in one decided direction. We directed him yesterday to the church of St. Barnabas, as he wished to witness the Puseyite worship; and he came back with a headache, from having heard one uninterrupted chant in unintelligible succession during two hours and a half. To-day, he is gone with George to Pentonville. About four o'clock, we drive to dine at Upton with Mr. Gurney, a party of sixteen, in three carriages, half of the party being unacquainted with the English language.

Bunsen to his Wife.

St. Leonard's: 4th September, 1851.

I must tell you myself how happy I am, and how well! The strengthening effect of the sea air is not to be described. I have only to take care not to be too much excited; for I should prefer never to sleep, but work on, except when lying stretched out on the beach, as I feel no fatigue. It is here most enjoyable! E. and E. have arranged everything in perfection. Else von Arnim is lovely; the Prince and Princess of Wied most amiable; the brother of the Princess, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, is the handsomest prince I have seen. What luxury, in this security not to be interrupted! *You* are wanting to us—but we are glad of the reason why.

'Out of children grow up people,' as the German proverb says; and out of pages grow books. My 'Hippolytus' has grown into two volumes. The order of the day is: I rise at five; walk on the sea-shore from half-past eight to nine; breakfast; work till twelve, then a second walk till one o'clock. The Princess holds her Court sitting on the sands; we talk and read aloud. Rest from one to half-past; then dine; from two to three, talking and music; from three to six, driving or walking; from six to eight, working; then tea; after that, general conversazione. I sit on the balcony, head uncovered: Ernest sings, so does that dear Else.

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Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

St. Leonard's-on-Sea: 12th September, 1851.

I hope the meeting of German Protestants (*Kirchentag*) in Elberfeld will have blessed results for church and country; let us but have *action* and fraternal *co-operation*; let us have no further *Confessions* of faith and doctrine, besides that excellent one which the Assembly has already made! I do not object to the alliance (*Confœderatio*), instead of complete *union* (*Unio*), as things now are: may the sacred work of the 'Union' not be destroyed!—the stubble may well burn, for much of evil has found place there. Only let not the wholly antiquated Confessions be placed in front! For that which we ought essentially to acknowledge and teach, Christ's own consciousness of Himself, is not yet to be discerned in that well-meant mixture of Byzantinism, Scholasticism, and Formalism of the seventeenth century, the *Formula Concordiæ*: and of the *deeds* of Christ there is far less mention than of what happened *to Him* from the Birth to the Ascension. The height of action was with Him endurance: and therein the central point of a renewed consciousness *must* and *will* be placed, as the mystery of the kingdom of God lies in self-sacrifice.

Bunsen to Platner.

[Translation.]

London: 20th September, 1851.

My Beloved Old Friend,—I cannot let Braun depart without sending you a sign of life and of affection: but first of all pray accept the assurance of heartiest sympathy from my wife and myself on your irreparable loss. We are thankful to hear that God mercifully preserves to you not only a tolerable share of health, but also a fresh and cheerful spirit, which is of yet more value. What you tell me of your continued philosophical studies is an additional proof to me that the essential does not fail to outlive all besides: I have also arrived at the conviction that the free philosophical enquiry, such as we find in Giordano Bruno and Spinosa, claims to be ranked with those of Plato among the greatest and highest of human contemplations. In my mind the *formulæ* as to the opposition and the unity of *Sein* (to

Be) and *Werden* (to Become) take a different shape, as you shall read, please God, next year in Book V. of my Egyptian work. Our greatest thinkers, alas! in their restoration of true philosophy, allowed the conscious Will to escape them, and with it personality, that is, self-consciousness—without which we can conceive neither of God nor of Man. Personality is not limitation. CHAP. XIV.

I thought you might like to read 'Carrière's Discourses' and the 'Life of Bruno, by Bartolmès;' and Dr. Braun has undertaken to take with him the two books for you in my name, as a memorial of an old friend. Pray let me soon hear from you again: I shall always try to reply quickly.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

1st November, 1851.

I am decidedly against your being modelled into a Government official. In the future condition of things, a young man of ability must only enter the public service when he is independent, and can resign when he sees cause. The bureaucracy of the Prussian State will be in future looked upon as servitude; wherefore, then, should you not strive to be first a free man, and then a candidate for office? The case may be different with philologers, theologians, judges, and luminaries of science.

23*rd December.*—Louis Napoleon asserts, that he, as well as the first Napoleon, desires liberty in legality. But of what does his system consist? Solely of rule from above, without any degree of spontaneous activity below. The Napoleonic system is more despotic than that of Nero. The modern police centralisation is a machine of oppression, unknown to the ancients; from which the Restoration and Louis Philippe had also to suffer, through their own fault. The parliamentary system, without municipal and provincial freedom, is an absurdity.

12*th February.*—Beware of separating politics from right and rectitude!—not because 'honesty is the best policy' (which may be very falsely interpreted), but because political action rightly signifies nothing but the application of moral reason to public concerns and relations.

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Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

Christmas Day, 1851.

The Nemesis has fallen upon the author of the London Protocol and of the Greek affair: Lord Palmerston has fallen by being in opposition to the Cabinet, Lord John at the head, about the Napoleon affair, he (Lord P.) having gone the length of saying England *approved* all Louis Napoleon had done—which he was absolutely forbidden to say. This is *true*, but still a secret.

CHAPTER XV.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROSPECTS OF GERMANY—'HIPPOLYTUS'—PROTOCOL OF 8TH MAY, 1852—COUNT USEDOM'S NARRATIVE—VISIT TO GLASGOW—INVERARY—AFFAIR OF NEUFCHÂTEL—THE MOSAIC BOOKS—ST. GILES—DEACONESSES—MAZZINI—DESPONDING VIEWS OF GERMANY—FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—LETTER ON RELIGIOUS OPINIONS—GENERAL SCHARNHORST—LORD DERBY'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION—THE FRENCH EMPIRE—CHANGE OF MINISTRY—EDINBURGH DIPLOMA—MRS. BEECHER STOWE—CRYSTAL PALACE—COLOGNE SINGERS—MR. LAYARD—NINEVEH—NAVAL REVIEW—DEDICATION OF 'HIPPOLYTUS'—THEOLOGICAL CONFERENCES AT BERLIN—CUDDESDON PALACE—POLICY OF RUSSIA—MENACE OF WAR.

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Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

London: New Year, 1852.

Joy and well-being in the great and threatening year 1852, be to my dear friend Stockmar! shall be my first greeting in the 'sacred hour of prime.' I believe in God and in Germany, and then also in the vital powers of the principles of the English Constitution; and nobody rejoices more than I do in the grand and high reality (single in its kind, however, since King William of Orange) of the Royal Pair on the throne of Great Britain. If England and Germany remain united, what can the power of evil effect? You and I feel alike in protesting against the principle of death, in prætorian imperialism, and in democratic police centralisation. And, lastly, we are agreed in the resolve to exert all the strength that is in us, to the end that neither superstition nor infidelity, neither priestcraft nor atheism, shall rule over the people.

That for this purpose light from above may be granted by guidance of which the iron rule of the dark despot, Self,*

* 'Das Ich, der dunkele Despot.' See Rückert's translation of King Jelâl-ed-Din Rumi's lines.

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may be broken through, and the reality of freedom evolved,—and, besides, that we and all who are dear and precious to us may be preserved in health,—is the wish uttered, in fullness of heart, to a dear friend, by BUNSEN.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Sunday morning: 18th January, 1852.

As I was on the way to your door in the Palace yesterday morning, I saw the Prince hastening in the same direction, and therefore I withdrew without having told you how much the living with you in these latter days has refreshed me. You will feel that, when you consider that I am under no illusion as to the condition of things at Berlin, and in the whole of Europe: of which you will be yet more aware when you read what the spirit has moved me to say as to the confusion and destitution of the spiritual condition in the whole of Europe. It was with a solemn consciousness that I paced up and down, before breakfast (at Windsor Castle) in the fine Corridor, and beheld the sunshine with the clearest blue sky above the towers and turrets: meditating upon the happiness that dwells within those walls, founded in reason and integrity and love,—a pattern of the well-ordered and inwardly vigorous and flourishing life that spreads all around, even to the extremities of the great island. And further off did I hear the roaring of the storm that sweeps now over the continent, and threatens our ever-beloved fatherland. And in that fatherland dwells also a noble people, a great people, full of grand recollections and of the germs of future life—and a King, whose energies are so high and noble:—and yet all causes are dragging us within the compass of the whirlwind of confusion and destruction! A blessing upon those walls, and the life within and around them. It is a consolation that such a spot should exist on earth; and I am thankful to have seen it, and for all the goodness and kindness I have there experienced.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

20th January, 1852.

. . . X. related to him, that when he was Envoy, at Vienna, Schwarzenberg sent for him one day, and said—

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'The President offers, through Persigny (in exchange for the Rhine frontier and Belgium)—to Prussia, Hanover and Oldenburg; to Austria, Moldavia and Wallachia; to Russia, Constantinople.' The Emperor Nicholas said the same to Lamoricière. They both shrugged their shoulders.

The younger Jerome communicated the following words of the President addressed to himself:—'La chûte de Palmerston est le coup le plus grave que j'aie reçu: c'était le seul ami sincère que j'avais: tant qu'il était Ministré, l'Angleterre n'avait point d'alliés.'

Friday, 23rd January.—I have read, and considered, the highly instructive picture of that journey of May, 1851: and my result is:—

Many are the rogues;
Few the men of honour;
And prophets there are none.

It is a comfort to think that an immoral and untrue nation may be yet worse off than one believing in truth and moral responsibility. We possess, indeed, no saving statesmen, but we have prophets: therefore, we *have* a *future* in store.

Extracts from Diaries.

Llanover: 3rd February, 1852.

As usual, the day fixed for the Queen's opening of Parliament was sunshiny, and almost spring-like. At about one o'clock we took up our post on the terrace, with some friends that we had invited: the Queen was much cheered, and the whole scene, as ever, gay and bright: the most striking part, perhaps, was the entire park as one sea of heads in motion, gilded by the sun, after the procession had passed. In the afternoon my father went to the House of Commons to hear the anticipated explanation between Lord John and Lord Palmerston.

On coming home my father said the attack made upon the Whig Government might be termed tragical—a misuse of intelligence and power of speech,—after Lord John, in answer to the question put by Sir B. Hall, had given a dignified and gentlemanlike explanation of Lord Palmerston's leaving office. The explanation my father, of course, knew before, but he was not prepared for the denial of misconduct

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in going beyond instructions, in the French question. When he left the House, the members were in such a state of excitement that it was some time before the debate on the Address to the Queen could begin.

It is generally thought that the explanations of Lord John will have done much good, in showing what the personal influence and importance of the Queen is—whereas the general opinion was only too much inclined to suppose her power to be nominal, and that the decision as well as the management of affairs rested entirely with her Ministers.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

Wednesday: 4th February, 1852.

I thought of you when I purchased three copies of Lancizolle's '*Geistesworte aus Göthe's Werken*,'—and guessed well that you would not let that which I showed you out of your hands. Thus I ask you to retain what was intended for you! I have ordered a dozen more copies of this Japhetic rendering of the Bible.

I heard the two speakers last night. The House was divided in appreciation: yet I am convinced that when the House and the nation shall have read and digested the documents, Lord P. will be allowed to have been in the wrong. That was the impression with which I retired at half past eight, to hear the reading of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' (incomparable even with recollections of Ludwig Tieck) by the person of most genius in England—Mrs. Fanny Kemble, intermingled with the magic tones of Mendelssohn: thus to forget for some hours the whole *misère*.

P.S. It occurs to me that only in one point all were agreed;—in maintaining the Protestant principle. That is the chord which still sounds when struck.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

Hatchford: 22nd March, 1852.

. . . I am afraid that when you come to see the Index of my 'Hippolytus,' you will say, with a smile, that I have crammed into it an *Universal and Church History, cum quibusdam aliis*. Still you will find, that I have done justice to the

title within the smallest compass possible. When I came to the review of 1500 years' Constitution of the Church, I resisted the temptation, or rather the claim of the subject, and *entered not* into what has passed between Hippolytus and our modern times. But when I attempted to slur over in a similar manner the 1500 years between the Christian sacrifice of believers at Rome, under Severus and Alexander, and our poor *Ecclesia pressa* in that same 'faithful city' on the Capitol when I was living there, *sub Pio, Leone, et Gregorio*, the spirit stood in the way, and stopped me. Thus I have gone patiently through old papers and still older thoughts (from 1817 to 1840), and have given documents and results of the Greek, Gallican, African, and Roman Churches, and placed your own History of the Sacrifice from 1549 to 1764 (Scotch Communion Service) in the frame of Universal History, with chapter and verse, and all that in eighty pages and thirty notes.

On this occasion I have read Palmer's '*Origines Liturgicæ*,' that book of Jesuitical second-hand learning. Goode is an excellent and sound controversialist; and his concluding pages on the threatening state of Protestantism, and the *hopeless* (I do not adopt that word in my Christian vocabulary) confusion of the Church of England, are admirable. As Goode gives extracts (not garbled) from your divines of all ages, I must quote the work, and shall do so with expressions of full adhesion, as an *advocatus patriæ*: for the point at issue is nothing less than the validity of our German Orders.

Under the surface of the daily course of life and its manifold interests and occupations, flowed a current, the course of which belongs to the history of nations, and cannot here be fully explained or commented upon. The series of common circumstances in every day existence has arrived at a date of bitterly painful remembrance to German hearts, and to Bunsen in particular,—the 8th May, 1852, on which the fatal Protocol was signed, authorising a change in the law of succession to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein; against which Bunsen had constantly protested, and to which at last he affixed his signature, not, however, till he had received the King's

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express command to do so. That it would have been more in character for Bunsen to have resigned his post, and retired altogether from public life, instead of submitting to become the instrument of an act of which he felt the injustice, and anticipated the danger, became clear even to his own family, and may be conjectured to have been so to himself, when the transactions had been viewed from a distance of time. But this is only uttered as conjecture, for a question on the subject would have seemed to imply reproach, and therefore no inquiry was addressed to him—the less so, as he always purposed to write himself the history of his official life, and had promised to begin with the latter portion, and proceed backwards. As an authentic statement of particulars, a letter from Count Usedom shall be transcribed, coming from a person most thoroughly acquainted with the entire subject, and who knew and comprehended the mind and character of Bunsen, as could only be the case with a friend of many years' standing, with a man of his intelligence and candour.

*Count Usedom to George von Bunsen.**

[Translation.]

Turin: 23rd August, 1864.

My dear George Bunsen,—You wish to know what my recollection is of the part taken by your father in the London Treaty of May 1852, and of the negotiations which preceded its signature. To do justice to his memory in this matter is a duty imposed upon me by a friendship of many years' standing, with which Bunsen honoured me: but, separated as I am from my papers, and relying therefore on my memory alone, I shall perhaps but imperfectly perform this duty.

Your letter to the 'Times' of the 18th July already raises the main question,—I mean Mr. Layard's assertion of the existence of a Berlin Protocol of 4th July, 1850, and of a secret article in which Prussia promised to support the

* Published in the '*Times*' of 1st September, 1864. The original appeared in the '*Kölnische Zeitung*.'

Danish wishes with respect to an alteration in the Law of Succession in the Duchies. You have pointed out how improbable such a secret promise on the part of Prussia must appear; and I shall now offer a few additional proofs in support of your assertion.

First of all, two days before that date—that is, 2nd July, 1850—the Peace of Berlin had been signed, by order of the King, and with the entire concurrence of Schleinitz and the whole Cabinet,—a treaty, as you may remember, negotiated and concluded by myself. In it the *status quo ante bellum* was rigidly upheld by Germany. Moreover, a memoir, which I delivered at the time of signature, expressly declared that term to signify the legal *status*, as created by the decree of the Federal Diet, of September 16, 1846. Now this decree had, in opposition to the Letters Patent of King Christian VIII., secured the entire ancient State rights of Schleswig-Holstein, and especially as regards the succession to its sovereignty, and Denmark was made at the time to acknowledge those rights. To promise an alteration would have contradicted and stultified this memoir; and who can suppose such a change of views to have taken place within the space of two days?

It is true that the Treaty of Peace dated 2nd July, 1850, was accompanied by an executive Protocol, and also by a so-called 'secret article,' in which Prussia promised to take part in future negotiations upon the question of succession in Schleswig-Holstein;—but this was all. Attempts have been made to interpret this article as a promise on the part of Prussia to assist in altering that succession in a Danish sense, the more so as such an assistance was given two years later; but, in reality, the meaning was exactly the reverse. The Danish Plenipotentiaries certainly had at the beginning of the Conferences proposed a wording which would have stipulated for such a promise on the part of Prussia. This being in contradiction to our preserving *intact* the German and Schleswig-Holstein claim to the *status* of 1846, the Danish proposal met with a refusal, and the message was rescinded. The article as finally agreed to was quite unobjectionable: for, with or without it, Prussia, as a great Power, could never have stood aloof from European deliberations such as those, and I repeat nothing was deter-

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mined as to the tendency of her participation in them. After this authentic statement, the only interpretation to be given to that secret article would be this—that Prussia would *not* side with Denmark in the coming conferences—that is, *not* support the Danish scheme of succession. I have never heard of any secret article but this.

On the contrary, I am convinced that Prussia considered herself perfectly free as regards the question of succession during the first months of the ensuing year. The following circumstance (to which I should not refer were it not already well known) may serve as a proof. In February 1851, Count Sponneck brought to Berlin the Danish proposals regarding the succession, still framed in rather general terms. His late Majesty of Prussia, of his own accord, but officially, demanded my opinion upon them. Besides giving this, I ventured to address a private letter to the King, which has since, in a manner unknown to me, found its way into publicity. It went to show, that the so-called integrity of Denmark was as yet neither a right nor a fact, but merely a wish, which Prussia had no interest in fulfilling. Now, if Mr. Layard were right in asserting that Prussia had already secretly bound herself, how could the King of Prussia have demanded an opinion upon a subject which was settled already eight months before?

There would be no motive for saying a word with reference to the observations of Mr. Layard, if there were nothing further to point out in them but a slight error in the date and meaning of the secret article really extant, for a British Under Secretary of State has more to do than to learn by heart dates and details fourteen years old. But Mr. Layard told his 'curious secret history' for the express purpose of explaining Prussia's supposed obligations from a Protocol of 4th July, 1850. If this is allowed to stand, the charge against Prussia as having played a double game, and a corresponding charge against your father, would still remain in force. But we ought to know this 'history' to be genuine, before we can draw conclusions from it. Until the above counter-proofs are shaken, it may be considered as not belonging to history, but as a piquant myth, one of those calligraphic flourishes, not rare in politics, which overlay and spoil 'Clio's neat handwriting.'

You are aware, that many adversaries of the London Treaty who were friends of your father, would have preferred not seeing his name appended to a document to which his approval was wanting. It is said that he ought rather to have left the service, or have substituted a chargé d'affaires *ad hoc*. But in 1852, the resolution of Prussia being unalterably fixed, could anybody seriously wish a statesman of his calibre to quit the service of his country on such a ground as this? As for a substitution of a chargé d'affaires, such a mode has always appeared to me a poor subterfuge, for, according to the traditions of every Government, a plenipotentiary who has unflinchingly and for years declared his own separate convictions, will be considered to have fulfilled his duty. In the end the command of his Cabinet will be paramount. It is then a question not of opinion, but of service.

But what is of more importance to me than these considerations, a saying of your father's came to my knowledge during those days of 1852, which I have reason to believe to be authentic. It was to this effect, 'That he would affix his signature in order not to render still more heavy the sacrifice which the King, his master, had to make.' There was in Frederick William IV., and forming one of his chief characteristics, an unchangeable human benevolence, and a genuine sympathy of heart. As a politician, the King in 1852 delivered up the Duchies to their fate: humanly, this resolve cost him a hard struggle; for I doubt His Majesty's having trusted the well-meant prediction of a Dane who was Plenipotentiary in 1850, to the effect that 'the Danish restoration would be the beginning of a reign of love.' Bunsen, by withholding his signature from the treaty, might have offered a specious satisfaction to his private feelings. Viewed in its relation to the King's act, it would still have been but a demonstration and a reproof. Who would blame him for abstaining?

In your father's judgment (this I can testify), the London Treaty, whether signed by him or not, would but have remained what it ever was, a 'Pragmatic Sanction,' raised up artificially by parties unconcerned in the matter, against the rights, the interests, and the wishes of those really concerned—in short, against the nature of things. To render

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such an attempt possible, that powerful bias was necessary which then predominated in the Cabinets of Europe, and which was turned to a most favourable issue by Danish skill —an issue which was as unwisely made use of in the years that followed, as it had been skilfully gained. Few people can now imagine what evil times those were for the Duchies and their friends. So late even as 1860, when in consequence of the Crimean and Italian wars much was changed in European politics, every mention of German rights in regard to Schleswig was sure to call forth a general outcry of indignation against the disturbers of peace.

It is to be regretted that Bunsen did not live to see the year 1864, which has so signally verified his view of the London Treaty. This 'Pragmatic Sanction,' erected, like the Ice Palace on the Neva, in contempt of the laws of nature, has melted away before the irresistible force of things as they are. The Duchies, delivered at last from their long struggle for existence, will now be permitted to turn to higher things. To behold such a result would have been a joy of joys to your father.

I am, &c., USEDOM.

Contemporary Notice from the Diary of a Daughter.

19th June, 1852.

It is hard to describe how satisfactory Devrient's representation of 'Hamlet' was. He understands him, not as a wild fanatic, and maniac, but as a weak, very unripe, but noble-minded and well-intentioned youth, whose indecision and wavering proceed from an overwhelming consciousness of inability to execute the work imposed upon him, and whose reason is confused, not destroyed, by the preternatural vision. The deep grief for his father, the feeling of revenge, the feigned madness, love for his mother struggling with his consciousness of her guilt—his behaviour towards Ophelia, interpreted by the determination to repel her, and make himself repulsive to her, in order that she might not be involved in the consequences of his crime or fall;—all this, and every faint and before unmarked shade of meaning, was marked most affectingly. Among the most vehement applauders were Mrs. Sartoris and Fanny Kemble. The latter said to Devrient that in him she saw dra-

matic art revived. Lord Ellesmere wrote to my father at *midnight*, the instant after coming home,—'I have distinct and ineffaceable recollections of John Kemble, Young, and the elder Kean, and of Talma,—but have no hesitation in preferring Devrient to all. You have great reason to be proud of your importation; there is nothing in the highest walk of art to be compared to it, either in Paris or London—Rachel, perhaps, alone excepted.'

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

23rd July, 1852.

As Mr. Strachey does me the honour of wishing to know my opinion respecting Rawlinson's translations from the 'Babylonian Inscriptions,' I can only say that I believe his *system* to be *proved*: as to the translations themselves, we must wait for the publication of the 'Inscription of Bisutun,' with the alphabet. I have seen a number of sheets already struck off, but we are not to have the whole till some other researches of Rawlinson are more advanced. Still, I hope that all will be before the world by the end of the year, and that much light will be thrown upon antiquarian and historical points by these Babylonian researches. As to the Prophets, however, I believe they are themselves the best key to their right understanding, as soon as you ask them (and not Jewish and Christian Rabbis) those three questions, —*when* they lived, and *to* and *about whom* they wrote. We have tried this way in Germany, for now seventy years, and I believe there is not one principal point as to those three questions which is not cleared up for the philologer and historian. Ewald's book on the Prophets, and his 'History of the People of Israel,' are the last and most succinct exponents. As to Hengstenberg's defence of the old system respecting the author and age of the 'Appendix' to our 'Isaiah' (ch. xl.—lxvi.), Mr. Strachey of course knows the controversial points, which are very imperfectly and timidly given by Kitto. We have in the book called Isaiah, two prophets, one greater and more sublime than the other, instead of one; and in order to make the prophets 'flesh and blood,' the first necessary step is to make one's mind clear on this point. There is nowhere a doubt as to authenticity; the one is as authentic a text, read by Christ Himself,

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as the other. But to attribute infallibility to Ezra's synagogue and its Maccabean successors, is worse than to ask it for the Popes—sheer rabbinism or prejudice.

The retrospect of the summer months of 1852 presents a wilderness of objects and of interests of the most varied kinds, from which the numerous family broke away in various divisions and directions in August. Bunsen himself, with his wife and youngest daughter, paid a visit of three days to Sir Harry and Lady Verney, at Claydon, from whence he proceeded to his eldest son at Lilleshall, in Shropshire, and went on with his youngest (Theodore) to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, at Inverary, spending a day on the road at Sir Archibald Alison's, Possil House, near Glasgow. At Inverary, the kindness of the Duke and Duchess, and the manifold interests surrounding them, might well have tempted him to a longer stay; but one of Bunsen's peculiarities, constantly increasing upon him every year, was that of being restless when absent from his own room, his own writing-place, and, particularly, from the living accompaniments of home; so that he never without resistance was detained away from them, even in the most attractive society; this will account for the small amount of time spent in country visits during his twelve years and a half in England, where so much agreeable hospitality always awaited his acceptance. On the present occasion, he was fairly shut out of his own abode, and thus made time for a short visit to Lord Ellesmere, at Worsley, and to the Bishop of Manchester, on returning south to his son's dwelling, at Lilleshall, where he rejoined his wife and youngest daughter, and was met by Lepsius; so that he had a congenial group around him for the celebration of his birthday, the 25th August.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

Lilleshall: 13th August, 1852.

I have just completed '*Hippolytus und Seine Zeit*,' after thirteen months' hard work, both in English and in German. To the German edition I have prefixed a Preface, armed at all points, for the Governments and the nation. One of my practical objects was and is, to stir up the English out of their spiritual slumber and materialistic tendencies, before the great conflict of minds, and perhaps of nations begins; and so far my book ('*Hippolytus*') is a contest for Germany,—for our only indestructible and peculiar property, I mean inward religious instinct and freedom of spirit. My English friends were at first alarmed on my account, at the matter I addressed to their countrymen: but I know the English nation better than they do, and have more Christian courage, because my convictions are stronger than theirs. When, after a life of serious enquiry, one has reached one's sixtieth year, one must have attained to convictions instead of opinions, and also to the courage necessary for expressing them; even to the pretension of being wiser than the 'raw recruits' of the rising generation. In my 'Life of Jesus,' I consider His single personality as purely and truly Divine, because purely and truly human in appearance, in earthly reality. With us, the new generation is partly infidel, partly bigoted. There is a want of the courage and enthusiasm necessary for carrying out the great task of our age.

Here I live, as a German and a Christian, in the heart of a great people, who love and honour me, fighting the battles of my country, and serving, with fidelity, but also with freedom, the King of Prussia, whose affection towards me holds good, in spite of diversity of views.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Possil House, near Glasgow: 16th August, seven a.m.

The drama (of our detention) was not over, as I supposed, when I wrote to you yesterday. We might have received our (missent) packages by two o'clock, and then have proceeded, as I intended, by the steamer of Loch Goil, but finding, after some time lost, that we had no chance of our belongings before *seven*, I suddenly resolved to make at once the

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visit to the Alisons which I had promised at the end of the week, when I called upon him at his town house, and was pressingly invited to come. Therefore, at four o'clock I took the family by surprise, at this house, two miles and a half from Glasgow, on an eminence, in a fine park, a charming and spacious abode. I have passed the time delightfully, have learnt a vast deal about Scotland, and have met human beings that interest me; particularly do I feel drawn towards Sir Archibald's sister, Mrs. Birch, lately become a widow, and who, as Margaret Alison, remembers a certain Miss Waddington many years ago in Edinburgh. Her's is a mind much developed in the Christian sense; she is a friend of Maurice, and an admirer of Hare. Alison is busy with the 'History of Europe since 1815,' and I have had an opportunity of making out that he has a just estimation of German conditions and transactions at that time; he is, as you know, the only Tory historian who has Prussian, and not Austrian tendencies; he has a sound Protestant view of historical facts, and that keeps him from the shallow reasoning of others with respect to Frederick the Great and the Prussian monarchy. Hippolytus also found its place in our discussions; and we parted with a conviction (on my part) that our acquaintance has grown into friendship. But they say they will not receive me a second time unless I bring you with me.

Yesterday (Sunday) after hearing at the Episcopal chapel at Glasgow a sermon below criticism, and singing no better, we drove through the splendid domain of Sir Archibald Campbell—containing a fine Elizabethan country mansion, in a grand park, through which flows a considerable stream. In intermediate hours I have read with delight Rawlinson's Babylonian decyphering; I consider the thing clear and safe in the principal point. The enigmas yet to be solved are most attractive. I am more and more convinced that the arrow-headed character is the conventional contraction of an ancient Babylonian hieroglyphical system. There are 246 signs, partly denoting syllables, partly ideas; but the clear alphabet is contained in them, just as with the Egyptian, only we have not as yet discovered the wise arrangement, by which the latter rendered their system so sure and comparatively intelligible. At half-past eight we are to be on the Clyde, to sweep down the whole Firth to Loch Goil head, and arrive (as I hope) at Inverary by three o'clock.

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Inverary Castle: early on Tuesday, 17th August.—Here I am, having had a rainy voyage, after which a carriage at the waiting-place brought me to the Castle, where the Duke and Duchess received me with that hearty friendship which they have so invariably shown me. After an hour the weather cleared, and the open carriage was ordered for a drive in the indescribably beautiful Glenary, the mountain stream *Ary* flowing through it, and giving name to the residence (mouth of the Ary): it has many waterfalls, one considerable, and very picturesque. On our return the Duke conducted me to the beautiful room intended for me, next the reception-room of the Duchess, where I am lodged as in a royal residence, with the fine arm of the sea, and the nobly wooded hills before me. At seven o'clock the pibroch greeted me before my window (a summons to dinner), which sounds very much better here than in a London Palace! At dinner the Duke's sister, Lady Emma Campbell, was present, full of originality and humour; I saw the children before dinner,—the youngest, Lady Edith, promises to become a great beauty.

I have been obliged to declare the impossibility of my going to Dunrobin Castle. I perceive that I must return by the 26th to Carlton Terrace, where at least I may hope to find a bedchamber free from workpeople. Ibbetson (the Neufchâtel-Englishman) has returned from Berlin with a letter from the Minister to me, expressing the desire that I should present him to Lord Derby; meanwhile Perponcher will attend to him till the 26th. I have appointed Lepsius to meet me at Stafford, on the way to Lilleshall on the 24th.

The Duke has discovered in his own grounds, abundance of nickel and of cobalt, in the castaway mass of *sulphuret of iron ore*: his chemical knowledge enables him to appreciate the discovery, which is expected to prove very valuable.

Inverary Castle: Wednesday morning, 18th August.—Although there was rain (*of course*) the greater part of yesterday, yet a real drive of pleasure was accomplished to the mines, through the beautiful wood, and along the sea shore. In the evening at dinner Sir E. Coffin, of Oban, came as a guest; he is at the head of the Emigration Society for the Highlanders —a private undertaking, to which, however, the Queen, the Duke of Sutherland, and many other proprietors, subscribe. The Highlanders, though feeling the pressure of need to emi-

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grate, will not accept the means, without including parents and aged relations, and this, of course, is given way to. The Government furnishes the means of transport, and is paid out of the money subscribed according to a certain rate for each person. Each man pledges himself to send back, after a term, when he shall have secured the means of gaining a livelihood, a certain sum (3*l.*) towards helping on further emigration. Therefore here again is that remarkable historical appearance, the Celt withdrawing before the German, who enters where he finds productive land, and leaves the naked hills to the wild animals and hunters. The moors bring in a rent to the proprietor superior to what he can obtain for pasture land, for the rich pursuers of amusement from the south outbid each other for deer-stalking ground, and for grouse-shooting: a practice in the advantage of which I rejoice not at dinner only, but also beholding from my windows the herring fishery; there is at Inverary a whole fleet of boats thus employed.

The cottages in woods and moorland look very wretched, but the dwellers in them seem strong and healthy, and are well clothed, with bare feet, of course. The children speak English even among themselves,—a consequence of school teaching; but the older people keep to their Gaelic within the house. The church is divided into two parts, so that preaching can take place in the two languages at the same time.

I withstood the temptation of undertaking the Gaelic grammar, in which resolve the power of attraction in Rawlinson's unspeakably instructive Babylonian inscriptions came to my aid. The Babylonian is the older form of the Syro-Chaldaic; but yet a later formation than the classical Hebrew, which fixed itself in Palestine before the second period of development in the Semitic languages began, which threw out shoots of much more highly organised forms of conjugation. But many appearances, which in Hebrew are found as ruins, receive explanation through the Chaldaic, and particularly by means of the older form; I had discovered that by an examination of the names of the Patriarchs between Adam and Moses—for instance, Metu-sche-lach—in which the *sche* stands as the ancient sign of the genitive, as regularly as the Babylonian *scha*, or *tsa*. With these studies and with the

Scottish history I busy myself, when not reading or writing letters or running about out of doors.

These dear young people (the Duke and Duchess) are ever kinder and dearer.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park: 27th August, 1852.

Immediately on my arrival I had a long walk and conversation with Ernest, through the Park and the Botanic Garden, and on my return read a letter, which I transmit to you, because it will do your heart and Henry's good to see with what affection the dear friend of my youth, Lücke, speaks of myself, and of the time of our living intercourse together, forty and more years ago.

I am to have an important conference to-day with Lord Malmesbury on the Neufchâtel affair. By the 1st September, when the courier is to be sent off, I hope to have cleared off various matters, so as to get to 'Egypt' at once: I am glad to remain here, till the smell of paint has lessened in Carlton Terrace.

I hope that —— is entering now upon a sphere of Christian activity, the true mission to which every Christian in his time and in his fatherland by right belongs, and which is worth more than all besides. There is talent in him, a whole heaven of Christian love, and patience, and wisdom, slightly overcast for the time by the magic of social relations in highly polished life.

As I was sitting yesterday evening, with Lepsius and Charles Buxton, and Count Henckel, who should be announced, but the President von Gerlach, who has accompanied the Minister von Raumer hither, 'to examine the English system of instruction.' The latter is coming to me to-day.

To the Same.

London: 1st September, 1852.

I can well feel with you the pain of revisiting places hallowed by the presence of your incomparable mother, for the first time since her death. She is in my thoughts on the occasion of every event in our family, more particularly when anything joyous renews the desire of communicating with

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her ready sympathy. Who ever felt with us as she did? with what tenderness did she not follow us through every change and variety of life,—she, to whom our union was, humanly speaking, owing! So then, as we have been allowed the rare happiness of living for a quarter of a century in the enjoyment of her love and of her loveliness, let us, beloved, continue in that same consciousness to the end of our term of life.

I send a letter from a remarkable American, Rev. Dr. H., of Mobile, in Alabama; who has in a learned work maintained the literal, historical exactness of the book of Genesis, but, having finished and published it, and afterwards studying books of research and criticism, such as mine and Lepsius's, he declared to his congregation (Presbyterian) that he felt compelled to examine personally our doubts and ourselves, and Egypt. Upon which, they granted him leave of absence, and also money for his travelling expenses. The first of his wishes, a personal conference with me and Lepsius, he has at once obtained; I invited him, and read to him the discourse of 'Hippolytus' upon inspiration; whereupon he said, 'The whole must be literally true, or I can believe *nothing*.' Then the spirit came over me to say to him, that I felt him to be a Christian brother in my very heart: but, according to his system, he was an enemy and not a friend of Moses—a Mahomedan, or a Rabbi—and that he would only find peace and faith again, by following out the system of research which with Germans had proceeded from faith, from the belief in Christianity as a reality of truth, and therefore capable of making head against the power of doubt and error. 'I must see myself,' he replied; 'pray send me the book of "Hippolytus" to the Pyramids, whither I am going. If I am in the wrong, I give up my place. What should I preach to my people? May God help me!' I cannot express how deeply I was affected by this man's expressions. L. was apprehensive, that if compelled to give up his Judaic belief, he would lose his senses. But I am of opinion that an Anglo-American, once having entered upon research, will go through with it, and be saved; otherwise, indeed, his brains will turn: for *that* view of things (the Judaic) tends to madness.

The question of biblical chronology is connected in the

United States with that of slavery. Lepsius is considered to adopt the opinion of variety in the races of men, and difference in their origin. I have been shielded from such misconception by some passages in my work on Egypt; but people know not yet how to take me.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*In London.*)

Windsor Castle: 22nd October, 1852; Thursday, five o'clock.

I am very happy here, and, in consequence, longing greatly to return to you and the children.

The Queen has been most gracious, she made me write her name and my own, in the first volume of 'Hippolytus,' and made me a present of three beautiful prints, after Winterhalter, of Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, and Prince Arthur. Then I have passed two hours with the Prince this morning, one hour with the Duchess of Kent, at Frogmore, two with the Princess of Hohenlohe. In spite of which visits I have accomplished writing an 'Epistle on Convocation' to Shaftesbury of twelve pages, and to G. of eight, for to-morrow's post.

Extracts from Diaries.

22nd October, 1852.

My father returned from Windsor, having been, as usual, very happy in his visit. He told us that Prince Albert had been much amused by a long visit received when at Edinburgh from a Roman Prince, who dwelling with much emphasis upon the Queen's evident leaning (!) towards Roman Catholics, in spite of the persecution (!) which had been and still was exercised against them, desired leave to present a little book, in which every possible objection against the Church of Rome was 'perfectly refuted.' The Prince let him speak out, and then gave him strongly to understand a piece of his mind as to Romanism in general, and his and the Queen's opinion of it in particular, and concluded with requesting him to name a single instance of persecution in England, to which, as may be supposed, there was no reply ready.

My father further entertained us with an account of a curious hieroglyphic MS. which has been translated by M. de

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Rougé. The possessor, Mrs. d'Orbiney, had often teased my father to persuade the director of the Berlin Museum to purchase it, only the sum she demanded was considered too exorbitant. It turns out to be a novel, the work of a private secretary of King Setis II.; therefore not later than twenty years after the time of Moses. The story is romantic, about two brothers and their love-affairs: only offering a contrast to modern novels in the absence of a conclusion, as, by the theory of transmigration of souls, the transactions do not end with the death of the parties, but may be spun out to any length. After tea my father read to us some of Carrière's eloquent '*Religiöse Reden.*'

25*th October.*—My father spoke upon the wonderful problem of creation which he has been led to reconsider, particularly by having taken up *physical science* again, which he had not studied since he left the University. He is much delighted with Burmeister's '*Geschichte der Schöpfung,*' and above all with Johannes Müller's '*Principien der Physik.*' He said, it was wonderful, when one tried to follow the different steps of creation, to find it impossible to give an explanation, as it were, of the creation of man; it being absurd to say it was a perfecting of the animal, as though man were a complete edition of the monkey; or, on the other hand, that he should come from the earth, because in his mechanism he is intimately connected with the inferior animals: in short, that it was impossible to come to any conclusion if one did not simply admit the incapacity of the human mind to measure the depths of Divine wisdom, and assign the whole impulse of creation to a Divine cause, towards which every created thing tends, as to its highest perfection, each at the same time being linked together in a chain of which *man* in creation is the last and highest.

In the evening Mr. Penrose came, and showed and explained to us the architecture of the Parthenon, where he has made some interesting discoveries as to the curve, not only of the column, but of the architrave: which last, were it indeed horizontal as it seems, would to the eye present a depression; but being in fact raised, by a curve nearly imperceptible, forms to the eye a perfect level. This proves the wonderful knowledge of mathematics and of optics, as applied to architecture, of the early Greeks. He sketched for us from memory the north side of the Acropolis.

Contemporary Notices.

26th October, 1852.

Mr. Goode, an Evangelical clergyman, whom my father has found really learned, spent some time with him this morning, and stayed to luncheon. He seems quite to enter into my father's 'Hippolytus,' except in the passages on 'Inspiration,' on which subject he clings still to the letter. Dr. Hartstein, of Poppelsdorf, near Bonn, dined with us, on his return from a tour in England and Scotland, with which he has been delighted in every respect, but more especially as regards his agricultural interests. He had found an open letter of introduction from my father most useful, having been received most hospitably in consequence of showing it at sixty-three different places—the abodes of dukes, lords, gentlemen, and farmers!

Bunsen to his Wife. (In London.)

St. Giles's (Lord Shaftesbury's): Thursday morning, 28th October, 1852.

Here I am, safe and sound, cordially received, beautifully lodged, in a fine house, surrounded by well-kept, although flat walks. I may say I am *very* comfortable and glad to be here; but where can I be *quite* comfortable except in our own house, where you are, and move, and rule, with all the good dear faces around me? I therefore think I certainly shall return to-morrow evening.

How I long to see dearest H.! I cannot express how much I feel the blessing of having a son who tries to realise one of the favourite objects of my life. The Institution of Deaconesses requires to be reformed with peculiar regard to England. The poor maidens or widows devoted to the care of the sick, to the help of the helpless, must not be, as now, slaughtered by over-exertion—enabled to live, *not die*, in the service of Christ in the persons of His suffering brethren. The mainspring of life always must, and can only, be faith and self-devotedness, flowing out of thankful love; therefore there ought to be Christian *Begeisterung* (inspiration, spiritual excitement), but neither *Schwärmerei* (enthusiasm) nor *Muckerei* ('bowing the head like a bulrush,' penance, seeking).

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The vicar of this place told us last night that a chaplain of one of the colonial bishops had altered the well-known hymn of Bishop Ken, in a verse imploring 'cleansing of sin by the blood of Christ,' into something like 'through tears of daily penance.' That tendency is the curse of the system.

Contemporary Notices from Diaries.

31st October, 1852.

The conversation at dinner was most interesting; it turned on the years 1813–15, in the last of which years my father was at Berlin for the first time. It was striking to witness the almost Spartan simplicity of life at Court and in the highest society, which contrasted greatly with the luxury which he observed on returning after twelve years to Berlin. Whilst in the interval at Rome he had been accustomed to speak with Niebuhr, and the Germans there, the language of 1813–15, he found in Germany the tone altogether changed, and he seemed to be speaking in an unknown tongue. The table of the King (Frederick William III.) was the only one that retained its plainness, and when, on occasion of some royal visitor, a grander dinner had been prepared, the King commented upon it as 'fit for a Privy Councillor.'

7th November.—In the breakfast conversation my father spoke of the rarity of meeting with *young* men who really took the trouble of *thinking* seriously—which he said was the point in which the English are behind the Germans—whereas, on the other hand, when once an Englishman has been induced to think, and to reason upon his thoughts, he also possesses the 'ethical earnestness' to carry out his result into practice, just as surely and necessarily, he said, as that anything swallowed into the throat reaches the stomach and becomes nourishment; meanwhile, the German is too apt to stop short at the theory.

Thursday, 11th November.—This was perhaps the first very bad day the Queen ever had for her procession at the opening of Parliament; the rain is pouring down, with a bitter east wind. At breakfast, my father took occasion of the mention of a meeting last night, at which Kossuth and Mazzini had spoken, to say that no one had so much endangered the cause of Constitutional Government in Italy by his fanaticism as Mazzini had done—whom he yet believed

to be honest, though too much blinded to perceive the consequences which must necessarily flow from his acts. The murder of Rossi, for instance, which was perpetrated by Mazzini's friends, was as tragical an event, under its peculiar circumstances, as that of Julius Cæsar. But yet Mazzini had (he said) more head and better practical qualities than Kossuth, who was a mere talker, though an extraordinarily-gifted one. My father went on in a very serious tone of contemplation; he had often felt, but not trusted himself to pronounce, his bitter conviction that our time would turn out to be one of those periods in history which seem to lie under a curse, which can be traced in many instances in past ages, when every effort after truth among nations, and after a higher life nationally, is blighted, and when it requires a firm faith to believe that out of such a hopeless state, the good, the right, and the true can ever come out victorious. As to Germany, he said it was well, and a blessing, that the present generation *did* and *could* still hope; but a man who had lived sixty years could only despair—if there was hope only for this world. The cause of Germany he believed now to be lost for many generations to come; in 1848 it was not yet lost—but it *was* lost in March 1849, by the *manner* in which the imperial crown was offered to Frederick William IV., and the manner in which he refused it, instead of accepting it *upon his own conditions*. For the present, the only course for a lover of his country to pursue was to protect and hold fast *what Prussia has*; and in one way Prussia was certainly better off than before, as she possesses a Constitutional Government, to which the King has sworn—and he will keep his oath—he and his successors being honest men. His conviction was, that no good is possible with the present generation—*old things must pass away*, and a new 1517, a Reformation, must take place in Southern Europe before anything can be effectually accomplished. All this, and much more, he said with much feeling and in a tone of earnest melancholy, very unusual to him, except on the rare occasions when he speaks out on such matters of world interest.

The Queen passed by in a pouring rain; but the crowd, though only in part sheltered by umbrellas, cheered her even more loudly than ever.

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Our evening, though long (as we had tea at six), passed quickly enough, as my father was so kind as to read aloud, first, beautiful passages from Giebel, gradually reaching the climax of grand and wonderful lines in the second part of 'Faust,' which one only understands when read aloud with explanations.

Friday, 12th November. — This day, appointed for the private view of the lying in state of the *great Duke* at Chelsea Hospital, seemed impressed with the Earl Marshal's commands for a general mourning, by the gratuitous addition of plenteous weeping! for such an amount of rain was seldom seen as to-day; we, however, set out at half-past nine, finding a file of carriages already formed, and after we had been set down in the covered entrance, slow was our advance to the octagonal vestibule, where hung the flags and banners, lighted up by a single large candelabrum, with a file of the Guards standing against the dark hangings. From thence we entered the hall, at the extremity of which stood the bier, lighted by gigantic tapers, and gorgeously covered and hung round with cloth of gold and silver velvet, and surmounted by the orders and insignia of the deceased. A close row of troops between the wall and rows of lights had a striking effect against the finely-draped hangings. The whole scene of death was so full of vigorous life. The spectators slowly and silently defiled past the catafalque, and welcome would have been some solemn swell of sacred music to fill the dead silence, which seemed to choke the effusion of feeling too strong for individual utterance. My parents' recollection reverted to the lying in state of the remains of Cardinal Consalvi, nearly thirty years before, when they felt relief from the unadorned but full-voiced chant of the 'Dies Iræ.'

We were glad to reach the shelter of home from the fearful storm, which continued increasingly all day and night, and caused inundations on the banks of the Thames in the lower regions eastwards.

Saturday, 13th November.—Carlyle came to see my father, expressing himself warmly about his journey in Germany, where he went to see the sites of the great Frederick's battles, as well as other spots of historical note; with peculiar enthusiasm he spoke of the Wartburg—'I think that little

room in which Luther stood fighting God's battle against the whole world is the most sacred place upon earth!'

Before we separated for the night, my father read a few of the favourite hymns out of his Collection, as a preparation for the funeral celebration impending.

Sunday, 14th November.—Still rain and gloom; my father read to us a sermon of Tauler's, instead of wading to church. Later, in the afternoon, it was possible to call upon Count Nostitz, who with General Massow (and General Scharnhorst, expected to-morrow) has been deputed to attend the Duke's funeral.

Thursday, 18th November.—The whole house was alive before six, and by seven, guests were pouring into the rooms overlooking the terrace; troops of persons of the middle classes who were allowed to get on to the top of the house were streaming up the back stairs; and the terrace was filled up to the place boarded off for our friends, which was closely watched by a policeman. By a quarter to eight (from which time the minute guns sounded regularly) all those we had invited were well settled, while the drawing-room windows were filled by a few who were afraid of the morning air. In spite of all evil prognostications, the weather turned out fine; and the effect of the sun just breaking through and dimly lighting up the edges of the clouds, when the dark-green, almost black-looking, Rifle Brigade emerged from the Horse Guards, slowly marching with arms reversed; last, but not least, the grand old war horse, which had served so many campaigns, led in state as the visible chief mourner at the head of so many true mourners—made up a heart-stirring sight never to be forgotten! The effect of the solemn sounds of the 'Dead March,' breaking through the stillness of the morning and the absolute silence of the countless multitudes, can hardly be conceived; and as the first modulation had died away in the distance, and the next-following battalion took up the mournful measure, faintly heard, it seemed a grand embodiment and compression in one imposing *wail* of the lament of a whole nation; and thus did the most appropriate of tones accompany the funeral car till it reached St. Paul's.

My father drove to St. Paul's with me as his companion, Count Perponcher and Baron Langen were also in the carriage; Dean Milman having given a pass-ticket so as to

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avoid Temple Bar and cross by Blackfriars Bridge to Dean's Yard close to the Cathedral, we were enabled to make the transit with less delay than most people, and arrived at ten. The whole sight was in the highest degree solemn and impressive, from the partition reserved for the Corps Diplomatique. Opposite to us a partition filled with the principal military officers, mostly grey-haired, headed by the Napier brothers (Sir Charles with his *classically* grand face and white bushy hair and beard), Lord Gough, Lord Anglesea, &c. Then, in another partition, sat the Peers, with the Lord Chancellor at their head; opposite to them, and close to us, the House of Commons, with their Speaker; within that partition and near where I sat, was a very amiable M.P., who imparted to me his knowledge of the names of distinguished persons, in return for which I informed him as to the foreigners, who excited much pleasure and curiosity, particularly old Count Nostitz, who wore a splendid uniform.

About half-past eleven parts of the procession began to drop in; about one o'clock the clergy filed off, with the Bishop of London and Dean Milman at their head, to meet the bier, and, after some delay, returned with it—the Choir in front singing, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' without any organ accompaniment,—both sight and sound were grand; but the most striking moment was when the coffin was lowered by invisible machinery into the vault, and all the Generals, contemporaries of the Duke, stood round, holding the banners in a circle about it, and following with a last look all that was mortal of him who had stood first among them, as the receptacle slowly vanished from sight—and most affecting it was to see so many men of iron mould shedding tears.

By the kind help of Mr. Cureton, we were conducted by bye-ways to the north entrance, where we obtained our carriage with marvellous quickness, and reached home by four o'clock. The behaviour of the untold multitudes was excellent; not a single case known of disorderly conduct, nor of the slightest irregularity, to disturb the sensation of universal sympathy, in the complicated consciousness of a proud possession and of an irreparable loss. The calculation in the newspapers was curious of the millions which London must have held on this day—every train from every quarter bring-

ing in fresh arrivals, and every private house containing guests from over night; yet did the living torrent flow in and out again without let or hindrance. In the evening we played on pianoforte and organ, parts of the 'Requiem' of Mozart. General Massow told anecdotes, and my father would not let us retire until we had played the beautiful Chorale 'Wachet auf' on the organ, which we had heard at St. Paul's.

Bunsen to a Lady.

London: 13th November, 1852.

You poured out to me yesterday in a solemn moment the very depth of your Christian heart, and gave me thus a proof of affection and confidence, deeply affecting to me.

You feel the wrath of God, the All Just, more than the love of God; and, if I understand you rightly, that is a consequence of the natural re-action of your heart, and your reason against the one-sided formularies of theology: a re-action through which we, the free children of our time, are all bound to pass. You cannot find satisfaction either in the Calvinistic or the Evangelical formulary for the doctrine of Justification and Reconciliation: your conscience tells you (as every other Christian) of sin, and of the union with God interrupted through sin; and your reason, in terror, draws the conclusion, that every sin goes on in endless succession producing evil (a concatenation which you can feel no right to suppose broken off), and calling for punishment from the eternal justice of God,—as you qualify the moral order of the universe; and, with this conception, you connect the idea (perhaps without having made it quite clear to yourself) that this punishment, be it now or hereafter, in this or in another life, will prove an expiation of the sin. Your mind receives not the satisfaction of Christ, which, in the form in which it has been presented to you, is made repugnant to your reason.

I beg you not to be offended if I have misunderstood you; but this appears to me the unavoidable logical consequence of your communication to me of yesterday.

My conviction is, that faith in Christ is essentially no other than the solution of this enigma, which has oppressed the heart of humanity for so many thousand years. The mere looking up to Christ, as pattern and prototype, is as far

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from being Christianity as even Religion, in any degree—any more than gazing out of the swamp into which one has fallen, up towards another, standing safe and high on the bank, can prove the means of being drawn out of the swamp; and the attempt, in the strength of Self (that is, of the creature contemplating itself apart from God), to escape out of the swamp, is not in the slightest degree less irrational than the well-known assertion of Münchausen, that in a similar condition he pulled himself out by grasping his own pigtail.

But that is not your religion: you believe in Christ, you lead a life of brotherly love for the brethren of Christ, and in His name; but the bridge which must be built between your conscience, and the decisions of reason as to the eternal consequences of evil, and the Redeemer, you cannot with your own reason construct. In other words, you cannot feel that in that consciousness of sin, and the self-condemnation therein comprehended, the transfusion of faith and penitence, lies the reality of redemption: which is the solution of the enigma, the being loosened from the curse of the law (that is, of conscience): from the 'illusion of sin,' as Novalis says. It is as if one in immediate danger of suffocation should wake up in the free air of Heaven, and yet doubt the saving quality of the atmosphere by which he is renovated, because he can neither see nor grasp it.

Into this spiritual air of heaven has Jesus brought us, not only by His having declared God as Eternal Love, but essentially yet more as having proved the fact of redemption by His perfect and all-sufficient self-sacrifice, completed for the entire human race. Nothing is thereby altered in God's eternal nature, for that is Love; but in our consciousness of Him, as the centre of our life, the end and object, fraught with blessing, of all longing, as Him 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being.'

This consciousness, and that of our moral responsibility, make out, whether evangelically or philosophically considered, the eternal, universal, and one only safe foundation of the doctrine of justification, as well as that of our eternal blessedness, of eternal life (John xvii. 3), in which we may live, even now, if we do not exclude ourselves. But the way thither lies in eating the body and drinking the blood of Christ (John vi.),—that is, in merging our own

selfishness in a course of life, adopting and taking in His Divine self-devotedness in love to the brethren, in progressive self-renunciation.

Tell me, whether I have misunderstood you, or whether you agree with me.

Faithfully yours, BUNSEN.

Extracts from Diaries.

Monday, 22nd November.—My father very busy with despatches and letters to send by Count Perponcher, who leaves us and England for good this day, going to Turin at once, and hoping to take his bride thither in the spring. After tea, my father read to us out of Liebig's letters, and, when we had become thoroughly puzzled with the chemical names, he treated us to some of Schiller's very fine and poetic-philosophical 'Xenien,' and other poems.

Wednesday, 24th November.—Many days passed unmarked after this date, too full of objects for enumeration, in which Dr. Carlyle (looking younger and brighter since his marriage), Mrs. Ruskin, and Mr. Stirling's new book, the 'Cloister Life of Charles V.,' are the images that rise to recollection; besides the bustle of preparations and invitations for a dinner and evening party in honour of the three Generals on Wednesday, the 1st December, when the Duke of Cambridge was present, with Lord and Lady Derby, Lord Anglesea, Lord Hardinge, Lord Londonderry, Lord Westmoreland,—an assembly Ministerial-Military, in which much punctilio had to be observed, but which would appear to have turned out well. In the evening, the Corps Diplomatique was present, almost entire in numbers, and grandees thick and threefold. The house, in fresh decoration, looked well in a vast amount of gaslight, with Frederick the Great, and the events of his reign, in casts from the great work of Rauch. In the veteran company at dinner, Lord Anglesea was very striking, with his fine head and yet finer spirit, supporting him in cheerfulness under incessant and sharp pain. He said, across the table, 'Lord Derby! let us drink a glass of wine together. I fight you in the House, and must fight you again—but, very good friends here!' And the challenge was cordially accepted. In the winter desert, this evening was made the most of by the 'Morning Post.'

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Thursday,' 2*nd December*.—(This was the day of the Proclamation of the Empire in France; anticipated by Madame Walewski last night, who wore white with a bouquet of violets, which Napoleon also wore on occasion of his proclamation.) The Generals took their departure from England,—only General Scharnhorst will remain as our guest; but, desiring to be incognito, he went for two days first to Oxford.

Friday, 3*rd December*.—My father being compelled to stay in bed, gave up, much to his regret, a breakfast-party at Mr. Milnes's, to which he was invited as 'Father Hippolytus.' The new Austrian Ambassador, Count Buol, and his Countess, made their first visit, come straight from Paris, with fresh impression of the *coup d'état*. My mother had to receive them alone, as my father was laid up, The Ambassador's entire approbation of the course taken by the new Emperor, Louis Napoleon, was quite startling: he said, 'Enfin, c'est qu'on ne vient à bout de dominer cette canaille, qu'en leur inspirant de la peur: c'est-là aussi notre politique —à nous, en Autriche.' Lord and Lady Palmerston, who also returned very lately from Paris, seemed quite won over by Louis Napoleon, and proclaim their conviction of his making good his part.

Wednesday, 8*th December*.—At one o'clock, the Jerusalem Committee, consisting of Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Venn, Mr. Nicolayson, and my father. After it was over, my father commented on the admirable manner of transacting business among Englishmen—cool, earnest, clear, decisive—efficiency, not effect, being sought after and achieved.

We left my father at a quarter past ten, still walking up and down the length of the two drawing-rooms, after having studied the opinion of Lassen upon the situation of Eden, which very nearly coincides with his own view of the subject, to be stated in the volume of 'Egypt,' which he expects to publish by Easter 1853!

Friday, 10*th December*.—My father made me read aloud a copy of a letter from Guizot to Mrs. Austin, on the Proclamation of the Empire, written while the cannon was firing in honour of that 'honteuse comédie,' as he calls it. It disclaims the rumours that had been spread as to his joining the present régime.

Sunday, 21*st December*.—The General insisted upon being taken by Ernest to the Friends' Meeting-house (towards completing his social investigations); but did not gain much by the effusions, of which he heard little and understood nothing.

Monday, 13*th December*.—When the rain and fog had cleared, we enjoyed the spring temperature, walking with my father on the terrace. My brothers write that the apple blossoms are coming out on the Rhine. My father geographised with the General. Later, he called me to him, and showed me the various volumes of 'Egypt' (some Tabellen for the second volume he gave me to copy), and told me he had now been twenty years engaged in the work,—it was in September 1832, in Rome, that one Saturday evening the thought struck him, and he at once wrote down the sketch of it; the next morning early, he had so long a conversation about it with Abeken, that they were late at church, and just as they entered the chapel on the Capitol, the congregation were singing, 'Leave the vanities of Egypt—quit the stubbles and the bricks' ('Auf, lass Egyptens eitles Wesen').

15*th December*.—My father, at breakfast, touched upon the subject of the early Christian ages, and said he had found generally true, historically, what Göthe had said in the 'Farbenlehre,' that tradition ceases after three generations; in the fourth, already, everything is either *myth* or become documentary history. He had tried this principle in the early ages of Christianity, and found that the real apostolical traditions might be traced through seven generations, after which they were swallowed up in decisions of Councils and Popes. The first period, from A.D. 30 to A.D. 65, he had called the *age of Peter and Paul*; the second, from A.D. 60 to A.D. 100, *the Johannean*; the third, to A.D. 130, the *Ignatian*; the fourth, to A.D. 160, the *Polycarpian*; the fifth, to A.D. 200, the *Irenean*; the sixth, to A.D. 230, the age of *Hippolytus*; and the seventh, till A.D. 260, that of *Origen*.

Friday, 19*th December*.—The newspapers came not till half past nine, a sign (as my father guessed rightly) that the debate on the Budget had lasted late. So it was: the House broke up not till four o'clock, and the Ministry were defeated by a majority of nineteen! My father, in great excitement, rushed to ring the bell to order the carriage, that he might go and talk the matter over with Lord Hardinge.

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Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.]

Wednesday, 15th December, 1852.

I hope to receive a word from you, on the subject of the idea of an Anglo-Prussian alliance with Belgium and Holland. My view of the matter is,—let Prussia form its alliance with those two Powers, after having by wise moderation, and by the Customs Union (*Zollverein*), regained its position in Germany: and *then*, not before, let the question be asked of England. *Allora sarà altra cosa!*

I send you a little excursion into the domain of the time between 1813 and 1839, on the occasion of a new edition of Niebuhr's 'Life and Letters.'

Contemporary Notice.

19th December, 1852.

My father's excitement on the fall of the Ministry was redoubled when he read the debates, and found that it was Mr. Gladstone who had virtually turned out Disraeli by a speech in which he went through the Budget, and showed it to be impracticable. This is the second time only that Gladstone has spoken since the existence of the Derby-Disraeli Ministry; he was asked one day by my father why he did not speak oftener, when he replied that he was withheld by mistrust in himself, lest he should find too much difficulty in keeping within Christian bounds of moderation, in endeavouring to utter faithfully the truth, and yet avoid all that might be construed into personality.

Saturday, 18th December.—At eleven o'clock, we had to take leave of the kind General Scharnhorst: my mother gave him as a remembrance the book with a key for writing reminiscences, and he seemed pleased, but did not promise to use it. My father accompanied him to the station; he was an old friend from the year 1825 at Rome, when he lived in the daily intercourse of Palazzo Caffarelli, as he has done of late in that of Carlton Terrace. My father communicated to us the good news of the successful conclusion of an important piece of business begun long since by him—the purchase of Palazzo Caffarelli by the Prussian Government for the residence of the Legation at Rome. Colonel Mure called at

luncheon-time, and related that he had heard from his agent in Ayrshire (near Paisley), in answer to a question, what was said and thought of the (now discarded) Budget, that the town was in such a state of prosperity, trade so flourishing, everyone finding work and good wages, that in fact little was said or thought of politics; the only feeling made distinct being that anything was better than a change of Ministry, which might check business and trade. Qy. ? Is this only a Protectionist report ?

Monday, 20th December.—My father went to the House of Lords, and heard Lord Derby hold a parting panegyric on Disraeli and the 'prosperous state of the country, compared to that in which his Ministry had found it.'

The courier brought a bronze model of the Roman monument near Igel, as a gift to my father from the Princess of Prussia. The object of this well-preserved work of art was to place on record the names of various public officers; and the curiosity of the monument consists in its adaptation to a severe climate, where heavy snows might be reckoned upon, in a kind of roof, which yet is not, as might have been expected, violently incongruous with the essentially Roman style of design, but forms a graceful outline at the summit.

Tuesday, 21st December.—My father received a number of the '*Journal des Débats*,' sent to him as containing the first of a series of articles on 'Hippolytus,' written by M. Laboulaye, and in a spirit of such earnest searching after truth, and such real appreciation of the object of my father's mind, and of the leading questions of religion to be solved in the nineteenth century, that it has astonished as much as gratified us. In the evening, my father wrote on at his 'Egypt' till near ten o'clock, and then came up in bright spirits, and not tired.

Wednesday, 22nd December.—After writing for my father (copying his New Year's letter to the King), I found Florence Nightingale arrived, to stay the night with us, on her way southward. Mary Stanley having made out Florence Nightingale's being with us, came at nine o'clock at night, just arrived from Rome, and gave an account, among other matters, of her presentation, with her mother, to the Pope, who conversed with them some time, gave them his benediction, and extended his hand, which—they kissed!

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Thursday, 23*rd December*.—At breakfast, my father read aloud the Laboulaye article on 'Hippolytus'—and remarked on the admirable talent of the French in compressing and expressing the opinions and meaning of another so as to reproduce them out of an improved mould. That, he said, was the case here, for the opinions were his own, but given in a terse, elegant form, which differed altogether from his. He rejoiced Miss Nightingale's heart by assuring her that he had now satisfactorily arranged the Egyptian dynasties, and found the place of Joseph. She took leave, and left us after breakfast.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: 2nd January, 1853.

I must send my beloved friend a sign of life in the beautiful Sunday morning, to thank him for his valued letter: and it just occurs to me that the enclosed lines of Rückert, which, according to Eckermann, Göthe often had recited to him, might be a pleasure to him.*

* Rückert's poem alluded to became a real favourite of Bunsen's later years. It runs as follows:—

Um Mitternacht
Hab ich gewacht,
Und aufgeblickt gen Himmel:
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkele Schranken:
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden:
Nicht konnt ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab ich die Macht,
Herr über Tod und Leben,
In deine Hand gegeben:
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht.

I live in hope that you will come back to us much strengthened. For the cheering of your mind, in withdrawing it from the care of life, I would earnestly call upon you to read the masterpiece of Kingsley, which has just appeared, 'Hypatia.' It is a brilliantly-displayed and deeply-felt representation of the elements which were struggling in the beginning of the fifth century for the empire of the world; the scene being in Alexandria, as the centre of philosophical and religious tendencies; the heroine is an historical personage, professor and teacher of heathen lore, who was torn in pieces by a Judaic-Christian populace (see Gibbon); the point of time ten years after the occupation of Rome by Alaric, and shortly after the plundering of Athens by the Goths. In this work there is real poetry and untrammelled Christianity.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: 17th January, 1853.

With many thanks I return to you Montalembert's book. It is very eloquent, but yet the most embarrassed work of an embarrassed man. The key to it lies in chapters six and seven, and what follows. The heart of the mystery is his vexation that his own clergy have so shamelessly adhered to the despotism, which he detests, which has crushed him, and scoffs at him. But so it is; no love of freedom without love of the fatherland, and the Catholic clergy has *no* fatherland, first because it can have no legitimate offspring, but also because the rights of all other classes, all fellow-citizens, become obnoxious as such to it, or to its master the Pope, as soon as the practice of thinking gains a head.

The first chapters are full of untruths: I had begun to mark them with a pencil, but the number is too great.

Contemporary Notice from Diaries.

Saturday, 12th February.—The African dinner-party is to take place this evening, that is, the invitation in honour of additional travellers, willing to brave all the dangers in hope of useful discovery, and subsequent advance of civilisation. Lord and Lady John Russell, Count Kielmansegge, Sir John Herschel, Sir R. Murchison, Mr. and Mrs. Addington, Colonel and Mrs. Sabine, Petermann, and Vogel, and we, the

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home party, dined, and about ten a considerable crowd collected, which on being aware of the midnight hour, hurried away all in a heap and a fright. As the presiding genius of the evening, a gigantic map of Africa by Petermann had been hung up in the library, on which the routes of all African travellers were marked, as well as the probable route of Vogel.

Friday, 18th February.—At Abbey Lodge the farewell European dinner was given to Vogel, who is to set out for Southampton on Saturday, to sail on Sunday for Malta. After dinner my father made a short speech on the African expedition, and proposed the health of Vogel: and Mr. Gurney answered with a few cordial and dignified expressions of Christian sympathy and hope.

20th February.—The long-desired letters from Africa arrived, just twelve hours after Vogel had left London—with the sad intelligence of the death of Overweg on the 27th of September last, on the border of Lake Tsad. My father was long busy with Petermann, who will work out a map from particulars sent by Dr. Barth. In the afternoon Baron Stockmar came, and my father read to him and all those in the library the Preface to his new work.

Bunsen to Agricola (President of the Consistory of Gotha).

[Translation.] London: 3rd March, 1853.

I have interred Germany, as in Good Friday's tomb—sure in hope of that Easter morning of resurrection, which, however, I shall not see.

To a Son.

[Translation.] 22nd March, 1853.

The whole German system of study is irrational, because no bridge is contrived between theory and practice; and antiquarian research in separate branches of knowledge is substituted for the universal interests of humanity.

Towards the end of this month, the following gratifying and admirable diploma, as a D.C.L. of the Universersity of Edinburgh, was transmitted to Bunsen:—

[Translation.]

To C. C. J. Bunsen, of the King of Prussia's Privy Council, and by him sent into Great Britain, as an Envoy most wel-

come to our Queen, to our Parliament, and to our people,—who, greatly versed as he is in the studies pertaining to humanity, hath left nothing scarcely in them untouched, and hath brought to all that he hath touched increase and ornament, who, out of the fullness of his learning in the literature of either language, hath written books both in his native and in our language, excellent in substance, in accuracy, and in clearness, &c., &c.*

Extracts from Diaries.

Friday, 8th April, 1853.

My father received a communication from Mr. Birch which greatly delighted him—that he had found an inscription on the tomb of an official in the time of Sesortosen, alluding to *the great famine* which had taken place,—a confirmation of the opinion my father has held for years, that just under *that* King Joseph had lived.

Monday, 19th April.—A walk on the terrace before breakfast with my father, who said he should to-day finish and put aside Chinese studies, and throw himself upon 'Egypt.' My father went at four o'clock to the House of Commons, and did not return till half-past ten! Gladstone had spoken for five hours and a half, and his speech was most interesting and entertaining, on such a subject as taxes! It contrasted well with the Budget last heard.

22nd April.—My father had a letter from the King, who asks what he (as *Doctor Theologiæ*) says to his having himself seen a table walk, under the laying on of hands! My father wrote a long letter in answer, signed '*Dixit ex cathedrâ, Doctor Theologiæ.*' Papa also disposed of other writing debts, one to Tocqueville.

Monday, 2nd May.—At Stafford House a splendid luncheon was given in honour of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. We were all asked before three; at last reached the door, and walked up that splendid staircase into the gallery, where an immense crowd was listening to Mrs. Stowe's brother; when that was

* Christianum C. J. Bunsen, Regi Borussorum a consiliis secretis ab eoque in Britanniam Legatum missum, Reginæ, Senatui, Populoque nostro acceptissimum, qui in studiis quæ ad humanitatem pertinent imprimis versatus nihil fere in iis intentatum reliquit, nihil quod tetigit non auxit et ornavit, quique doctus sermones utriusque linguæ et in vernacula sua et in nostra de rebus antiquis, historicis, ecclesiasticis, copiose, accurate et luculenter disseruit, Juris Utriusque Doctorem, &c., &c.

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over, all by degrees made their way to the centre, to shake hands with Mrs. Stowe, and make obeisance to the Duchess. My father spoke some time to Mrs. Stowe, and was greatly struck by her, as we all were—no affectation; dignity and self-possession in her whole appearance.

Thursday, 26th May.—We had the pleasure of welcoming M. Valette, who had been making a tour in Scotland, in the interest of his poor German congregation at Paris, for whom a chapel and schools have to be built; it was a great privilege to have him in the house; the ten days of his stay left behind them an impression of peace and of deep interest in the best things in the midst of the noisy whirl of our London life.

2nd June.—I went with Neukomm early at eight o'clock, to witness the Confirmation and *Première Communion* of the two French Princes, sons of the Duchess of Orleans. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Wiseman, in presence of all the Royal Family of France, and a large number of French Orleanist *noblesse.*

Saturday, 18th June.—My father having been invited to see the Crystal Palace in its still unfinished state, we packed ourselves a carriage full to accompany him. After passing Dulwich the country prospect became charming, and soon we perceived the new building on a wooded height. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Layard, and Mr. Owen Jones, guided us and a large party over this wonderful construction, which promises to realise Aladdin's Palace. From the galleries the view is beautiful, and was evidently enjoyed by the eighty singers from Cologne, who had been brought over by Mr. Mitchell. By degrees all visitors had collected (400 or 500) in a comparatively *small corner* of the galleries, when suddenly the eighty began to sing; and grandly did their voices sound, electrifying the workpeople of all tongues and nations, who ceased hammering, and joined in a loud hurrah as soon as the first song ended. After the second song, the dinner bell summoned the thousands from their various places of work, and they were like a swarm of bees passing along all ladders and stairs and corridors; when the eighty sounded forth 'God save the Queen!' and each and all remained standing, hat in hand, on whatever spot they had reached, till at the end they burst into another loud hurrah! It was a heart-stirring scene. Then

we were conducted through various portions of the building, and were helped up and down a turning staircase, looking very innocent at first, but afterwards incomplete and dangerous, always encouraged by the promise of a view at the top, which we accordingly reached; and, thanks to the good care taken of us, we came safely down again, in high spirits at the achievement.

Sunday, 19th June.—We had a hint in time that the Cologne singers meant to take us by surprise in the evening, to bid farewell, and sing a chorale. About half-past eight they began to pour in, and were taken upstairs, where they dispersed through the rooms and balconies, our small party mixing in, and each endeavouring to converse in turn with as many as possible, that no individual might pass unnoticed. Then they marshalled themselves in the inner hall below, while we were posted on the stairs and landing-place (termed the 'Green Terrace'), and their voices sounded magnificently. Pastor Wallbaum, Professor Larson, Dr. Osiander, Dr. Ranke, the Prince Salm Salm, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, being the only hearers besides ourselves. After this my father led them through his library into the dining-room, where two bowls of punch had been manufactured, besides wine, and ices, and cakes in abundance. They stood in a circle or oblong, as large as the room, when my father proposed the first toast, 'The King!' which was drank with three '*Hochs!*' Then one of their number, (Dr. Weyden), in a very neat speech, proposed the health of my father, who replied in a very good speech (the first I have heard him make in German), and gave, 'Success to the Singer-Union and to Cologne!' ending with '*Alaaf Köln!*' which then resounded on all sides. The last speech was made by Benedict, who spoke with eloquence and taste on the unity as well as the difference between the two great branches of the Germanic race, and ended with *the Queen's health*, which was followed by three '*Hochs!*' and then a simultaneous burst of 'God save the Queen!' which matchless melody had an effect so thrilling as nearly to upset the self-command of the hearers. Then the eighty took leave, and filed away, my father shaking hands with each, and each bowing to *us*, as we stood in a row, certainly with full and grateful hearts, to make a greeting of farewell.

Sunday, 26th June.—After luncheon, my father, with the

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Count and Ernest, went to Dover, to receive the Prince and Princess of Prussia, who arrived in the night.

27th June.—In the afternoon the Prince of Prussia was so kind as to call,—unfortunately, my mother was out.

Tuesday, 28th June.—My father went at six to the christening (in the chapel of Buckingham Palace) of the little Prince *Leopold George Duncan Albert*; and was at the splendid banquet afterwards. At ten there was an evening invitation to a limited number; my mother saw with pleasure *our* Princess Louise, grown much taller and handsomer in the last two years.

Wednesday, 6th July.—My father read at breakfast the Emperor Nicholas's manifesto, which accuses the Porte of violation of faith, and declares a crusade and holy war! My father said, even the aggression of Napoleon against Spain was hardly so devoid of pretext as this act, which he considered to be a wanton rushing upon destruction on the part of the Emperor. When my father went into his library with me after breakfast, he could not refrain from beginning over again about this extraordinary event, of which he spoke with great emotion, as though he felt woes to be at hand.

Thursday, 7th July.—The accounts from Weimar (of the father of the Princess of Prussia) are more serious, and the Prince and Princess are going off this very evening. The Queen did not take leave of them in person, for fear of communicating the infection, as she attends upon Prince Albert, who has the measles.

Thursday, 21st July.—Mr. Layard at breakfast, with Captain Jones, who has been twenty-six years in the East, and sixteen of them in Mesopotamia. He brought with him plans made by himself of Mosul, and the site of Nineveh, where he has measured the ground almost by inches, and felt so perfectly at home, that in the great wilderness of London he is quite strange and solitary. His plans and explanations enable one to form a conception of these ancient cities, which was difficult so long as one remained confounded by the modern notion of a town as consisting of a heap of stones, more or less well arranged, with street crammed close to street, and scarcely room for the air to circulate, far less for fields, trees, and cultivation. It is plain that we are to think of Nineveh, Babylon, Ecbatana, as enclosures, with walls well fortified and capable of defence, including a space more like a small

province than a town, in which herds of cattle and flocks of sheep could be contained and fed, in which were trees for shade, and space for cultivation; the buildings being in groups, well separated, as the ruins testify. The fortified enclosure was at the least a security against the incursions of nomad tribes, such as will not have failed to harass even the greatest empires of antiquity, until the Romans interposed their thorough-going system of absolute rule. M. Laboulaye and his son came to luncheon; he did not talk much, perhaps because the Comte de Circourt talked a great deal. He remarked, among other things, that the person next in influence (in France) to the Emperor, was the General of the Jesuits!

Saturday, 23*rd*.—Comte de Circourt at breakfast. He said how grievous it was that each and every government in France had been destitute of moral foundation; all the members of the present Government were men known to have no religious conviction, whatever the denomination of each, whether called Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish. My father gave an account of the one only interview he ever consented to hold with the aged atheist, Robert Owen, who has just published a declaration, that he *now* believes in the immortality of the soul, on the evidence of *rapping spirits!*

Bunsen to his Wife. (*In London.*)

[Translation.] Bedford Hotel, Brighton: 24th July, 1853.

I arrived safely, met Ernest at the station, and had a good walk with him and a short drive, before we entered these doors. I went early to bed, it being bitterly cold,—on account, of course, of the dog days. This morning I drank in as much sea air as my lungs could receive. After breakfast set to work, and so successfully that I finished the whole article of Marcion to my satisfaction, before dinner. It is now near seven, and I have done all that I required of myself, and sit down to prepare Justin Martyr with Hermas and the Ebionites in the foreground of the picture. Tuesday I hope to do Polycarp, and then I have only to jump over Irenæus to reach my own dear Hippolytus.

La campagna e la quiete—that is the main thing, but the sea-air is also something. The dear children bear me about on their hands.

You will be surprised at all that I have accomplished here.

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I am beginning to express in English what I mean to say—what I *wish*, and not only what I *must*: (i. e., I am becoming the master of the language, instead of being mastered by it.)

Extracts from Diaries (continued).

Friday, 5th August.—My parents dined at the Palace, where, with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, they were the only guests. The Queen is looking much better since she had the measles, so long dreaded as dangerous for her, the skin much clearer.

Tuesday, 9th August.—My parents received an official invitation to be present at the grand review of the fleet off Spithead on the 11th.

My father and Ernest went to Dover to meet the Prince of Prussia, who is going to Osborne to be present at the naval review.

Thursday, 11th August.—My mother being laid up in bed by a sharp attack of illness (she has been the last to fail, each of us, beginning with my father, having paid the penalty of over-exertion and excitement), I was allowed to profit by her ticket, and with my father and Ernest reached London Bridge by six, where in great confusion, peers, commoners, Corps Diplomatique in various grades, were all seeking places in the last special train for Gosport, at which place we were marshalled by Sir Edward Cust, and packed in boats, which rowed us to our several destinations—the Bull Dog and Stromboli being appointed for the peers and commoners, and the Vivid for the Corps Diplomatique. The day was splendid, —glorious sunshine and a light breeze: the sea quite calm, and sparkling. As we got farther out, the enormous and magnificent men-of-war (the Duke of Wellington, the Agamemnon, &c.) were an unique spectacle, the background being filled by hundreds of yachts with sails brilliant in the sunshine. We reached our vessel by ten o'clock, and were soon in sight of the Victoria and Albert, which was no sooner perceived than all the ships saluted; the sound, and the appearance of the vessels enveloped in smoke, was exceedingly grand. We kept constantly near the Queen's ship, and thus could follow her movements, and saw the whole royal party, including our Prince, conveyed to visit

the Duke of Wellington man-of-war. Once we got alongside the Prussian ship Gefion, on which order was given for the sailors to *man the yards*, which is one of the most striking of sights, and being the highest naval compliment, was much appreciated. The band on the Gefion played Prussian national airs. About twelve the signal was given for going out to sea, and we advanced about twelve miles south of Portsmouth, till we came in sight of 'the enemy,' when the firing commenced (at three), but to my disappointment (for the effect was awfully grand) lasted but fifteen minutes! After various movements incomprehensible to the uninitiated, we at last wore round and turned homewards, which to me among others was joyful news, as, though the captain was of opinion that the sea was *perfectly calm*, yet there was more motion than was quite consistent with comfort. Still it was seldom that my swimming head interfered with the full enjoyment of this grand spectacle. We entered Portsmouth about six, and were at home by eleven o'clock, in which we were fortunate, as Lady Clarendon and others were kept out till *one*. So ended a day worthy of long remembrance!

12th August.—I went with my father to the Brunnows, who had a great concert in honour of the Crown Prince of Würtemberg and the Grand Duchess Olga. I was very curious to see the latter, and though it has been said that from ill health she had lost her good looks, I yet thought her exceedingly handsome, dignified, queenly, and at the same time graceful and amiable in manner.

Saturday, 13th August.—Late last night my father received an announcement from Osborne that the Prince of Prussia would alight here to-day, and dine in the evening, before going off to Dover. So all were busy with preparations. The Prince arrived at twelve, with Counts Pückler and Goltz: he greeted us very kindly as usual, and joked about our standing at the foot of the stairs to receive him: he entered the drawing-room, talked with delight of the review, told of the Queen's having gone over the Gefion with him. He took luncheon in the dining-room, still talking about Thursday; then drove out shopping, and had luncheon at Mivart's with the Grand Duchess Olga. He returned for dinner at seven o'clock, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe

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Weimar, and Lord Hardinge, being invited to meet him. We were told afterwards that my father proposed the Prince's health with a few words, to which the Prince replied in French by giving the Queen's health, remarking on two circumstances,—one, that he, having been present with the King his father, and the present King, at the last naval review in 1814, should, of all that witnessed it, be the only one to assist at this second great naval review; then, that he had the pleasure to behold by his side a General who had fought with Blücher in the great European battle which had delivered the Continent from tyranny, and which followed so close on the first naval review.

At eight o'clock the Prince and suite departed to London Bridge Station.

Sunday, 14th August.—The Duke and Duchess of Argyll called, with their beautiful little daughter. The Duke gave an entertaining account of the Ministerial Fish Dinner, which never fails to terminate the Session, and took place yesterday. Lord Palmerston presided, and made most humorous speeches in giving the toasts; in proposing Lord Aberdeen's health, he said that Lord A.'s Administration sufficiently showed that the object of a Tory Government was destruction, for it had succeeded in destroying one of the most leading and influential principles in English political life,—namely, *party spirit:* and that not only in his own party but in the Opposition.

Saturday, 20th August.—In the morning I was busy tracing an ancient map of Arabia for my father; Dr. Max Müller came to stay a few days. We walked with my father in the park; he was full of his *Himyaritic* studies, which have led him to dwell much upon Arabia and particularly on Yemen. In the evening much conversation: Dr. Müller made us laugh with anecdotes, among others of a Professor of Arabic (who could not read the language) receiving a MS. said to be Sanscrit, which, however, came from China; Müller and others were asked to be present at the opening, when no sooner were the characters visible, than he read the first words of Genesis in Hebrew!

Tuesday, 23rd August.—Prince Adalbert came to luncheon, bringing two gentlemen with him, Herr von Lepel, and a Swedish captain (the Prussian naval officers are still too young in the service for the rank of captain). He stayed all

night, and the following day departed. His coming prevented our accompanying Lady Raffles back to High Wood, but we all followed her thither as soon as he had gone, to spend my father's birthday in peace and fresh air.

From a Letter to Bunsen when at Brighton.

London: 25th July, 1853.

I had a visit from ———, very full of accounts received from the Welsh nurse of Prince Arthur, who is the wife of a mason, at Rhyl, in Flintshire; and wound up her abundant details and observations upon Court life with the expression 'that the Queen was a *good woman*—quite fit to have been a poor man's wife, as well as a Queen.' Such a compliment has not often been paid, or deserved; it showed the woman's conviction of the Queen's intrinsic merit, sense of duty, and activity in all things. She also made the remark that the Royal children were 'kept very plain indeed—it was quite poor living—only a bit of roast meat, and perhaps a plain pudding.'

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Lady Raffles', High Wood.*)

St. Leonard's: 11th September, 1853.

I walked out four times yesterday, this day three times, and a more glorious day of light and sunshine I never saw since Naples. I could see, or fancied I saw, the scintillation of light over the waves, along the beach, like a fiery exhalation.

Yesterday, the spirit moved me to write twenty lines, dedicatory, to Hare, for Vol. I., and the verses came so spontaneously that I copied them fair immediately, and have sent them off to the press to-day. It is eight o'clock, and I have written four letters since my evening walk, so now I will make *Feierabend* (Sunday eve), and go downstairs to this truly good and kind family.

My love to the *Quadriga*, or *Viergespann* (four-in-hand) or *Viergestirn* (fourfold constellation), and to my dear Lady Raffles, the days in whose house are the brightest spots of the latter months.

Let me hear soon from you again! I see you always in your never-ceasing, well-ordered occupation, and delight in

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thinking how you will have enjoyed this late, but all the more welcome, summer day. Pray read Göthe's '*Geistesworte*,' they are prodigious.

Dedication to Julius Hare of Vol. I. of 'Christianity and Mankind.'

[Translated by Fanny Shuttleworth, now Mrs. Bevan.*]

Look we to the earth beneath us, over graves our pathway lies,
Underneath the stars it lieth, look we upward to the skies;
Many a loved one has departed, from amongst us here below,
Many an ancient mound hides from us blessed dead of long ago.

Look we up then, life eternal beckons to us from on high,
Here on earth we yet are living, in the deep eternity:
Led by this our God's creation to adore, and think, and love,
Whilst the Spirit, high and holy, breathes upon us from above.

Unto them that book is sealed, who are working for reward,
Who with endless torment threaten souls who seek the rest of God;
Blind, who from the twilight wander into night, and seeing nought
In the Spirit's work eternal but a passing human thought.

In eternity still live we, looking to that spirit-land,
Where, from God's own light of glory, shine to us the hero-band,
Who on earth stood firm and fearless, fighting in the power of faith,
For the heritage immortal, true and faithful unto death.

There in radiance, clear and beauteous, shine the churches' holy light,
And the Truth, no longer darkened by the gloom of earthly night;
There the slave, and there the captive, break the chains that held them long,
With the Spirit's power, almighty, speak to us that blessed throng.

* The original is given in the Appendix.

Extracts from Diaries.

22*nd September.*—After tea, my father read to us a most interesting essay by Max Müller on the 'Indo-Germanic Nations,' before they separated in the heart of Asia, when the Hindoos wandered to the south-east, instead of following the others to the north-west. Dr. Pertz and his son were there.

24*th September.*—In the evening came about twenty *savans*, headed by M. and Madame Julius Mohl, Dr. Hooker, Mr. Hodgson (who has lived twenty-six years in Nepaul, and is going thither again), Mr. Loftus (whom the Assyrian Society are about to send out to direct the excavations at Nineveh), Mr. and Mrs. Cureton, Mr. Norris, Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Louis, Petermann, Dr. Nasse, and Arthur Berrington. Dr. Rosen (from Jerusalem) was too ill to come out at night. The conversation was very animated, various groups formed round the different Orientalists. Mr. Hodgson and M. Mohl were much interested by seeing Lady Raffles, both having the greatest respect and admiration for the late Sir Stamford Raffles.

26*th September.*—Dr. Max Müller came from Oxford, being anxious to see Mr. Hodgson. My father drove with him to Dr. Hooker, at Kew, where they met Mr. Hodgson, and he and Dr. Müller had a thorough discussion on Indian history and language, on which they by no means agree, but personally they became the best friends.

Friday, 30*th September.*—The party returned home from the Archbishop's. To dinner came Professor Larsow, to take leave, and my father made a most kind and hearty speech in proposing his health, and that of Dr. Bötticher, who also returns to-morrow to Halle, after a year's residence in England, six months of which were spent in this house, during which he has been very helpful to my father in publishing the 'Apostolical Constitutions.'

Sunday, 2*nd October.*—My father much distressed to-day at the news from Berlin of the probable issue of the theological conferences—the reactionary members having obtained the upper hand, and they are endeavouring to establish the Augsburg Confession as the sole rule of faith; threatening the breaking-up of that friendly union of Lutherans and

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Calvinists, which was the work of the late King, in which Niebuhr and Schleiermacher zealously supported him. My father said that nobody could more love and admire the Augsburg Confession than he did, if considered in connection with the circumstances in and for which it was written; yet there are points (such as the declaration of damnation against all who believe not in eternal damnation) which numbers, as well as himself, would decline to swear to.

5th October.—The Church conferences at Berlin have closed better than seemed probable. Nitzsch and Snetlage have restored the balance on the Union side. A letter to my father from Humboldt, kind and friendly as usual. Count and Countess Beust returned from Ireland, in their accustomed bright spirits, and full of amusing anecdotes. Preparations for my mother's going with me to Llanover on October 7; my father cannot go in the present condition of foreign affairs. A great prize of 70*l.* had been offered for an essay on the Trial by Jury, against the Abergavenny Cwmreiggyddion; it was gained by Stephens, a druggist, on my father's award.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Llanover.*)

London: 10th October, 1853.

[Bunsen had been urgently invited to be present at the Cwmreiggyddion, and had consented to look over the prize essays and give his award.]

I cannot come—war has been eventually announced to Russia if she does not say *formally* what she wanted the other Powers to say—that is, the contrary of what she *has* said. I have conferences daily—telegrams and despatches twice! My award is being copied.

Words written by Bunsen in the Album at Cuddesdon Palace (Bishop of Oxford's), on departing, 12th November, 1853.

'Dominus habitat in viris amantibus pacem, et enim vera pax in caritate est: a contentiosis vero et perditis malitia longe abest. Reddite igitur ei Spiritum integrum sicut accepistis.—*Hermæ Pastor.*'

Ausgang ist gut: Einkehr ist besser.—*Tauler's 'Predigten.'*

In leaving to you, my dear Lord Bishop, as a *tessera hospitalitatis*, these lines, taken out of the two works which

have chiefly occupied my mind during the last days, I desire to express my sincere gratitude for all material, intellectual, and spiritual comfort I have enjoyed under your hospitable roof.

BUNSEN.

From a Daughter's Letter.

Cuddesdon Palace: 11th November, 1853.

My father having accepted an invitation to this place, I was selected to be his companion, and am much pleased to make the acquaintance of an entirely new place and house and way of living. Dear Lady Raffles being also here, I feel quite at home under her protection. We arrived yesterday about seven in the evening, after a drive of eight miles from Oxford, where the old Colleges looked most solemn and venerable in the twilight between the brightly-lighted shops. The Bishop is very kind and amiable as a host, and brilliant in conversation. As yet, I have only shaken hands with him, but that does one good for a long time afterwards. At nine in the morning, and ten in the evening, we assemble in the chapel (simple and very pretty), where he, with three other clergymen, holds the full service: this morning he added a short but most impressive address after the second lesson. What I miss is a sound of music; but there is no organ and no singing,—with that it would be perfect. We were shown the College, that is a building close by, for the candidates for Ordination, whom till now the Bishop has taken into his own house for the time, having built a number of neat small rooms for the purpose. Of the large party of clergymen here as guests from the neighbourhood,—almost all young, all equally black, and grave, and High-Church looking,—I have gradually individualised a few, with whom there was a point of contact in common acquaintance. Of Cuddesdon, one may indeed say, what Lady Eastlake wrote in the book, on departing, 'Far to find —pleasant to know—difficult to leave—impossible to forget.' When I was about to return with my father on Saturday, the Bishop and Mrs. Sargeant pressed my remaining till Monday, when Lady Raffles would take me home; and I stayed the more willingly as I was to have an opportunity of seeing Oxford again. The Bishop took me there on Sunday,

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when he preached an excellent and beautiful sermon at St. Peter's church.

Extracts from Diaries.

Saturday, 3rd December.—Mr. Abich, the geologist, and Professor Owen, came and gave us very curious information. Mr. Abich showed charts of the southern coast of the Sea of Azow, which is entirely volcanic; and as the mud-eruptions continue to accumulate land, one can there see in action the actual process of many older formations.

Bunsen to Count Usedom.

[Translation.]

London: 8th December, 1853.

First of all, as to my coming to Berlin. I am in a course of regimen, with a view to becoming free from chronic suffering. I am unequal to more than a very small amount of walking or other exercise, and yet exercise is an absolute condition of amendment. What here keeps me in tolerable health is, 1, regular diet: 2, frequent but short walks (on the terrace or adjoining park); and, 3, the mildness of the climate, which allows of these frequent daily walks. For these rules of life, all things are here arranged. At Berlin, I could not lead the life I ought. Sir Henry Holland is of opinion that by the month of April I may be better.

In the second place, who should carry on the diplomatic relations? I see Clarendon almost daily; he receives me in the early part of the morning in his own house. In the afternoon, I may read at the Foreign Office whatever I wish to see. With Aberdeen I have *les petites entrées*; also to Prince Albert when in London, regularly towards eleven o'clock in the morning, towards six in the afternoon, privately, and between times by means of writing. I am informed of everything. Walewski, who is *a power*, communicates with me personally with the greatest readiness; so also Musurus and Buchanan. Only with Colloredo and Brunnow would a substitute do as well as myself, but an influence with the Cabinet and Ministry no one can obtain without length of time. I believe that I possess all the influence which, with our politics, is possible.

Extracts from Diaries.

My father told us the great news of the day, which he had telegraphed to Berlin, that Lord Palmerston has resigned, and the Queen has accepted his resignation as Home Secretary. It is said that his disagreement with his colleagues is not on foreign politics, but on parliamentary reform. My father believes this only an ostensible reason, and that he leaves the Cabinet in anticipation that it will not stand much longer, and that *he* may be called upon to form a new Ministry, or at least to be at the head of the Foreign Affairs again.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: Sylvester evening, 1853.

To you and yours be blessing, salvation, and happiness, in the approaching new year! 'Would he were here!' is the close of Sir G. Cooper's letter enclosing that which I hereby forward. 'Would he were here!' resounds to me from all parts and various strata of the Palace. 'Would he were here!' is daily in my heart, and often on my lips.

The winter is, as to cold, that of 1812: will the spring turn out for Prussia and Germany that of 1813? *I must hope so*, since Pourtalès is come, who, as I neither *could* nor *would* go to Berlin, was, on my proposal, sent to me, and was a true Christmas present. At that earlier date, was a war of liberation: and now, what will it be? Pourtalès is in the highest spirits, as well as Usedom. The former will return to Berlin in a week. The Prince (Albert) sees me as often as I desire to confer with him: he is more energetic, but also more grave than ever.

A destiny is in the course of evolution; a fatality ripening to its fulfilment. The wings of Nemesis are beating audibly: *L'Europe ne deviendra pas Cosaque.*

Aberdeen will not maintain himself much longer; it is his unpopularity which has made Palmerston the most powerful man in England, and the favourite of the people: he (Aberdeen) has learnt nothing since 1815 in foreign politics, except that he perceives, *post factum*, that he was in the wrong, because the world is no longer what in 1815 it was made to be! God preserve our fatherland, the ever dear and great!

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Extracts from Diaries (continued).

1*st January*, 1854.—Before the close of the old year, we had already received the long-expected intelligence of the death of dear General Radowitz, on Christmas Day! We have the privilege of remembering many most interesting days during his stay with us three years ago, the impression of which will not easily wear away. The conversation at breakfast turned upon Radowitz, of whom, bred up as he was at a Jesuit school, it might be said that his whole turn of mind was based upon what the head of a Jesuit school at Vienna had declared to my father to be the basis of their system of education—*Religion* (in their sense, i.e., the inflexible binding rule), and *Mathematics*.

Monday, 2*nd January*.—The Duke and Duchess of Argyll and Mr. Gladstone dined here. The conversation turned upon Naples and Italy,—a subject on which Mr. Gladstone is quite at home.

Wednesday, 25*th January*.—To breakfast came Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir J. Herschel, Mr. Arthur, Professor Owen, afterwards Mr. Venn, and several missionaries and men of learning, to take part in the long-planned conference on the comparative merits of two systems of transcription for all alphabets; according to that of Max Müller, *italics* would take the place of all accents, lines, dots, used in that of Lepsius. The conference lasted uninterruptedly till half-past one o'clock. To dinner came Sir George Staunton and Dr. Bowring, the latter is going out as Envoy to China. He told us much about the Chinese in his very entertaining manner.

Tuesday, 31*st January*.—The opening of Parliament on this day had been looked forward to with some anxiety, lest there should have been an outbreak of the violent feeling against Prince Albert, produced by the circulation of absurd reports, attributing to him unwarrantable interference in the Cabinet, the Privy Council, the Horse Guards, and where not? Great was our relief in the redoubled and extreme cheering that attended the Queen's passage. Just before the Queen passed, there was much cheering of the Musurus carriage, showing the public good-will towards the Turks under their present circumstances of hardship and aggression. My father went to hear the speeches. Lord

Aberdeen and Lord John spoke with beautiful and satisfactory testimony to Prince Albert.

Bishop Thirlwall dined with us, and the conversation was animated between him and Lepsius (who arrived on the 27th), and Max Müller and my father. The alphabetical conferences take place every other day.

Friday, 3rd February.—Lepsius having learnt by telegram the birth of his third son, set out at once for Berlin. The last conference on that day leaving the matter undecided, although so generally interesting, that my father daily receives letters and pamphlets on the subject from all parts.

Sunday, 5th February.—Baron Roggenbach is just arrived from Paris. Later my father and Roggenbach talked of Russian politics. My father said that the Emperor, when he was in England, in 1844, already uttered the sentiments of which many versions have since been made :—'Il y a dans mon Cabinet deux opinions sur la Turquie : l'une, qu'elle est mourante ; l'autre, qu'elle est morte—la dernière est la mienne. Il serait ainsi bien que nous nous entendions sur la manière de faire ses funérailles.'

Tuesday, 7th February.—At breakfast my father read Lord Clarendon's declaration in the House last night, that negotiations were broken off, and relations suspended with Russia.

From a Letter to a Son.

13th February, 1854.

On the 10th (anniversary of the Queen's marriage), I was with your father at Windsor Castle. I hope the weather was as fine with you for your child's birthday, as I experienced on that day when I had a walk in the park between eleven and twelve, and persuaded your father to walk with me as far as the place where the Queen's dogs live. Tell your children that there is a pretty cottage with a garden, where a nice Highland family of fine children live with their parents ; and we were let in to pass through a succession of yards where the different dogs were put together, or kept separate, according as they liked each other's company ;—beautiful dogs of all kinds, but the curiosities were, a pug entirely black, which I thought handsomer than the common ones, just as I had rather see a negro quite black than incompletely so ; a Chinese dog, with a sky-blue tongue, and his coat chocolate

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brown, from snout to tail, and to the very end of his paws; a Cashmere dog, as big as a young lion, with just such legs and paws,—very amiable to those he knows, but terrible to an enemy; also an Esquimaux dog, one bush of hair, out of which peep the sly fox-eyes and sharp nose. The dogs were all pleased to be noticed, and I should have liked to have sat down amongst them to try to draw them, the place being as clean and fresh as possible; but I had to hasten away to drive with your father, a beautiful circuit round the Castle, twice crossing the Thames. But I should best have liked to have had your children with me, to see what I saw that evening between five and six o'clock, when we were allowed to follow the Queen and Prince Albert a long way, through one large room after another, till we came to one where hung a red curtain, which was presently drawn aside, for a representation of the Four Seasons, studied and contrived by the Royal children as a surprise to the Queen, in celebration of the day. First appeared Princess Alice as the Spring, scattering flowers, and reciting verses, which were taken from Thomson's 'Seasons;' she moved gracefully, and spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice sweet and penetrating like that of the Queen. Then the curtain was drawn, and the scene changed, and the Princess Royal represented Summer, with Prince Arthur stretched upon the sheaves, as if tired with the heat and harvest work; another change, and Prince Alfred with a crown of vine leaves and the skin of a panther, represented Autumn—looking very well. Then followed a change to a winter landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented Winter, with a cloak covered with icicles (or what seemed such), and the Princess Louisa, a charming little muffled up figure, busy keeping up a fire; the Prince reciting (as all had done) passages more or less modified from Thomson. Then followed the last change, when all the Seasons were grouped together, and far behind, on a height, appeared Princess Helena, with a long white veil, hanging on both sides down to her feet, holding a long cross, and pronouncing a blessing upon the Queen and the Prince. These verses were composed for the occasion; I understood them to say, that *Saint Helena*, remembering her own British extraction, came to pronounce a benediction upon the Rulers of her country; and I think it must

have been so intended, because Helena, the mother of Constantine (said to have discovered the remains of the Cross which bore the Saviour), was a native of Britain, and she is always represented leaning upon a large Cross. But your father understood that *Britannia* was intended as blessing the Royal Pair. In either view of the subject, the Princess Helena looked very charming. This was the close; but by command of the Queen the curtain was again withdrawn, and we saw the whole Royal Family together, who came down severally from their raised platform; also the baby Prince Leopold was carried in by his nurse, and looked at us all with big eyes, stretching out his arms to be taken by the Prince Consort.

At the Queen's dinner-table, soon after this, the Princesses Helena and Louisa, and Prince Arthur, were allowed to come in and stand by the Queen, as it was a feast day. In the evening there was very fine music in St. George's Hall (the Triumphal Symphony of Beethoven), and the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred, were allowed to stay up to hear it, sitting to the right and left of the chairs where sat the Queen and Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Kent.

CHAPTER XVI.

RECALL FROM LONDON—INDEPENDENCE.

BUNSEN RECALLED FROM ENGLAND—DEPARTURE FROM CARLTON TERRACE—FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS—ESTABLISHES HIMSELF AND FAMILY AT CHARLOTTENBERG—CORRESPONDENCE FROM HEIDELBERG—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—STATE OF GERMANY—BIBLE WORK—DEATH OF ARCHDEACON HARE.

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Extracts from Diaries (continued).

On the 11th April, 1854, the first telegraphic announcement was made in the 'Times' of my father's being recalled from his post in London,—he himself not having received any notification of the fact, nor did he receive it officially for long after, although aware that the King had accepted his resignation, sent in the first week in April. The time of suspense and uncertainty was painful, but the kindly feeling towards my father and all of us, evinced in thousands of enquiries, notes, and letters of regret, when once the fact became known, was most gratifying. The feelings must be left out of the question with which we worked at despoiling our beautiful dwelling of the signs of our own especial life in it: yet when at last the great work was accomplished, it was with thankfulness that we left those desolate rooms, filled as they were with associations and recollections of an important period of life, abounding in joy and sorrow—and were glad to find a temporary home under the friendly roof of beloved ones in Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park.

Contemporary Notice, by a Daughter-in-Law, in a Letter.

23rd April, 1854.

. . . The girls, no doubt, have written to you about their departure. The house to me never appeared more attractive than it did that afternoon, and it seemed hard to look on

those beautiful rooms probably for the last time. But they seemed only quietly contented, and no one would have suspected the state of the case, except from my father's words when I went to him in his library, when he embraced me tenderly, and said, 'From this moment I feel that I belong to my children; from this moment I am my own master.' He really has seemed to me a changed man the last week. What deeply interesting conversations he has had here with me, telling of his early life and strong governing impressions! and how he has again and again retraced his steps up to this point, telling me how he has often and often endeavoured to take the collar off, and give up public affairs, but never could do so before: and how, in 1849, he thought his way was clear, when 'God threw him upon a bed of sickness,' and again he had to resume his labours as the opportunity was past. And now this is the first time he could leave; and he added solemnly, 'My whole life would have been a lie to myself if I did not run away the first moment I could.' They had hardly left the house before a letter from Prince Albert came. I will send you a copy of the translation of it to-day or to-morrow.

Bunsen's resignation of his post of honour and of labour in England, the cause, attendant circumstances, and immediate occasion, form a wide subject, belonging not only to the political crisis of the moment, but to a previous condition of things, of long duration, such as can only be explained and placed in full light when the future historian shall be allowed the examination of, and the liberty of extracting from, the vast amount of papers, in his own handwriting, or written from his dictation, which exist in the Archives of the Prussian Government at Berlin, or in London. The hand which here attempts to preserve the reflection of his image, as it appears in his own utterance of thoughts and opinions to private friends, is wholly incompetent to undertake such a history of his entire political life as would prove an effectual defence and justification against many a bitter accusation; but if success is granted to the endeavour to show him such as those who best and

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most closely had contemplated him, knew him to be, the result must be to prove that he was incapable of any intention or action inconsistent with his integrity, and his devotedness to the good of his King and country, as he understood it.

It is not for the writer of these lines to examine or determine where, and how far, Bunsen was entangled in errors of judgment; and therefore the question whether he would not have done better to resign his post previous to the signature of the Danish Protocol of London, in 1852, must be left, with many other questions, to the decision of others. That the resignation, at last tendered in April 1854, had not been much earlier determined upon, may be referred to the causes which made the final departure from England so indescribably painful, that nothing but the total impossibility of carrying on his diplomatic transactions with due regard to that unity of purpose and character essential to his conception of public duty, could have brought him to the pitch of resolution, necessary for resigning,—not the show and importance of a high station (which entailed labour and loss of time which were every year felt to be more oppressive), but the vivid succession of animated interests, moral, religious, political, intellectual, which made his daily existence one course of imbibing ideas, of taking in at will successive draughts of universal life, in nations or in nature, while resident on that spot of earth which he loved to call the world's metropolis. This universality of energy (all powers being with him ever living), and his inexhaustible stock of animal spirits, enabled him to meet the demands made upon him, by every variety of matter to a degree most persons would find it difficult to keep pace with, even in fancy; and the friction in every direction, which would have been wearing and overstraining to minds in general, furnished his with exactly the desired degree of stimulus, weariness never being the result of any amount of mental

exercise, but only the consequence of uncongenial or vexatious occupation. Thus, for some time after his resignation had been sent in and accepted, he was far from having taken in the possibility or necessity of immediately withdrawing from the scene of a sojourn, in most respects so preferable to any other that could be imagined for him; and not till after he had fully considered the question of private life in England, from every possible point of view, did his mind become resigned to the fact, that his immediate withdrawal from the scene of the activity of years was essential to complete his retirement from all connection with public affairs. The vision which had floated before him so long, of finally settling at Bonn, as Niebuhr had done, and, like him, by means of public lectures, to act upon the expanding generation of his countrymen, might have seemed on the point of being realised; but he desired to delay the actual fixing of his residence in the Prussian dominions, until the influences at that time paramount at Court and in the Ministry should have somewhat changed in character. As he desired to live exclusively for his family, for literary research, and for contemplation, the prospect was galling to his feelings that, by living in Prussia, he would unavoidably be drawn into participation in the strife of political parties, which both his physical condition, and, still more, his personal relation to the King his master, seemed imperatively to forbid. Among German towns out of Prussia, Heidelberg offered the greatest amount of desirable circumstances, and was soon decided upon, after a transient longing after the shores of the Mediterranean, which caused Nice to be contemplated; but the idea was soon dismissed, as the neighbourhood of an University, with its public library, was an indispensable requisite in the choice of a place of abode. The resignation having been despatched to Berlin in April, Bunsen and his wife went to spend the short pause, while awaiting the reply and

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acceptance, at High Wood, beyond Harrow, with the faithful friend of many years, Lady Raffles, with her to reflect aloud, to look beyond, before, and around them; and in the beneficent stillness of the country and the spring, to collect fresh strength and spirit for days and weeks of trying transition. The royal licence to depart having arrived, no longer delay was allowed to intervene but such as was indispensable for the last arrangements; the painful resolution was made and executed, to part with multiplied memorials of past periods of animated existence, in the form of pictures, engravings, and other objects of art, and even with the greater portion of a library, more precious to Bunsen than all the rest, which at first he had determined to pack up and remove with him, until convinced on trial that the mass would be too great for any house that he would be likely in future to occupy, and a selection was made, which, however bulky, had better have been larger, since numerous were the works subsequently required and purchased a second time; but the act of renunciation once decided upon, naturally assumed too large dimensions. This difficulty once over, Bunsen was prevailed upon to leave the distasteful occupation of breaking up and destroying the complicated structure of domestic life and comfort which he and his family had enjoyed, to those whose labour and sense of repugnance was indescribably lessened and lightened by the consciousness that he was spared all that he could be relieved from, by accepting the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, at St. Leonard's, where, in the enjoyment of sea air and of the most soothing and gratifying attentions, he employed the leisure much needed for the last finishing of various works, for which the printing press was, as it were, waiting! Extracts from a few letters will mark not only the individual occupations of the time, but also the fullness of vigour with which he had struggled, and gradually overcome the intensely felt trials of the crisis. In that house of

kindly offices (No. 77 Marina) he remained about ten days, and then returned invigorated and refreshed to London, where the house of his son Ernest, in the Regent's Park, afforded him a welcome and delightful abode during the short remaining time in which his presence could not be dispensed with for consigning to the press his comprehensive work, 'Christianity and Mankind,' into which his second edition of 'Hippolytus' had imperceptibly grown. Mournful was the day of attending for the last time Divine worship at the German Church of the Savoy, after which, in the vestry, the venerable Steinkopf (fifty years officiating minister there) read an address of thanks for benefits received, which drew many a tear, the rather because it was not exaggerated, but abundantly deserved; for Bunsen had been indeed an effectual friend to the German inhabitants of London, collectively and individually. It would be a needless filling up of space to enumerate the persons, or the acts of kindness, which crowded round Bunsen, to deepen and strengthen the impression of the sentiments of affection and approbation of his English friends; but the heart-warming effect, which was the object of such demonstration, was fully attained; only the name of Samuel Gurney, as foremost in kindly offices, and who lived less than three years after this, shall be uttered with the richly merited, 'Hail! and farewell!'

On the 10th June, Bunsen saw his wife and daughters safe on board the steamer which conveyed them to Rotterdam, from whence they pursued their way up the Rhine, to take possession of Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg, which had been sought out for them by their faithful friend Meyer, then a resident at Heidelberg. The day of departure was that of the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the gradual progress of which they had watched during repeated visits; but its completion coincided with a period to them too solemn and mournful to admit of even the inclination to witness the

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celebration. The Steam Navigation Company would not accept payment for the transmission of the family and their bulky effects, nor would the porters of St. Katherine's Docks allow of remuneration for the very considerable labour of conveying the latter on board, offering such labour as a token of much-prized respect. Bunsen remained with his son in the Regent's Park as many days longer as were indispensable for delivering the whole of his work to the press; the extracts which follow from his letters will give some idea of the quantity of labour gone through, and the spirit which seemed to prevent all consciousness of exertion. Friends continued to collect about him, and it was difficult to convince many of them that his remaining longer in England (at least for the period that might be required for complying with invitations to lengthened visits in the country) was for many reasons out of the question; the principal reason always being that Bunsen could never be happy, for a continuance, but in a home of his own; and after the breaking up of the home of years, no time was to be lost in constructing another. At length the two busy and exciting weeks which formed the close of the important thirteen years of his life in England came to an end; and the presence of his son George on his journey smoothed over the effort of his departure. On the way up the Rhine the travellers stopped at Neu Wied, to visit the Prince and Princess of Wied, at their lovely country residence, Monrepos. They had but just returned themselves from Paris, where a residence of nearly a year had been blessed to them by the restoration of health and power of activity to the Princess by the hands of Count Szapary. Bunsen was overpowered by paternal joy at the sight of his second daughter Emilia, restored equally with the Princess to the powers and the well-being (which, granted at her birth, had long been in abeyance), by the same persevering endeavours and the same beneficent effluence of healing vigour, under the kind

auspices of the Princess, who, in the beginning of the winter, had offered maternal hospitality to her fellow-sufferer, and urged the having recourse to the same source of help that had, under the blessing of God, proved effectual in her own case.

Letter to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: 2nd May, 1854.

So much kindness cannot be resisted! I accept your affectionate invitation to pay a visit to your charming abode in Wales, with pleasure and thankfulness—but at a time when you yourself will be there—in case that should be in summer or autumn. At present, and to the end of June, my presence in the neighbourhood of London is indispensable; but in July I hope to be able to dispose of myself. We shall hardly be able to fix ourselves in our new abode before the New Year. Between this time and then lie gloomy months for Prussia and Germany and the whole world. My resolution is taken—I shall not again enter into public life, but devote the years yet remaining to me to reflection upon the great objects of eternal significance, to which, from earliest youth, I had consecrated my soul. Only, to depart from England is a thought intolerable to me, as though all heart-strings must be cut through. I write not to you about my retiring from office: generally speaking, it was as the 'Times' indicated. The dear King is entangled in a web. The Queen, Prince Albert, Lord Clarendon, Lord John Russell have all expressed their approbation of my proceeding in the most satisfactory manner.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

1st May, 1854.

You know how I struggled, almost desperately, to retire from public employment in 1850. Now the cord is broken, and the bird is free, the Lord be praised!

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Extracts from Daughters' Letters.

Saturday, May, 1854.

We have literally packed from morning till night—and now at last, in a short breathing time, I try to give some account of the great change of plans and views which took place on Thursday last, when my father himself came to the conclusion that nothing will do but our going to Germany. Bonn, Basle, and, at last, Heidelberg, were passed in review; and it actually and really seems fixed that the latter should be our home. I can hardly describe the difference it makes to us in all the trouble and fatigue of this removal, to look forward to a *home*, whereas before I felt as if we were never again (for some time at least) to have a roof of our own over our heads. The mixture of feeling you can fancy—how the thought of having to remove farther from so many beloved ones, besides the entire beginning of life afresh, weighs heavy in the opposite balance to the joyous anticipation of living in the beloved fatherland, and becoming personally acquainted with it. My dearest parents are both quite happy in the idea—my father full of the bright side of the plan. What a comfort that he has thus been brought to this conclusion without any further distress or disappointment!

Last Sunday was a never-to-be-forgotten Whit Sunday: my father and mother and all of us went to the Savoy Church for the last time, and we stayed all together at the Holy Communion, after which we were asked to go into the vestry, where clergy and superintendents desired leave to present an address to my father. Dear old Steinkopf was too unwell to read the address which he had written, most warmly and affectionately, and it was read aloud by Schoell: the vestry was as full as it could hold of persons who had remained on purpose to be present. Then my father spoke a few words in answer, most beautifully—very different from his manner of speaking in English; and giving such excellent parting advice as to the duty of all Germans in England, never to forget the fatherland, but to remain in spiritual communion with it, besides giving all the material aid in the power of every one severally. Half, at least, of those present were in tears; and the affectionate words and manner of each, as we all shook hands, were most affecting. The

German Hospital Committee desire also to present an address, which they will bring on Thursday. Yesterday as we were to dine at Mr. Gurney's to take leave, we passed by Dalston, to the joy of all the inmates, particularly of the matron, who feels that she is losing a support and protection often experienced, in the departure of my father and also of Frances.

1st June.—I had omitted to tell you of my father's and mother's audiences of the Queen on Wednesday last, 25th May (as you will have seen); my father delivered his papers in all form, the Queen expressing most strongly and kindly her conviction that my father had always acted so as to promote the best interests of both Prussia and England. The same day mamma received a note from Lady Canning, saying that the Queen would receive her on Thursday, 1st June, at three o'clock, This was felt to be the more kind, as it seems to be unusual. Mamma had been informed that she *might* have applied for an audience of leave-taking, but *that* she refrained from doing, not to be unnecessarily troublesome, and thus was the more gratified at being appointed to come—for you know how faithfully my mother is attached to the Queen, and how she loves to see her, and hear her speak. The Queen detained mamma in a long conversation quite alone, mentioning the intrigues at Berlin against the whole matter of the Western Alliance—her own misgiving that a letter in her own hand had not entirely been made known to the King of Prussia, as might easily be the case, if his sight had become too much affected to read letters himself; and ending with the expression of her 'great concern and regret' at the departure of my father and mother, and of her hope and wish for our 'well-being and happiness' wherever we might reside, and then, giving mamma her hand, she dismissed her with a kiss on the cheek. In the meantime, my father saw Prince Albert, who presented him with a photograph (excellent) of himself, and a whole series, representing the Royal Family in the dresses they wore when enacting and reciting at Windsor Castle on the 10th February, parts of Thomson's 'Seasons,' on which occasion my parents had been present. The value of each was enhanced, by the names being written underneath by each, and the Queen's autograph under an etching from a drawing.

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Extract of a Letter from a Son in London to his Brother in the Country.

8th May, 1854.

The letter of the Prince of Prussia was followed by one from the Princess,—equally warm, and, in fact, affectionate. Prince Albert has been most warm in his expressions, in his own name and that of Queen Victoria. You will be delighted to read these letters, with those of many a real friend. Lord John Russell's is a fine document. Lord Aberdeen kept my father two hours, and parted from him with tears in his eyes. 'I was instrumental in fixing you here, thirteen years ago, and indeed I do not regret it—I *cannot* take leave of you.' Lord Palmerston speaks as quite indignant at this break up, and shows all the kindness he can.

We felt it a great blessing to drive to church yesterday, for my father, as it were, to take leave. He was very happy, in a solemn temper. You would have been glad to have been present, when during the last part of the hymn, he bowed down his fine head, leaning it on both his hands, and prayed silently, an abundant flow of tears rushing from his eyes. Nothing could be more mild and heavenly than his spirit all the day—open, bright, and generous to all whom he met.

A new African expedition is about to start, and I have succeeded in getting a College friend of mine in (Bleek), through my father, whose letter to Lord Clarendon on this subject was his last official application, and, as being such, successful.

This night my father and mother go to the Queen's Concert—the last time of attending a Court festivity.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

St. Leonard's-on-Sea: 12th May, 1854.

Your valued second letter has hit upon the very crisis of our life;—we must give up England, and we are about to remove to Germany, and to Heidelberg. To-morrow I shall learn whether the house there must be taken from the 24th. Should this be the case, we should be obliged to set out about the 18th.

Thus the fair prospect of Glyn Garth falls to pieces! This removal is the will of God for us: and as soon as we had perceived that, we have as fully entered into it, as though it had been from the first our own will.*

Letter from a Daughter-in-Law.

May, 1854.

Your father came up from St. Leonard's on Tuesday—that evening they had a few friends to take leave. On Wednesday he meant to have returned to St. Leonard's early, as he had accredited Count Henckel as Chargé d'Affaires, the day before; but he was long with Prince Albert, so that when I went thither at three o'clock, he was only then leaving; I was so glad to be there, to be present at that closing scene. He was in the library with your mother, E. and G.: he looked full of deepest thoughts. . . . But how desolate it all looked! That beautiful room stripped of every book, ornament, and picture, and he only standing there waiting to be off! Then the brougham was announced. He said but few words—we followed him into the hall, full of piled-up boxes—the men-servants all standing there. He said a few words to our mother, gave a few parting injunctions to Ernest, without a muscle of his face moving, and got into his carriage. I cannot tell you what we all felt. Our hearts were in our mouths, and yet no one spoke a word but himself. I got in to accompany him—I could not bear his going alone; and what an inter-

* The friendship which connected Mrs. Salis Schwabe with Bunsen and his wife was recent in date, but not the less real. Through a common friend, of high value to all, they had been for some years acquainted, and were further drawn together by sympathy in the deep affliction of Mrs. Schwabe for the death of her excellent husband, two years before the present date. On this occasion, Mrs. Schwabe's invitation and offer of such thorough-going hospitality as consisted in placing her beautiful residence of Glyn Garth, in North Wales, at the sole disposal of the Bunsens for as long as they might be inclined to inhabit it,—claimed the return of cordial consciousness of sympathy, which caused Bunsen to keep up a frequent correspondence with her to his life's end. When Bunsen, shortly after he was settled at Heidelberg, formed the conception of the '*Bibelwerk*,' Mrs. Schwabe met the project with her accustomed enthusiasm in every high and holy cause, and finding on enquiry that to meet the expense of learned secretaries, collaborators, and referees, as well as for books to be consulted, a large sum would be requisite, which Bunsen hoped to find a publisher disposed to advance, she munificently supplied the needed funds; and became thus the benefactress of the '*Bibelwerk*' in its commencement, as was Mr. Astor its benefactor when it approached its close in 1857.

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esting drive we had! He talked so beautifully and touchingly of everything, especially of his visit to Prince Albert, saying he had referred him to his translation of the 73rd Psalm, as the best description of the present time. So we got to the station, where he took leave of the old coachman; and then we paced up and down. He talked about us all, and all that his children were to him, now more than ever. And then he departed: and I returned to Carlton Terrace to talk to G. about business, and carry away my usual daily cargo of things set apart for you and Mary and ourselves.

That evening they all adjourned hither; Frances in time to superintend my dressing for the Queen's Ball—whither I went with E. The Queen asked particularly of E. after his father.

*Bunsen to Miss Winkworth.**

77 Marina, St. Leonard's-on-Sea: 12th May, 1854

Your letter and the proof sheets of your Translation of the 'Theologia Germanica,' with Kingsley's Preface and your Introduction, were delivered to me yesterday, as I was leaving Carlton Terrace to breathe once more, for a few days, the refreshing air of this quiet, lovely place. You told me that you had been led to study Tauler and the 'Theologia Germanica' by some conversations which we had on the subject in 1851, and you wish me to state to your readers, in a few lines, what place I conceive this school of Germanic theology to hold in the general development of Christian thought, and what appears to me to be the bearing of this work, in particular upon the present dangers and prospects of Christianity, as well as upon the eternal interests of religion in the heart of every man and woman.

I may begin by saying with Luther, I rank this short treatise next to the Bible: but, unlike him, should place it before rather than after St. Augustine. That school of pious, learned, and profound men, of which this book is, as it were, the popular catechism, was the Germanic counterpart of Romanic scholasticism, and more than the revival of that Latin theology which produced so many eminent thinkers, from Augustine, its father, to Thomas Aquinas, its last great

* Printed by way of introduction to Miss Winkworth's translation of *'Theologia Germanica.'*

genius, whose death did not take place until after the birth of Dante,—who again was the contemporary of the Socrates of the Rhenish School—Meister Eckart, the Dominican.

The theology of this school was the first protest of the Germanic mind against the Judaism and formalism of the Byzantine and Mediæval Churches—against the hollowness of science, to which scholasticism had led, and the rottenness of society, which a pompous hierarchy strove in vain to conceal, but had not the power nor the will to correct. Eckart and Tauler, his pupil, brought religion home from fruitless speculation, and reasonings upon imaginary or impossible suppositions, to man's own heart and to the understanding of the common people, as Socrates did the Greek philosophy. There is both a remarkable analogy and a striking contrast between the great Athenian and those Dominican friars. Socrates did full justice to the deep ethical ideas embodied in the established religion of his country and its venerated mysteries, which he far preferred to the shallow philosophy of the Sophists; but he dissuaded his pupils from seeking an initiation into the mysteries, or, at least, from resting their convictions and hopes upon them; exhorting them to rely, not upon the oracles of Delphi, but upon the oracle in their own bosoms. The 'Friends of God,' on the other hand, believing (like Dante) most profoundly in the truth of the Christian religion, on which the Established Church of their age, notwithstanding its corruptions, was essentially founded, recommended submission to the ordinances of the Church as a wholesome preparatory discipline for many minds. Like the saint of Athens, however, they spoke plain truth to the people. To their disciples, and those who came to them for instruction, they exhibited the whole depth of that real Christian philosophy, which opens to the mind, after all scholastic conventionalism has been thrown aside, and the soul listens to the response which Christ's Gospel and God's creation find in a sincere heart and a self-sacrificing life—a philosophy which, considered merely as a speculation, is far more profound than any scholastic system. But, in a style that was intelligible to all, they preached that no fulfilment of rites and ceremonies, nor of so-called religious duties—in fact, no outward works, however meritorious, can either give peace to man's conscience, nor yet give him strength to bear

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up against the temptations of prosperity and the trials of adversity.

In following this course they brought the people back from hollow profession and real despair to the blessings of Gospel religion, while they opened to philosophic minds a new career of thought. By teaching that man is justified by faith, and by faith alone, they prepared the intellectual element of the Reformation; by teaching that this faith has its philosophy, as fully able to carry conviction to the understanding, as faith to give peace to the troubled conscience, they paved the way for that spiritual philosophy of the mind of which Kant laid the foundation. But they were not controversialists, as the Reformers of the sixteenth century were driven to be by their position, and not men of science exclusively, as the masters of modern philosophy in Germany were and are. Although most of them friars, or laymen connected with the religious orders of the time, they were men of the people, and men of action. They preached the saving faith to the people in churches, in hospitals, in the streets and public places. In the strength of this faith, Tauler, when he had been already for years the universal object of admiration as a theologian and preacher through all the free cities on the Rhine, from Basle to Cologne, humbled himself, and remained silent for the space of two years, after the mysterious layman had shown him the insufficiency of his scholastic learning and preaching. In the strength of this faith he braved the Pope's interdict, and gave the consolations of religion to the people of Strasburg, during the dreadful plague which depopulated that flourishing city. For this faith, Eckart suffered with patience slander and persecution, as formerly he had borne with meekness honours and praise. For this faith, Nicolaus of Basle, who sat down as a humble stranger at Tauler's feet, to become the instrument of his real enlightenment, died a martyr in the flames. In this sense, the 'Friends of God' were, like the Apostles, men of the people, and practical Christians, while, as men of thought, their ideas contributed powerfully to the great efforts of the European nations in the sixteenth century.

Let me, therefore, my dear friend, lay aside all philosophical and theological terms, and state the principles of the

golden book which you are just presenting to the English public, in what I consider, with Luther, the best theological exponent, in plain Teutonic, thus:— CHAP. XVI.

Sin is selfishness;
Godliness is unselfishness;
A godly life is the stedfast working out of inward freeness from self:
To become thus godlike is the bringing back of man's first nature.

On this last point (man's Divine dignity and destiny) Tauler speaks as strongly as our author, and almost as strongly as the Bible. Man is indeed to him God's own image. 'As a sculptor,' he says somewhere, with a striking range of mind for a monk of the fourteenth century, 'is said to have exclaimed on beholding a rude block of marble, "What a godlike beauty thou hidest!" thus God looks upon men, in whom God's own image is hidden.' 'We may begin,' he says in a kindred passage, 'by loving God in hope of reward, we may express ourselves concerning Him in symbols (*Bilder*) but we must throw them all away, and, much more, we must scorn all idea of reward, that we may love God only because He is the Supreme Good, and contemplate His eternal nature as the real substance of our own soul.'

But let no one imagine that these men, though doomed to passiveness in many respects, thought a contemplative or monkish life a condition of spiritual Christianity, and not rather a danger to it. 'If a man truly loves God,' says Tauler, 'and has no will but to do God's will, the whole force of the river Rhine may run at him and will not disturb him or break his peace; if we find outward things a danger and disturbance, it comes from our appropriating to ourselves what is God's.' But Tauler, as well as our author, uses the strongest language to express his horror of sin, man's own creation, and their view on this subject forms their great contrast to the philosophers of the Spinosistic school. Among the Reformers, Luther stands nearest to them, with respect to the great fundamental points of theological teaching, but their intense dread of sin as a rebellion against God, is shared both by Luther and Calvin. Among later theologians, Julius Möller, in his profound essay on Sin, and Richard Rothe, in his great work on Christian Ethics, come nearest to them in depth of thought and ethical

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earnestness, and the first of these eminent writers carries out, as it appears to me, most consistently, that fundamental truth of the 'Theologia Germanica,' that there is no sin but selfishness, and that all selfishness is sin.'

'Such appear to me to be the characteristics of our book and of Tauler.

'I may be allowed to add, that this small but golden treatise has been now for almost forty years an unspeakable comfort to me and to many Christian friends (most of whom have already departed in peace) to whom I had the happiness of introducing it. May it, in your admirably faithful and lucid translation, become a real 'book for the million' in England, a privilege which it already shares in Germany with Tauler's matchless sermons, of which I rejoice to hear that you are making a selection for publication! May it become a blessing to many a longing Christian heart in that dear country of yours, which I am on the point of leaving after many happy years of residence, but on which I can never look as a strange land to me, any more than I shall ever consider myself as a stranger in that home of Teutonic liberty and energy which I have found to be also the home of practical Christianity, and of warm and faithful affection!'

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

77 Marina, St. Leonard's: 12th May, 1854.

'I arrived here prosperously, and was received at the station by Emily and a servant, to my great refreshment. I came on foot hither, where the excellent master of the house met me, followed by Mrs. Wagner, with the hearty kindness peculiar to himself—he having been cured of an indisposition, and called out of bed by yesterday's successful election of Mr. North. After the 'substantial tea,' the two good girls played Beethoven and other things, and then I went (*quite well*) to bed, and rose early this morning. Before six I was writing at my 'Conclusion' for the press, which I hope to finish before noon. My feeling is that I may be suddenly called back to town. Everything is ready for whatever may come, and whenever it comes.

My 'Chronological Tables' (stretching over 3,300 years) Johannes Brandis has carried through 600 years already and

written out fair; he is in full course, and we need but to consult once a day. A splendid fellow! CHAP. XVI.

Later, not dated.—We go on wonderfully. Johannes Brandis is exactly the man I wanted, and he delights in the subject, and in helping me. He is really like a son to me, and has made solid studies.

14th May.—I still feel the pressure of care . . . the Lord will certainly help; one must do one's own part, and then have patience. Till now, the way has been beyond hope made plain to us—first, pointed out, and then traced and made smooth. What a beautiful letter, high-minded and affectionate, John Harford has written! God be thanked for so many precious hearts full of love that surround us! My close on the 'Philosophy of Religion' has given me much trouble, but I am pleased with it at last. It consists of sixty pages (about forty in print), much compressed, intelligible, and without circumlocution. I hope to read it to you on Friday, printed. Yesterday's weather was charming beyond conception; I walked certainly two miles.

Thursday evening, 19th May.—Although I have the whole day been composing and writing in English, and matter from my soul's innermost—yet am I moved now to close the working day with a few German words to you, best beloved! I have had a true foretaste of the blessedness of a free and tranquil existence, to which the Lord will conduct us, through the midst of storms as to outward things, in the mild light of His grace and His peace, according to our heart's best longings, granting our most urgent prayer. And this has been granted to me before the bitter cup was wholly drunk out, and the fight fought out, the distress ended—and even during separation from you, and from the dear and valued beings whom God has granted to us. I do not say in a strange land, for such is this land not to me, but rather a second fatherland. But the longing after the land of my fathers breaks out from time to time and strengthens me for the parting, not with splendour and dignity of station—for these are oppressive to me—but from the love and attachment which wind round my heart their thousand bands. May it be thus with us both when the hour of death approaches! . . This morning, I wrote my letter to Miss Winkworth, and worked it through after dinner that I might transcribe it

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to-morrow early, and send off a fair copy to her, as I promised. Thus I shall just have brought to an end the work undertaken in and for England, when the hour of departure is come. What a misfortune it would have been if the crisis had occurred six months sooner! . . . I deserted you, all of you dear ones, in the midst of labour and care; but I quiet myself with the reflection that the time was come when I ceased to be helpful, and could only by my presence disturb and impede you.

14th May.—Things at Berlin are in a serious position—it is in the character of people to rush blindly towards the abyss, and then, at a sudden jolt, to stop and let go everything by half measures and contradictions.

A fine notion that of placing me in the *Ober-Kirchenrath* (Upper Church Council)! An eagle may be caught as well as a crow, but not enticed down from his rock by a vulgar bait, as the crow might be from his tree. No! '*Sursum corda*' is the word and '*Kopf oben*' ('head above the water'). I wish they would come direct to me with the offer! My letter to Miss Winkworth will please you; it flowed out of my very soul, and is a leave-taking from the country and nation which I shall never see again.

I have walked out four times to-day, and besides have driven in the evening with the Wagners. The dear host and hostess are kind beyond description, and when I have once promised to walk, Emily insists, in the most amiable manner, but with the pitiless force of a steam-screw of 200-horse power, and gains her point.

To Archdeacon Julius Hare.

77 Marina, St. Leonard's-on-Sea: 22nd May, 1854.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I cannot be with you to-morrow bodily, but I shall be with you in soul and spirit on that auspicious day, which crowns so many noble and pious wishes, and hopes, and prayers, and sacrifices. God be thanked that you will see to-morrow that beautiful spot consecrated for ever to God's service, on the outskirts of that population among whom you and yours have grown and lived.

I am awaiting in this refreshing sea air and quiet the

arrival of the letters of recall, the delivery of which to your noble and blessed Queen will be the last act of an official life of thirty-six years. My opponents have exactly been the instruments to help me to this harbour, towards which I long tended. My ties to England have been more closely knit together in this crisis than ever before, and will only be loosened by the last breath of my life. We hope to embark in time to be present at Matilda's Confirmation, which will fix our departure for the 18th June, that day of Belle Alliance on which I landed thirteen years ago as the King's envoy.

At Heidelberg I shall find five out of the eight German theologians with whom I can agree.

My 'Hippolytus' is entirely out of my hands, and Longman will have all the seven volumes out by the 23rd of June. The second English volume of 'Egypt' comes out on the 1st June, together with Miss Winkworth's Translation of 'Theologia Germanica,' with Kingsley's Preface, and a valedictory Epistle of mine. I never have worked more successfully. *Deo soli gratis!*—But thanks to you for all your animating and elevating kindness, and unwearied friendship!

To the Same.

London: 2nd June, 1854.

We may yet hope for the happiness of seeing you here; as to our leaving town, even for a day, it is impossible.

Yes, my dear friend, I have sold all, that in future will not be of use, or of essential use, for our living at a German University town, where you can have all books of reference sent to your own house, and I have kept of my museum only the head of Christ in marble, and the copy of the head in the Transfiguration, and (besides gifts, which of course we keep) my prints of the Old School collected in Italy. As to books, I have kept all classics, theology, philosophy, and history, which is all I want in future.

We are staying with Ernest, at Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, and from Tuesday next we shall be at leisure to live to ourselves and our friends. Let me know when you arrive, and where you are to be found. With indescribable longing to see you, ever your affectionate friend—BUNSEN.

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Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Heidelberg.*)

[Translation.]

Abbey Lodge: Monday, 12th June, 1854.

Only one line—a sign of life and love. I have had a delightful day with Max Müller, who told me the result of the Turner Essay, which I had no time to read; Trevelyan was also there, and Jowett, all full of kindness. I feel quite overwhelmed by so much affection; may I once leave the world, as now I leave England,—with love all around, but yet going willingly!

To-day I shall be with Hare; to-morrow, Stanley; Wednesday, the Thatched House; Thursday, Gladstone comes to breakfast; Friday, leave taking. The Prince and the Queen always most kind. All things prepared for departure. Harford has given me a copy of the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel. Yesterday we had a terrible storm, but you will have been safe in port before that.

Friday, 16th June.—This, beloved, has been a serious day, the last (seemingly at least) in England: besides which, until two days ago, it seemed to me impossible that I could accomplish all, even though thirty men of Spottiswoode's printing establishment work day and night, and yet more impossible did Rowan and Spottiswoode deem it that I should keep pace with so many hands. In addition, my Japhetic translation of John vi. and xvii. was still due, and some of my xxx. Theses were not done to my mind. Lastly, I found that the Preface to 'Egypt' ii. had still need of a notice of two new works, which I had hardly read. God be thanked, all this *is* finished, half an hour ago. Brandis and G. helped faithfully. This morning the last words, for the Thesis and some other chapters, came from my pen. Thus is my last English work completed, and has grown out of an occasional into a permanent work; for the thoughts laid down in it will long outlive me, and perhaps here or in the United States will find a fruitful soil, sooner than in Germany, distracted as it is, without nerve for action.

As Brandis is finishing the examination of the 'Chronological Tables,' I may freely turn my eyes and mind towards my German fatherland. Never in my life have I felt more conscious of the Divine support and blessing! and I hope that consciousness will keep me in humility as in faith.

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In the evening of that Friday, 16th June, several of Bunsen's most intimate friends had been invited to dinner at Abbey Lodge, among whom were Hare and Maurice. The former addressed a few parting words to him, who was never again to grace that table, that house, that country, with his presence. The impressive address, spoken with deep emotion, and listened to with no common sympathy, called forth a farewell from Bunsen to the country, and to the relations and friends he was about to leave.

What England had been to him, before he had even seen her, what lasting impressions had been produced in him on his first visit in 1839 as a private individual, as well as ever since during the thirteen years of his official residence in this country; what precious links had, under Providence, been formed, in the land which gave birth to his wife; how he trusted that his children's children's children would be enabled to maintain the happy relations which dearly connected him, more especially with Germany, Italy, and England, but also with France;—these were the leading topics of his parting address.

The next morning, Saturday, 17th June, he left England for Heidelberg, accompanied by his son George.

Bunsen to his Daughter-in-Law. (Sent early to her room, before they had met, on the last morning.)

Abbey Lodge: Saturday morning, 17th June, 1854; nine o'clock.

I hope in this rainy weather you will not venture out, and I must in one line give you my blessing and a father's thanks, for being what you are, an angel of love and kindness. You know not what you have done and been for me, in these weeks passed under your hospitable and blessed roof. May God bless you for it, here and eternally!

Love and kindest regards to your children, and the whole house of Gurney.

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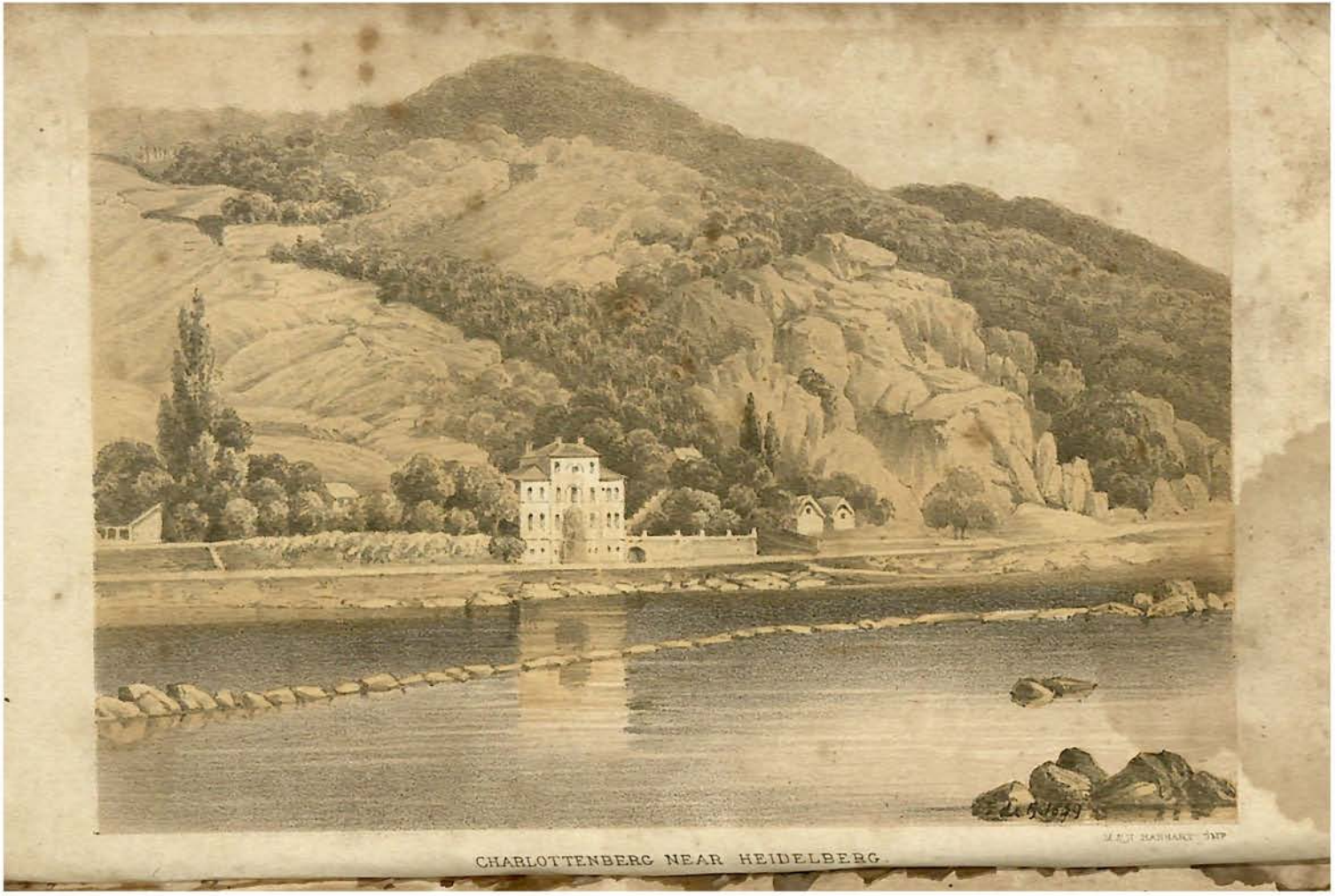
I leave England, as I hope and wish to leave this world—loving and beloved, but willing and cheerful.

Think of me on Wednesday. My blessing again on your children, and the dear baby in particular—Ever your affectionate father—BUNSEN.

Bunsen reached Mannheim on June 22nd, at night, and was met by his wife and two daughters early on the morning of the 23rd, when they were all present at the Confirmation of the youngest, performed by the truly reverend pastor, Winterwerber, at the Educational Institute (then presided over by Fraülein Amalia Jung), where Matilda Bunsen had been placed the preceding year. This introduction of his daughter, with a large number of her contemporaries and fellow-pupils, into the period of self-dependence, in itself solemn and affecting, was rendered more impressive by the intense earnestness with which the honoured teacher reiterated the convictions which he had long laboured to fix in the minds of his scholars; and it was heart-warming and soothing for Bunsen to re-enter—through this celebration of a Christian solemnity, upon which he set a peculiar value—the life of his native country. After this, a short remaining railway journey brought him to the habitation, which had not been definitely engaged till after he should have seen it, and acquiesced in the opinion of its being, not only the only house in Heidelberg that could have suited him, but also the spot which more especially combined the multiplied beauties of the valley of the Neckar. His image, as he stood leaning over the balustrade of the terrace of Charlottenberg, entranced by the prospect, which was gilded by the fullness of sunshine upon the full development of vegetation, and embalmed by the scent of orange-flowers and roses in the garden—forgetting that the lady possessor of the house and his wife were waiting to show him the rooms—will remain while memory lasts in the mind of the latter, reviving the thankful feeling of that



CHARLOTTENBERG NEAR HEIDELBERG

moment. It was a great boon to have such a place as Charlottenberg provided for Bunsen's latter years—for the last years of happiness and comfort that were to be his lot on earth; and his enjoyment of it was constant and unfailing each year, as long as the fine season lasted, that is, the period of long days and mild temperature. During the other half of the year, the reign of death in vegetation and of discomfort to all animated nature, which made the Continental winter a time of habitual bodily suffering to him, could not be laid to the account of that habitation. Had circumstances allowed of his spending the winter months regularly on the southern coast of France, or even on that of England, to be invigorated by sea-air against the influence of damp and cold, his life might possibly have been protracted; but the regret must be checked by the consideration, that the satisfaction of life for him consisted in the execution of his various works, which could not be carried on exceptionally, nor at a distance from materials of reference, such as could be furnished only by the public library of an University.

Bunsen found at Heidelberg a few intimate friends, and was warmly greeted by many newer ones, besides which, during the summer and autumn, an unfailing current of travellers of all nations furnished him with opportunities of constant social intercourse with former or with fresh acquaintances. The pleasure of such social meetings will be present to the minds of many persons, as well as that of the writer of these lines. Were but the practice of making notes of conversations more common, much of general interest might have been preserved from that time.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 28th June, 1854.

My books are placed far more within reach, and arranged more according to inclination, than was possible in London.

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Your mother and sisters have done wonders, and the rooms look so home-like that one cannot admit the possibility of ever quitting them. The lower apartment, with the terrace and its prospect, are enjoyable even in rainy weather, but in sunshine ideally beautiful. I feel cause to thank God daily for being here; for I experience almost tangibly that I have need of all my time and all my powers, to carry out the task laid upon me by the fifth volume of 'Egypt.' I am, once for all, a German, placing before me the ideal problem as being capable of solution, because that solution is an intellectual necessity; and at the same time I am an Englishman, who refers to history all questions concerning reality. In the case of mythology, and more especially the Egyptian, these views must meet in one point, and the undertaking is no easy one. When, fifty years ago, enquiries came upon the track of the ideas which pervade all ancient mythologies, those ideas were treated as beings self-existent and self-evolving: the myth, the doctrine, the tradition, were looked upon as living spirits, producing in the human mind perceptions which it received with awe and wonder. This notion adheres closely to Schelling and the Grimms: and yet it is erroneous. On the contrary, personality is all in all: that is, the true and real personality, which becomes the organ of the slumbering consciousness of his contemporaries. Thoth and Bytis were founders of philosophical systems by symbols, worship, solemnities, myths: as Menes founded a kingdom, and Plato and Aristotle a system of dialectics. The manuals of these prophets were disciples, and tribes, and nations: their debates were wars of the gods, which signify struggles of religious opinion. The Egyptians came from Asia, with about the same language by which we decipher the records upon the most ancient monuments, without inscription, but probably with memorial images (*Denkbilder*) as memorials. Should we not, by the method of exhaustion—now, that the monuments speak to us—at least be able to find out which of the possible points of commencement was the real one, and what was the succession of layers which so soon and distinctly reveal themselves?"

R. is a hasty South-German, not of philosophic spirit; L. has no fruitful ideas; Schelling is great, but a Suabian,

having made out, long before the discovery of America, his complete unalterable system about the Atlantis.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: July, 1854.

I thank God that I am here—first, because, as things are, I could remain with satisfaction nowhere else, in no other town, or house; secondly, because Heidelberg and Charlottenberg are the best of their kind, and both indescribably beautiful. But I miss John Bull, the sea, the 'Times' in the morning, and, besides, some dozens of individual fellow-creatures.

Under common circumstances of free choice, one can live in Prussia only, as a German: yet the people here are good. I might live at Bonn, but when?

The learned class has greatly sunk in Germany, more than I supposed; all behind-hand. In the domain of literature is anarchy and influence of the masses. The higher minds have slidden out of the track since 1848. Politically, the apathy is complete *as to all German concerns*: in the present Russian question, however, there is great interest. The inclination towards Austria only originates in hatred to Prussia.

14th July.—I live as in a state of enchantment, and can as yet scarcely comprehend how free and how happy I am. I can now read the books that I have longed to read for years, and at the same time write to my heart's content.

5th August.—Between yesterday and to-day I have read 'Yeast.' What a book, and what courage! The wound was never before so deeply probed. The work makes a great step in progress beyond 'Alton Locke' in clearness as to conditions of society, although the design of this is said to be older in date. The close of the tale, in an Arabesque, comes naturally according to the title. He would say, 'Let everyone make it out as he will.'

To the Same.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 27th July, 1854.

I have chosen a form of representation in the work on Egypt which will give all facts collected into one focus. In the Preface I mean to set forth the results of the whole, for antiquarian research and for the philosophy of the human

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race, in mere 'household words.' My Dedication to Schelling pleases others, and myself too. That to Champollion may turn out well also: it is a sort of legend.

Mrs. Hamilton is here, in full animation and originality. Miss Wynn also—a great satisfaction.

In the 'Westminster Review' for July is a good announcement of Miss Winkworth's 'Theologia Germanica,' and a stupid article upon Comte's book, designated 'Positive Philosophy' (read negative); and yet, the man has scented something of the philosophy of the history of mankind. Who can have written the article? and who the very clever one upon Milman's 'Latin Christianity'? in fact, an independent essay, appended probably because the editor would not identify himself with an article so positively Christian. In Germany nothing appears of any importance; the most wretched trifles are cried up. Everyone thinks himself a critic—no one is productive. All is sunk into bitterness, and dismemberment, and dejection. God be thanked for the splendid harvest! the only joyful event for the world.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

22nd August.

The plans of the Camarilla are becoming more extravagant than ever. Being disappointed by Auerswald, one of them has conceived the design of preparing an alliance between Prussia, Russia, and France; of course, against England and Austria—Haugwitz outdone!

In a letter dated Michaelmas 1854, Bunsen observes, on the subject of the dogma about to be proclaimed by the Pope as binding on the conscience of all Catholics, —that all Protestants could do, would be to point out to reasonable Catholics to what a point they are being led by the Pope. At the same time he declares his conviction, that no good influence can be exerted by Protestants upon Catholics, until they shall have achieved a right to speak with authority upon experience, by constituting and representing real communities in home, Church, and State.

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Referring to a communication from the late Archbishop of Canterbury upon the subject of the Immaculate Conception, he contrasts the truly Christian sentiments of the Patriarch of the Anglo-Saxons, with those of the Patriarch of Alexandria, the persecutor of Nestorius, who, in an address to the Fathers of the Council of Ephesus, used these words:—'By the mother of God the tempter is overcome, and fallen man is raised to Heaven.' *

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 24th August, 1854.

The woes and wrongs of my beloved fatherland in general, of the condition of the Church and of religious instruction in particular, weigh more heavily upon my heart than I could at a distance have believed possible. Not to be oppressed in spirit by the spectacle requires a great effort of philosophical reflection. I shall keep away from the *Kirchentag* (general meeting of German Protestants), at least until the men who design to make it an instrument of their separatist will shall have been excluded from the committee. The first object ought to be, to support the Union against their system of violence and persecution; the feeble basis of confederacy is not even accepted by them in sincerity. But what should be expected from those who propose *as law* the Lutheran Liturgy for infant baptism, with Exorcism and Regeneration? I shall not go to that meeting, but other levers will not be wanting to drive out the evil spirit, not by Beelzebub, but by the Word of the Lord; to which work I feel, as you do, a fresh spring of youthful courage.

A Fragment entitled 'From 25th August, 1849, to 24th August, 1854, Five Years' Withdrawal from Service,'—but broken off after the introductory sentences here translated.

'Should this not succeed, then will it be time to descend into the grave, or at least to quit public life.'

* It was in this same Council of Ephesus that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary was first introduced and approved, which the present Pope, in 1854, added to the Creed of the Roman Church.

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With these words I closed five years ago my political contemplations. Now, at the entrance of my sixty-fourth year, I find myself removed from the banks of the Thames to those of the Neckar, and from public life to the tranquillity of domestic and literary retirement.

That long-foreseen moment came before the mind's eye with unmistakable reality and deathlike solemnity in November 1850. How I then formed the determination to retire, as soon as an opportunity for so doing should offer, without neglect of duty towards fatherland or family; how meanwhile I resumed work long since begun and laid aside, and betook myself to new research; how at the same time I prepared the mind of the King, through Radowitz, for my resolution; how in 1851 I went to Bonn, to take cognisance of the harbour in which I desired to find refuge; how on the very eve of asking leave of absence and permission to resign, I was suddenly detained by serious illness, and how the near approach of winter rendered removal impossible; how in the beginning of 1852 I resolved to maintain the post as long as possible, which my political opponents projected to occupy with one of their own number; how I suffered the infliction of poor Marcus Niebuhr's sad mission, which caused the last delusions as to the purposes of the Court with respect to the Constitution to vanish from my mind; how finally I entered upon the Eastern question with the ever-increasing consciousness of *fulfilling a destiny*, and the firm resolution to hazard all in the endeavour after a dignified position for Prussia in the impending struggle:—all that I shall another time state in all detail, with reference to events and to my political correspondence. But now I shall only tell of my retirement, and of the events which immediately led thereto. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg; 7th October, 1854.

My work gets on well. By the side of it I have arranged with Miss Winkworth the publication of twenty-six sermons of Tauler's, from Advent to Pentecost, with his life. The trial of skill has proved successful; she has hit the right tone.

The Baltic is a Russian sea, and the King of Denmark keeper of the gate. That must be thrown open, and the union of Calmar re-established. Instead of the Protocol of the Danish succession, the present dynasty should be suffered to die out. The dynasties must be consolidated, like the debts of a State after a bankruptcy.

Schloss Monrepos: 26th October.—To-morrow I go to Göttingen. I seek my place in the fatherland, and feel that I shall find it; the minds come nearer to me, and I to them.

On the journey I have made the design for publishing my Table of Bible-reading, in English and in German, with a corrected translation.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Charlottenberg.*)

[Translation.]

Hôtel Bellevue, Bonn: Thursday, 12th October, 1854.

Here we arrived an hour ago, having been obliged to remain yesterday at Mainz. Our journey was cheerful and prosperous, the bright point in all respects was Mainz. With Emilia we wandered about the garden-walks, and enjoyed in the sunshine the prospect of the two streams uniting, with the Taunus and other objects right and left. In the course of this day the thought has ripened with me, which originated at Fox How (1839), to arrange a series of Bible-readings, as the *real history of Revelation*, in their historical order, the text with a short introduction prefixed to each division of the Divine Drama; a People's Book, for the use of my English and American fellow-Christians. As an English composition, the thought came new before me, and the form was at once clear to my eyes. The next morning I rose at four o'clock, and by seven I had written the Preface and Introduction, to the great satisfaction of Emilia and Theodore. At Coblentz we were at the Palace from morning till night: our reception (including Theodore's) was like that at Baden Baden in August, as distinguished as it was kind. I am here in a condition of satisfaction, which, however, prevents not a great longing after my dear, dear home, and after you in particular. I have read thirty pages (mythology) to Welcker, and shall read more at two o'clock.

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To the Same.

[Translation.]

Schloss Rheineck: 15th October, 1854.

Here we arrived yesterday, to celebrate the King's birthday with the dear Hollwegs. To-morrow I go to Monrepos, Tuesday or Wednesday to Deutz, from thence next day to Göttingen.

From Schloss Monrepos: Monday, 16th October, 1854.

All right! I am in full sail, and I hope with due thankfulness to our gracious God.

Heavy, dreadful times are coming for Prussia and Germany,—happy he who is independent!

The Crown, Göttingen: 20th October.—At length we arrived at eleven o'clock last night, after a journey from six in the morning (with a rest of three hours at Hanover, where we saw Hermann Kestner), fifty-eight German miles. You will see that I have written to you more than ever, only in my journal, and thus you have not received it, but I shall read it all to you. My writing-book (which I rarely take with me) is already almost full! My Bible-lessons are finished. I have learnt much, both matter of joy, and of sorrow: but to be acquainted with the truth is ever satisfactory.

The bright point was Monrepos: the Princess is an angel. I have succeeded in writing a satisfactory letter to the King, and I have done my best to compose a letter to the Primate, which should be sincere, and still to the purpose.*

Göttingen: 22nd October.—My stay here is most gratifying

* This relates to a commission given by the King, and just received by Bunsen in a letter from His Majesty's own hand, to express his wish that Protestant Churches should combine to enter a public protest against the proclaimed purpose of Pope Pius IX. to place the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary among those dogmas of the Church of Rome declared to be obligatory on the faithful as essential to salvation. Bunsen was desired to write to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to consider the matter from the King's point of view; and his letter was answered by Archbishop Sumner to the effect that he found it impossible to comply with the King's desire, the Church of England having in her Articles explicitly given such a protest, and himself being habitually and on principle disinclined to all interference with the faith or acts of the chief of an alien Church.

and important to me. My old friends, Reck included, are all I could wish; Ewald and the other new luminaries have received me with the greatest kindness and esteem. CHAP. XVI.

Bunsen to a Son, on his engagement.

[Translation.]

Göttingen: 23rd October, 1854.

You know already how joyfully I hailed the first intelligence of your hopes, from all that you told me of your beloved, and also of your own state of mind. I distinguished the hand of the Lord clearly in this contingency. All true, genuine love, that love which is 'stronger' than death,' which is of force to surmount victoriously all life's changes and chances, begins with the consciousness of unworthiness in relation to God, who had conducted us to receive this pledge of His eternal love, as well as in relation to the beloved object; and more especially must this be the feeling of the man, whose heart after storms and rough waves has found the haven of repose, and who, for the first time thoroughly feels what it is to be permitted to call a pure and noble female heart his own. That feeling I had, when first on the evening of the 31st May, on the sacred spot in the Colosseum, and then next morning in the paternal house, your beloved mother uttered to me the solemn vow. Do you hold fast that feeling!—for it is the voice of God that called it forth; it is the pulsation of eternal life within us, so often crushed by the load of outward things, and kept down by the world's pressure. This feeling is destined to expand more and more into pure thankfulness, to render our whole life a thank-offering, through ever increasing self-renunciation: it is the sole safe pledge of duration in the joy of love. Most men, and even most poets, suppose the beginning of love to be its culminating point: but whoever has really loved, and discriminated the nature of love (which among poets, only Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, and Göthe have done), will smile at such an error.

That love, on the other hand, which is but self-idolatry, therefore the opposite to real love in the innermost being, soon smoulders away self-consumed: for self-adoration can only subsist in the light of the accelerated process of decay and dissolution.

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And now, dearest, look once back with me upon your (*Lehr und Wanderjahre*) years of learning and wandering. Do you not see, and feel, and touch the fact, that all you have gone through was necessary, to enable you to find your true happiness? Look ever up to God, and hold fast by the invisible, the alone true, that your faith may be preserved.

My stay at Göttingen has been so heart-cheering that I daily think over and contemplate it with more solemn earnestness. It is now just forty-five years since I came here, with my courageous father's blessing, and the letter to Professor Bunsen, who was to introduce me to Heyne; it will soon be thirty-nine years since I quitted the 'Georgia Augusta' for ever; and it is twenty-six years and a half since I saw Lücke on my hurried passage from Berlin to Rome (April, 1828) for the last time. What lies not between those dates! Yet I still know every house, and still find cordial esteem and affection flowing in upon me from all sides, from grey-haired men of science, and from those of later date, never seen before; Lücke and even Reck are quite as of old; Lücke and myself have been led in different ways to the same convictions: only as to the means of bringing them into general acceptation, we stand not on the same ground. As to these considerations, I feel that I have been raised above many of my German contemporaries: England has made me a practical man in this also: but all will reach the same point within the next ten or twenty years, and events may precipitate the result. All wish to proceed from *knowledge* into *life*; all are more or less conscious of community, and feel that our place of union must be the Christian people organised (*Gemeinde*). But most, and the best hearts are dispirited. I preach to them freshness of courage, and trust in German knowledge, the plant from whence will proceed the future, sown by the Spirit and by *faith in reality*, in the midst of the present materialistic and confused age. Their minds advance to meet me. I feel that I stand higher with my nation than when I was in high place and lived among foreigners: and I have nowhere been more aware of it than here. And I sit with indescribable pleasure at the feet of the great masters of science, and the admirable men of learning in this town of the Muses, to ask questions and receive information; this

applies more especially to Ewald, also to Ritter and Hermann, indeed to all theologians of the 'Georgia Augusta.' Without explaining my plan to anyone but Lücke, I have brought all to feel that nothing is so necessary to the community of Christians as a Bible such as is by me proposed. Only by starting from the standpoint of Universal History can one persuade the German people to return to Bible-reading, as the food of life, and as a habit of life: and that is what thousands of hearts pine after.

Hollweg too has conjured me to proceed without delay. Now, thank God! the Introductions for the English edition are written; at the station in Hanover I finished the last words. My 'God-Consciousness in History' will now come forward as an expositor for the learned.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 24th November, 1854.

My visit to Göttingen will be of great importance for the entire remainder of my life. Since then, I have felt myself *at home* in Germany, and experience that continuity of life which gives a feeling of courage and redoubled power, this consisting with me in an unity of endeavour for more than forty years. Your affection, your freshness and energy, have above all rejoiced and invigorated my spirit.

His return from Göttingen was just before the setting in of a severe winter, and the gloom and confinement of that season were only too severely felt, increasing the oppression of spirit caused by the reports of the Crimean campaign. But the following extracts from letters will prove satisfactorily, that, as on every previous occasion of the lowring aspect of the outer world, Bunsen was raised above the present scene by intellectual and spiritual interests, and by labours for the benefit of the intelligent in Christian society.

Bunsen to Strauss. (*At Berlin.*)

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg, Heidelberg: 15th November, 1854.

The union of our Churches will stand or fall (as our late excellent Monarch repeatedly observed to me) according

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as the Lord's Supper shall be celebrated, be it by those adhering to the Liturgy of the Union, or by another not contradictory to it, not in a sectarian and separatist spirit (whether Lutheran or Calvinistic), but rather without enquiry as to this or that Catechism adopted by fellow-communicants, who are willing to live within the same organisation and Church-connection. The Catechism and the doctrinal articles may remain unaltered, unrestricted; but these do not enter within the precincts *as such*,—they are to be left behind and outside, whether in the school or at home, on entering the Church in the bond of common faith, to meet in the Holy Communion. But that is not the will and object of the men in question—partly from theological, partly from political reasons. I would leave them their exclusive views in theology; but they and their instruments ought not to rule the Church of the country, the one positive and united Church,—least of all with the present strict and unlimited dictatorship which the King in person has undertaken to exercise. Those among them who are considerate and upright should, of their own free will, lay down their offices; for, designedly or undesignedly, the aim pursued is destruction, not support of the Union.

This is my conviction:—as a writer for the public I am silent on the subject, only to avoid exposing the King. I cannot hold any other belief, so help me God!

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 19th November, 1854.

I am very desirous to show you how agreeable our dwelling here is, and how we enjoy and profit by the happiness of quiet and peace, and I hope also by the leisure here granted. Not only have I, thank God, brought my work on Egypt nearly into readiness for printing, but I am busied with the thought of another work, which, more than any one yet undertaken, occupies and animates me,—the execution of which is in closest connection with the 'Life of Jesus,' and, in fact, as a preparation to it indispensable. I mean, a '*Bibelwerk*' for the collective Christian congregations that can read German and English. I hit upon the idea in conversation with Susanna Winkworth about my Cycle of Bible-reading, published in my Hymn and Prayer Book.

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All my German Christian friends, the learned as well as those of ordinary cultivation, encourage me to do something for the purpose of enabling the Bible once more to be read as a whole, really understood and used to edification:—whereas it is now not read in Germany (particularly the Old Testament), and in England and America it is read, but in a great measure it is not understood, or rather it is misunderstood. In order to bring into full view the inner unity and the historical significance of the Bible, I believed at first that it would be sufficient to form a connected succession of extracts for biblical reading, with which to give a true harmony of the 'Life of Jesus.' Soon, however, I discovered that it would be necessary in addition to publish the whole Bible, in a rectified translation, with an introduction and some short explanations, which should be Christian and philosophical, generally intelligible, and throughout explicit. I have worked through the whole plan from beginning to end, to try whether, and how far, *I* should be able to carry through so great a work; and I have written the introductory passage in English, together with a specimen of the explanations, of the Book of Genesis. I *now believe* that I *could* work through such an undertaking. I am inclined to assert, that there is no prophetical passage which may not be satisfactorily and reasonably explained, to be understood in its true and universally-human significance. The Old Testament, which was the whole Bible of Our Lord and His Apostles, might become in this manner a bright object of contemplation for the Christian, and the central point of the world's history; whereas the baptized and unbaptized Rabbis have for centuries laboured to darken the Scriptures, and render them hard of comprehension and digestion.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

29th November, 1851.

Each day I feel more convinced, that if my work is indeed accomplished, much *false belief* and much *unbelief* will come to an end. For the foundation of the general view with which I look at the Bible, and can explain it from beginning to end, as an Unity in Spirit,—an eternal declaration of 'tidings of joy to man,'—the voice of God in the world's history,—can be so clearly carried through, that all factitious

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systems based on false views or the misunderstanding of theologians, cannot stand against it. On the other hand, the earnest-minded among the Christian nations will more than ever recognise in the Bible their own book; and in learning to understand the Scripture as the 'world's mirror' (as Göthe says) will experience the strengthening of their faith in Christ. *Now*, on the contrary, nine-tenths of the Bible are a closed volume, to the one part of mankind venerable and sacred *because* unintelligible; to the other, for that same reason, dead, or even repulsive. Here the explanation of every single passage is not the question; with regard to many of them, different scholars would give different *verbal* explanations. The main matter is the foundation laid for the view of the *whole*, in all its bearings; and that, once obtained, admits of no break—being the universal-historical development of the consciousness of God in humanity, which in Christ has its personal centre. The magnificence of the Old Testament, when once one can understand it, is unique of its kind. I have begun to arrange the prophecies of the Seer of the new Jerusalem, and write them in order; he lived in the Babylonian exile, and, towards the end of it, after the death of Nebuchadnezzar, preached and exhorted to the return from the death-doomed Babylon; and I consider him to have been no other than Baruch. These prophecies are contained in disguise as a beginning of the Book of Jeremiah (chap. ii.—xxi.) and in that of Isaiah (chap. xi.—xxvi), and also in two passages of the real book of Isaiah (chap. xiii., xiv., and xxi., 1—10). Reading these in connection, and placing one's own soul in the midst of that period so full of terrible judgments, and yet of hope,—one is admonished to recognise the eternal laws of God in the ordering of the course of the world, even in our own time, and in our own days; and one perceives that a similar mode of world-contemplation may rightly belong to other and various dispensations.

In Berlin it is reported that the King has named me to a peerage for life, with remainder to my son Ernest, supposing he purchases property and lives in Prussia. I know nothing of this.

Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

Charlottenberg: 27th December, 1854.

You have no idea how happy I feel in my new great work. It is as if I had been kept these forty years in the desert, having all the while the real pasture near me—yea, even in my mind, but not being conscious of it. It is as if streams of water poured in upon me from a dyke suddenly broken through. All I know, and have in store, seems prepared to take its place—not a word or thing have I learned which I do not want now. And how unworthy I feel of this great work! The more I understand of it, and the more I see what ignorance, spiritless learning and bigotry have made out of God's own book, and how it may be opened to the world—yea, to the simplest Christian creature which can read—the more I am encouraged to go on, in spite of my unworthiness. I hope to do it as well as ever I can.

Bunsen to one of his Sons.

[Translation.]

Heidelberg: last evening of the year 1854.

The melodious bells of all the churches are ringing out the old year—in the church a full and devout congregation have been singing, with trombone accompaniment, 'Nun danket Alle Gott!'—and your mother and I have said together with tearful eyes, 'Praise the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever! Who maketh the lame to walk, and the blind to see! What is man that Thou so regardest him, or the son of man that Thou so visitest him?'

Lord! I am not worthy of the goodness and mercy which Thou hast shown me! What a year this has been! how dark was everything when the old year was hastening to its close! Once a gleam of hope appeared, but who would trust it? and immediately after the sky darkened altogether.

And where was a way to be found for us to escape from the slavery of life, and out of the ruin of all political hopes? Yet now, here we are sitting in happy rest and peace, in the German fatherland, surrounded by love and respect far and near. Emilia restored to activity, G. happily married, your dear wife and children all well; and I (please God) entrusted with a work which fills my whole soul—a work far too vast

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for me ever to grasp it as a whole; but the most glorious guide from time to eternity, and, if my heart's desire be blessed, from the present to the future.

Darkness indeed reigns without, but tempests from the Lord are stirring and coruscating through the earth's atmosphere. The Lord is coming to judgment: He will judge the people with equity. The old order of things is judged: forty years of peace have not improved it—it is falling to pieces; but everywhere, visible to the eye of faith, nations are coming forth out of dynasties, the congregation out of hierarchy: and voices of thunder utter in all languages the cry after truth, light, liberty! Among those voices are blended those of madmen;—but who has driven them mad? and of infidels;—but who has driven them to despair of God's moral government of the world?

I have bid adieu to politics, except in quarters where I may confess my faith, and utter my detestation as well as my affection.

But in Church matters, I have spoken the word by which I hope to abide, and with which I hope to die—

> I go from the Jews to the Gentiles,
> From the Church to the congregation,—
> And I leave the dead to bury their dead.

X. and Z. have some hopes of the formation of a new Ministry at Berlin; but I cannot share their expectation. While some are singing in the branches, elsewhere the trunk is being sawn through on which the branch is growing. . . . And the poor German people must pay for all this, and endure it! The time of vengeance will indeed come, but long after we are gone. As regards the Church in Germany, nothing will be done at present. It is only the spirit in the congregation which can overcome the spirit of Popery (i.e. priestly power); but the Governments, blind or ill-intentioned, are afraid of the former. The Lutherans are becoming Puseyites —the Jesuits laugh in their sleeve. In Prussia the Church of the country is ruled by means of an Ecclesiastical Council, which is anti-Unionist!—Nicholas and Pio Nono!

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg: 31st December, 1854.

The year, my beloved friend, shall not close without my having written the letter long due and long intended. You know in general what has befallen me: writing on that subject would be too lengthy. Let it be enough to say, I could not with a good conscience remain to forward the measures which I did not approve, and I thank God for my recovered freedom. I think you have confidence enough in me to believe that I feel incomparably happier in my retirement and leisure in the quiet vineyard, opposite to the walls of the ancient castle, close to the rushing Neckar, than in Carlton Terrace and in the diplomatic uniform. I have purposely avoided going into Prussia, and have declined very kind and gracious invitations to visit Berlin.

The Spirit has moved me, and friends have encouraged me also, to the idea of a Bible for the People: we shall see what comes of it. The 'Life of Jesus' is prepared. I have closed my work in England with seven volumes: henceforward I write only in German.

Nature is most beautiful here: we have it too at first hand, near and far, up and down the valley. Frances manages the house, and she and Theodora and Matilda help me in many ways. To Emilia God has granted, after seventeen years of lameness, entire recovery, by the powerful hand of Count Szapary. Theodore was driven from Göttingen by a disorder in his eyes, a consequence of the measles: he is therefore here, very helpful to us.

Of the continuation of your Bible illustrations I have received proofs full of life and spirit, by your kind directions.

Dusch and I have a plan to induce our valued Rhebenitz to visit us next summer.

Do you keep up a fresh spirit, in the midst of the judgments which are falling upon the world; and in the midst of a fateful blindness, continue believing, and hoping in freedom and strength! (See Isaiah xlviii., last verse.) God grant us all His peace in the new year, and no other!

The year 1855 was marked at its very beginning by the death of one of Bunsen's most beloved and valued

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friends, Archdeacon Julius Hare. A close intimacy began with their earliest acquaintance, in Rome, January 1833, and had been interwoven with the web of his life ever since. A letter from one of his sons, dated London, 25th January, thus communicates the event:—

> Julius Hare, the high-minded affectionate friend, was not mistaken, when, under the arbour in this very garden, he declared to you (in June last),—'*No, my dear Bunsen, we shall not meet again—we have parted this day.*' Since Tuesday, the 23rd, at seven o'clock, he has been no longer among the living on this earth.

A correspondence was kept up between the friends, unfailing though not frequent, and Bunsen's letters—'carefully and tenderly preserved, and oh! how prized!'—were restored with these words, by the honoured widow, now, alas! no more amongst us. The very last of the series may be in part introduced here, as conveying a picture of the multiplicity of objects in common, and of the degree of sympathy between the friends:—

Charlottenberg, Heidelberg: 10th September, 1854.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—God be thanked that you are better! I hope that these lines will greet you in my stead on your birthday, and thank you for the kind inspiriting lines which greeted me from you on mine. The consciousness of communion in the mind must compensate for the absence of bodily presence: and well may it do so after a friendship of a quarter of a century! I never was so much satisfied with my work in seven volumes, as when I read from your hand that you liked its being dedicated to you. Of nobody have I thought so much, in composing it, as of you, without whom the first edition, and thus the whole undertaking, would never have existed.

I cannot help believing that the results of my mythological researches, confined as they must be to the Theogonic and Cosmogonic sphere, will be more surprising even than those of the linguistic. Ancient ASIA is the mother of all religious speculation, as in Egypt, so in Hellas, and in Italy.

I myself had no idea in what degree all is true that I have said about it in the Introduction to 'Egypt.' The very names, often, and the ideas throughout, the same. The first verses in St. John are the sober recapitulation of the centre of God-Consciousness, from which the mythological Epos of mankind has *started!* The Old Testament stands upon the basis of the most ancient consciousness of the Semitic tribes,—still more wonderful by what it keeps out of sight, than by what it displays of the relation of God and the universe. I believe I have found a method to make the proof conclusive for my purpose.

No words can give an idea of the beauty of this place, or of the delight which we take in it. As Göthe says (in a letter of 1797), 'Heidelberg is ideally beautiful.' And our Charlottenberg is its centre and gem. I never in my life enjoyed nature so much. I have had here, besides Tocqueville and Layard, Laboulaye and the Vicomte de Rougé, who has decyphered a 'blue book' about the history of the seventeenth dynasty, and the transactions of Amos' predecessor with Apeps, the Shepherd-King. I expect Lepsius, Gerhard, Abeken, Dietrich, and Susannah Winkworth, in the course of this month; and G. and E. next month. . . . Rothe and I have much comfort in *συμφιλολογεῖν καὶ συμφιλοσοφεῖν.*

When will you come and see us?

And thus was a relation closed, more inward and intimate than any of the kind still remaining to Bunsen. This had been a friendship 'without cataract or break,' which had flowed on in an ever-increasing current of sympathy and mutual estimation from its first commencement; for the cutting-off of which by death no compensation could be made during the remainder of the survivor's life, but which after all belonged not to the temporal, and was ever of the kind which 'reacheth even unto life eternal.'

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Sunday morning, January, 1855.

My lines to Mrs. Julius Hare must have been on the way from London to Herstmonceaux, when you were among

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those who paid the last honours to the earthly remains of one of the most pure and noble-minded, as well as the most learned men I have ever known; and these will find you on your return from the house of mourning. I thank you cordially for the quick determination, to represent me and our whole family on that day of solemnity! I have written to the widow as to a sister, on all that must now occupy her mind; and also about the publication of the 'Charges,' and the biography, which she should write herself, with monographies by all his friends. I have offered myself to contribute 'Julius Hare at Rome in 1832 and 1833.' How lamentable, that his library, that collection unique of its kind, the work of a life of intellectual activity, should in all probability be scattered about, or even sent to America! It ought to be purchased for Trinity College or Durham University; for, alas! there is no modern renewal of the class of rich and noble landed proprietors, who look upon a classical library as a necessary ornament of their residences, and would think themselves fortunate in the acquisition of such a treasure.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

6th January, 1855.

I have a Christmas-box ready for you, which my wife is taking care of till we see you. It is a Course of Bible-Reading, which I designed and wrote out as a wedding present to my new daughter, and have now somewhat enlarged. I have also written a great piece more (in German) of my beloved 'People's Bible;' and that is, the finest and also the most difficult part of the book of Isaiah, chapters xl. to lx., and some other parts, which I, after my inmost conviction, attribute to the greatest Prophet of the Exile, and that is Baruch, the disciple of Jeremiah. This wonderful portion is usually called '*the Gospel of the ancient covenant;*' and so it is, in a yet higher degree than has yet been acknowledged. In the translations hitherto made, many parts remain unintelligible, and the beauty of it as a whole cannot be discerned. I read the chapters aloud in the evening, as I finish them. You must consider, that I am now a free man, and master of my time. Susanna Winkworth has so entered into the idea of my work, that she is my best interpreter in England.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Saturday morning, 20th January, 1855.

Till the end of February, I shall master my impatience to see you again. You will find me changed. My work does not oppress me; on the contrary, it elevates me: but just in the same measure as I am elevated in spirit, I feel my earthly burden. For the first time I am conscious that the object before me *is* everything, and that I myself am nothing and nought. My courage increases, however, with every step in advance. I find so very much more than I ever anticipated, in confirmation of the intuitive view of the world's life, by which I have been consciously guided since 1812. All must become *History*. The 'People's Bible' manifests itself bodily—a corrected translation, with parallel passages, and comprehensive explanations of the sense and its connection, below the text—to the exclusion of all systems. That is what my inmost feeling demands; the Scripture stands equally high above the genuine as above the fallacious systems of men. Belief in the truth of Scripture, of the Word of God in the Bible, and activity of Christian love in the congregation, these are the only real basis of the Christian community. Theology abounds in systems arising from different conceptions of the same thing: so also do Philosophy and History; but, closely and indulgently looked at, all such systems complete one another, and even their errors may be harmless in effect, if regarded only as a scaffolding and as steps by which everyone mounts and makes entrance as he can, without mistaking them for the building itself. The Rationalists are in the right as to what they intend, but their opponents have brought much more moral earnestness to the enquiry, and thereby have furthered the deeper comprehension. The Spirit in the congregation of believers levels, adjusts, unites the whole into a divine harmony.

Let us but have the one single objective reality that we possess—the Scripture—clearly before us, as represented by the nature and spirit of history, as a fact of the human mind, precise and positive as any fact of the material world, and the lever is given by which difficulties may be removed. That lever was wanting to the founders of the Society of Friends, as may well be understood; but in spirit they

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desired nothing else; and their system, spiritually discerned, is right in all its negative part, while their positive part consists in their works of love to man.

I had never anticipated, that for the re-establishment of the Bible as a book, so much had to be done, nor that it could, from the German standpoint, be done so easily.

Theodore is studying political economy. In the evening, I give a lecture regularly of half an hour on 'Rau's Handbook:' we have already gone through two-thirds of the first volume. Then we take Mill and Co. for refreshment. He is happy in having found a calling, and deserves all encouragement. With all that, he is helpful to me and to the whole house—in the most engaging manner.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 4th March, 1855.

Here in this climate one has, literally speaking, cellular imprisonment for three months, with permission to perambulate the prison garden, wrapped in fur, as often as snow or wind shall happen to be moderate; from society one is altogether cut off in the long evenings. As to myself, I have passed through this winter in better health than for many years; but much longer I could not have borne the limitation of exercise in the fresh air to half an hour daily. In a southern winter I could work far better and easier than in this daily struggle for life and breath, whether beside the stove or outside the house.

A detailed plan follows, for passing the next winter at Palermo, but in July of this same year (1855) began the anxious and sedulous enquiry and search after a regularly appointed learned assistant—the establishment of whom made remaining at home a necessity.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.

LITERARY WORK—INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—'SIGNS OF THE TIMES'—FALL OF SEBASTOPOL—'GOD IN HISTORY'—'BIBELWERK'—LETTER FROM FREDERICA BREMER—JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND—VISIT TO COPPET—SCHÉRER—RETURN TO HEIDELBERG—APPROACH OF OLD AGE—CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1856.

THE year 1855 was distinguished by many circumstances and occurrences which brightened the life of Bunsen. First may be named his having passed the winter months without actual illness, for the first time during several years, although the chronic state of disorder which began while he was at Bonn in the autumn of 1850 made itself felt, as ever, by fits of suffocation attributed to various causes with equal inaccuracy, and which did not admit of remedy or prevention. Next, mention must be made of the genial early spring, which brought temperature and sunshine in March, admitting of the possibility of sitting out in the garden, and cheering minds that yet clove with affection to the recollections of the South, with visions and promises as to climate, which the Cisalpine world could not realise. To the short period of this exceptional garden life is to be referred the much-enjoyed renewal of ancient intercourse and never-forgotten friendship with Baron Paul Von Hahn (of Courland) and his admired wife (*née* De Graimberg), the reappearance of whose well-remembered faces, after twenty years' separation, are associated in memory with that bright and inspiring scene. The first interview, and the beginning of friendship, with the

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Baroness Clara Boris von Üxküll, belong to the same date and the same surrounding objects. This spring was further brightened to Bunsen by the visit of his son George and his bride, over whose happy marriage the parents had rejoiced at a distance at the close of the preceding year; and, before their visit ended, the engagement of Theodora, the fourth daughter, to Augustus Baron Von Ungern-Sternberg was cheerfully consented to, as promising that reality of union and happiness in married life which proved, indeed, the blessed result of the connection—too soon to be severed by death! They consented the more readily to this marriage as, the bridegroom being in an office under the Government of Baden, and resident at Heidelberg, the separation was softened, and seemed not absolute. The wedding took place on September 12, Bunsen having made a journey northwards just before, and another just after, of which the subjoined extracts from his letters give an account. He was occupied with intense interest on the work entitled 'Signs of the Times,' which was published in the autumn, and proceeded rapidly to a third edition. A translation was admirably executed by Miss Winkworth, and printed in England; but the work would seem to have been too Continental to excite general attention in England, although it might be said that the evils against which the author contends are of all times and all countries, only less impeded in their action on the Continent than in England.

The spring was succeeded by a chilly and rainy summer, after which a peculiarly beautiful month of September heightened the charm of the Heidelberg valley, and a succession of friends of various nations flowing in unbroken though ever-changing current over the garden-terrace and adjoining parlour of Charlottenberg gave occasion to an amount of social cheerfulness and animated intercourse, such as is looked back upon thankfully by the survivors, who felt the beneficial

effect produced in refreshing and resting the mind of Bunsen, which found repose from one species of exertion only in a different form of activity, and to whose nature repose in the so-called '*dolce far niente*' was incongruous. Could but the echoes of those hills restore the sounds they received!

Bunsen to Agricola.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg, Heidelberg: 31st May, 1855.

Your letter, dear friend, has called back to my mind many an hour spent by us together at Göttingen, in philosophising upon things of the mind and of the universe. Each year and each day do I more absolutely find there the central point of thought and of research, and ever do I feel more strongly that neither thought nor research alone can satisfy and further us, but only the combination of both.

Alas! the German feels compelled to dig so deep under the earth's surface after his object, that he sooner finds his grave than the way to return to the surface; and thus, instead of a house, he constructs only the subterraneous portion of one; or his building, if so far advanced, remains short of gable and roof; the gable being the forehead and glory of the house, as the roof is its security.

By means of Egypt, and the researches into language and history connected with it (including the Old Testament), I have gained a solid foundation for the philosophy of the history of the human mind, which till now has been wanting to all. I can now prove, not only that the race of man cannot be older than 25,000 years, nor younger than 20,000, but also that but one course of cultivation, and but one race of men, has existed, with which all others of Asia and of Europe can be proved to be related by blood; finally, that in all but one reason and one moral consciousness is revealed, by which the Kosmos of the mind's universe is constructed. Göthe, of all mortals (according to my view), perceived and recognised most of this; but also in Herder there are great conceptions, as also in Schelling and Hegel.

But now one ought to speak of nothing but of Stahl's speech upon so-called 'Christian Toleration,' in which Christianity is represented as 'the religion of exclusiveness,' per-

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secution (*as yet* without the stake and faggot!) as the duty of a Christian government, theological formularies as saving faith, &c., and of the entire activity of that nefarious party which is urging Prussia on to her ruin in Church matters, but yet more in those relating to the State. And by the side of all this the Romanist priestly intrigues! Matters cannot go on long thus.

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Heidelberg: morning of Whit Sunday, 1855.

You have, in spirit, made me so cheering a visit with a new series of Bible illustrations, that I cannot celebrate the festival of the Spirit without a thankful greeting to you. Your letter was as fresh and living as your designs, and gave us all great pleasure. The Spirit maintains youth and animation in you. The representation of the Flood struck us peculiarly by its grandeur, which reminds one of Michael Angelo, and yet it is your own original conception; but the rest (mostly old friends from our acquaintance with the drawings) are also full of life and truth.

Thus the product lies before us of a faithful adherence to, and intelligent carrying out of, a high and fruitful life-task, and is not less satisfactory as an achievement of man, and a deed accomplished, than as a work of art.

Ask not too much of yourself. The art of old age is that of contriving to be helped, and that of the master to multiply and continue himself by a succession of disciples, renewing and reanimating him.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] 25th June, 1855.

I yesterday sent off my dear Theodore to Berlin on an important errand, the matter of which is the last link in a chain of cares and occupations which have weighed upon me, besides my accustomed employment, ever since your departure. They may be summed up under three heads. The first is a public protest, rendered necessary by the imminency of danger, against the system of religious persecution in Germany, and altogether in Europe. In Florence, within the latter months, there has been a case which yet exceeds the persecution of their Madiai. . . .

Secondly, the Jubilee of Boniface (who as missionary to the Frieslanders suffered martyrdom in 755) has furnished occasion for an extravagant demonstration of hierarchical arrogance. In the last place, simultaneously with that, has the well-known Professor Stahl at Berlin—a member of the Ecclesiastical Upper Council, in a speech made publicly, and since printed, on the subject of 'Christian Toleration'—so openly preached intolerance and persecution, that it seems to me impossible for a Protestant who possesses voice and pen to keep silence.

I called upon all my friends, one after another: no one had time or inclination. Courage is wanting—all are sunk into listlessness and disgust. Therefore it only remained to set myself to work, and I have written 'Five Boniface-Letters upon Intolerance and Persecution,' which are going next week to the press at Leipzig, to appear in July. I believe I have been successful in the letters, and that the work will excite much attention. I have had much to read on the subject, to be armed against the hail of attacks that will be made upon me by Jesuits and Protestant zealots. You know that God has before now granted me the courage of faith, and that He will not refuse it to me on this occasion.

This week we have a visit from Gelzer, a beloved family friend of long standing. Other visits of friends are in prospect. On 1st August we expect Henry, with wife and children, with indescribable pleasure. With him I can well talk over the '*Bibelwerk*.' The journey to Nice is given up for this winter, particularly on account of the printing of my 'Egypt.'

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Thursday morning, early, 6th July, 1855.

They say that after amputation one always tries to touch the lost limb, and continues conscious of pain in it. Thus it is with me since your departure. I look out of the window after the boat to cross the Neckar—take up my stick to walk towards it, or make it clear to my mind what question I had to ask as soon as you should come in, accompanied by dear Emma's face. But then I awake from the dream—yet thanking God that you and she should have stayed so long with us, and that though we part, your journey is to a homestead, country, and country people.

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Yesterday I was at Baden with Sternberg, to wait upon the Princess of Prussia—a bright day, abundant in matter of interest. The Prince and Princess received Sternberg in the kindest manner possible. To-morrow we are invited by the Grand Duchess Stéphanie to Mannheim, when Theodora will be presented to her.

I have made myself acquainted with that Divine work, the 'Heliand'—i.e. early Saxon paraphrase in verse of the Gospel-history and doctrine—wonderfully free from the corruptions of Rome.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 12th July, 1855.

Jowett's publication of the Epistles of St. Paul is a great event—his commentary capital and honest, with truly original dissertations. He is the right man. There is so much work spared me. It will form an epoch: it is a masterly work, of great freedom of judgment, and of Christian wisdom! the text of Lachmann appealed to—the English translation well-revised—there are paraphrases and philological explanations—also excellent treatises. I am overjoyed.

28*th July*.—My 'Letters'* are now getting into shape. By degrees, as I get the mass of matter within my grasp, and the whole succession of letters ordered as parts of a whole, the aim and character of each comes out more clearly; they acquire the individual form demanded, and the stamp of universality which I endeavour to give to all my enquiries and writings. I must cut into the very quick of the present; but not deeper than the existing wound. The letters, as they gain in form, become more quiet in manner, yet more penetrated with earnestness. It is a contest for life and death, which I cannot, and am not designed to carry through; but I will begin and see whether the spark will kindle—in faith, and with devotedness to the cause, without respect of persons. Those who do not know me believe that I shall now be drawn into a life-long discussion; but they will find themselves as much in the wrong as those who fancy that under changed circumstances I should again enter public office. Never and never! as long as God's good Spirit shall sustain me. Here

* These letters received the title 'Signs of the Times,'—'*Zeichen der Zeit*.'

I am, here I stay—the work assigned me I urge forward—that which is given me, I hold fast. Amen! CHAP. XVII.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 14th August, 1855.

I will write in reply to the King that I shall come when he shall call me, but that I entreat he will be pleased first to cause Hofmann to read my 'Letters' to him. *I* shall be bound to *come*, but he not bound to call me: what I have written is my confession of faith. It will be published on September 15th. I shall not let the Letters IX. X. (those against Stahl, freshly worked through) come out till I have read them to Hollweg. I believe he will no longer find in them the 'irritation' with which he reproaches me.

17*th August.*—The die is cast: yesterday I despatched two letters to the King. The first containing: 'On your Majesty's command I come—whither, to whatsoever purpose, and when, it is your pleasure to call me.'

The second letter contained statements as to persons and measures, considered by Bunsen as indispensable to the securing any good result from the proposed discussion on Church Government, such as (together with the 'Signs of the Times') effectually prevented the reiteration of the command for his attendance at Berlin.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Wednesday, 22nd August, 1855.

I must break off and go to my work. To-day, and to-morrow, and perhaps the day after, I write for my life. I go through the history of the 'Union' under Fr. W. III. and Fr. W. IV. in general outlines. All for peace!—yes, eternal peace! Amen.

> The Christian Congregation and freedom of conscience!
> Freedom of conscience and the Congregation!

Those are the two poles by whose responsive action life can alone be regulated and organised.

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Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Bonn: 29th August, 1855.

All passed off as well as could be wished. Accompanied by the three angels, settled into the carriage by my faithful Frances, I arrived at Mainz half an hour before the steamer—and whom should I find upon it? Overbeck—with his adopted daughter, Frau Hofmann—wife of a sculptor of Wiesbaden, who with her husband has kept house for him since the death of his wife, and has evidently restored him to life. She is a cheerful Southern-German, understands him and manages well for him. He was quite the man of former times, a fine and heart-stirring figure! We talked all the morning and afternoon on the deck of the vessel, and rejoiced in being again together. Between times, I rested and read in the pavilion—and thus came seven o'clock with the most glorious sunset. Overbeck will visit us about the 10th. On the bank G. awaited me with a carriage. Miss Wynn had arrived not many hours before, and came to dine with us.

Coblentz: 6th September.—I arrived here yesterday, and was so very kindly received by the honoured Princess that I could not resist the suggestion to remain till to-day at noon. Therefore I shall travel and arrive with E., sleeping at Mainz, to be with you on Saturday. Prince Frederick William started yesterday for Ostend, and thereby hangs a tale of an excursion to a fairy residence in a beloved island, in consequence of a kind invitation, accepted and consented to by the King! Of course all in deepest secrecy; but this morning I read it in the '*Kreuz Zeitung*'—a secret at Berlin!

My 'Signs' have had a triumphant success at Bonn and at Rheineck. We arranged all the points on religious and ecclesiastical affairs. But I count hours and minutes to be with you, and all mine again! I cannot live out of your sphere, and I grudge every moment that I miss of dear Henry's and Mary-Louisa's precious presence—but it is not my errand that detains me.

I send you Astor's letter to read. It has deeply affected me. I had for many years wished for a renewal of our old acquaintance. I had bestowed much love upon him, and he had considered and acknowledged me as his guide. He now writes with real friendship. I shall answer him as soon as I am again at Heidelberg,—using '*Du*' as of old.

To Marburg Bunsen was summoned in September 1855, by the wish of the King's First Chaplain, Dr. Hofmann, whose influence sufficiently prevailed, against other powerful influences, to induce the King to command Bunsen to come to the railway station at that place, on the day and at the hour when His Majesty intended to rest and dine there—in the manner called incognito, that is, not with the entire Court and suite. The mind of Hofmann was strongly set upon a plan which he considered to be nearly matured in the royal mind, of making important changes in ecclesiastical arrangements and practices, relative to parochial appointments and management, so as to relieve Protestant congregations from a great amount of existing trammels; and his hopes were sanguine as to the effect of the voice and mind of Bunsen in realising this project. Bunsen's letter to his wife notifies his arrival at Marburg.

Marburg, in the Ritter, opposite the Church of St. Elizabeth:
[Translation.] Tuesday morning, six o'clock.

Here I am, beloved!—actually at Marburg—on the day, or thereabouts, on which, 46 years ago, I left the little town, to try my strength in and upon the world; opposite to me, that dear church, in which I had preached a sermon two months before. Hofmann arrived at the same time with myself (last night)—Roestell fetched me from the station. Hofmann announced himself as coming to me this morning early. I have sent him the copy intended for him of my second volume of the 'Signs of the Times.'

The King is coming through this place on Thursday, alone in strict incognito; his suite (except the Queen) preceding him. He is to sleep at Frankfort. All is uncertain, but if he will see me, so be it.

Thursday morning, early, seven o'clock, 18th September.—All well! but as the King only arrives at one o'clock, I shall not be able to reach Heidelberg by the train after his departure, but travel next morning by early train. God has protected me; I am free, and all is in the best possible progress as to what concerns the main point.

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Bunsen made, as usual, the best out of the circumstances; but the meeting was a painful one. He found the King aged and altered, and, few as were the persons present, they succeeded in preventing the King's speaking to Bunsen, except in the presence of others, and the intentions of Hofmann and of Bunsen remained no nearer their fulfilment than before. The hours of waiting at Marburg were, however, agreeably spent by Bunsen in walks and excursions in his former haunts, in the country round the picturesque town and its fine churches, in the society of his two chosen friends: and he ever after referred with pleasure to this revival of recollections and this retrospection, and exulted in the amount of distance and of ascent that he had been able to accomplish in walking; the tone of triumph in overcoming increasing infirmity denoting clearly as well as affectingly his perception of the decline of his bodily powers.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Friday, 14th September, 1855.

I have just read through the first volume of 'Signs of the Times' for the last time, with emendations. As this will appear 25th September, 1855, on the tercentenary memorial-day of the confessional-truce of Augsburg—so shall the second volume appear in time for the 15th October—for eternal Peace. ☧ on a Cross, with the inscription: '*Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.*' '*In hoc Signo vinces.*' (A new Labarum!)

17*th September.*—Troy [Sebastopol] is fallen! God be thanked! Prince Frederick William has been since the 12th at Balmoral.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

23rd September, 1855.

. . . . I am just returned from a trying journey [that to Marburg]. My 'Signs of the Times' are out of my hands! —two small volumes, which have given me much pain, in contemplation of the misery and of the danger of the present

time, but also great consolation. I hope that I have succeeded in rising above the flood of the personal, the accidental, the transitory, and lifting myself out of vexation and grief, and all that draws the mind downwards, into the contemplation of things higher than that which shall come to an end. Had I not already written the book from inward impulse, not to be resisted, to declare the truth, I should have been compelled four weeks later to have written it, partly in self-justification, and partly to answer the demands made upon me. It is not merely one hornet's nest, but three that I have roused: the Ultramontanes, the Confessionalists of the old Lutheran party, and the Despotic party. But I have not written from personal motives, from passion and hatred—but indeed from love of the truth, of my country, and of humanity.

As soon as I had finished the first correction of the printed sheets, I hastened to my friends on the Rhine, to read them to Arndt and others, and to search out and observe many more recent facts. Then came the wedding of Theodora with August von Ungern-Sternberg, and immediately afterwards a private meeting at Marburg, where I also saw the King on his passage. On the 1st October, I shall return to the old beloved work 'Egypt,' and afterwards to the 'People's Bible,' alone and without interruption. By that time I hope to have here the young scholar whom I need as my assistant. Brockhaus has made me an offer to publish this work. Meanwhile, Troy has fallen—I mean Sebastopol.

To John Ward, Esq., British Consul-General (first at Leipzig, then at Hamburgh).

Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg: 26th September, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. WARD,—I hasten to thank you for your kind letter. Dietzel's book* is, like all political productions of that author, full of patriotic and statesman-like thoughts, and well written. I understand he is living in his native country, Würtemberg, in defiance of continual persecutions. He has, so far as I know, never been at Heidelberg. As to the political meetings and deliberations at this place, it is all a fiction of the '*Kreuz Zeitung*' on the ground of some ridiculous secret-police reports respecting the visits of

* Entitled, *Die Bildung einer nationalen Parthei in Deutschland.* Gotha, 1855.

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Bethman-Hollweg, Usedom, and Pourtalès, to me, and respecting my own active part in those supposed deliberations. It was a wilful invention, at a moment when something had been heard of the King's intention to call me to Berlin for ecclesiastical deliberations.

I have all this time seen nobody except my personal friends, and have not seen or heard anything of such deliberations; I am also assured that none such have taken place here. I have no doubt all patriots feel the same throughout Germany at the present elections, and at the momentous crisis of the world, after the fall of Sebastopol, which evidently is the conclusion of an act of the great drama, but that act is only the second, and not, as some would fain think, the last! The apathy, however, of the great mass of the population is only gradually giving way,—there is still the incubus of despondency (*Katzenjammer*, in the slang of Students) and the grudge against England on account of the Danish question. Until a higher and more general standard is raised for the war, I do not believe that the German people wish for active co-operation. 'Is Helsingförs, and are the Aland Islands, and the whole of Finland, less aggressive points than Sebastopol? Is the Baltic not necessarily more swayed by Russia than the Black Sea? and is Constantinople with its Bosphorus not more protected than Sweden and East Prussia? Has Denmark not been made by England the perpetual intruder upon German territory, as well as the gate-keeper of the Czar? And what has become of the first paragraphs of the Treaty of Vienna respecting the independent kingdom of Poland? Are England and France in earnest against Russia as the enemy of European independence, as the Allied Powers were in 1813 against Napoleon?' These are the thoughts and words of the people around me. They care as little for the 'Four Points,' as for the Austrian multiplication of the same. 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?'

Let me more frequently hear from you. You will soon hear of my new Sign of Life in our present situation.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Sunday morning, early, 7th October, 1855.

You know that Magdeburg wishes to elect me. The burgomaster Herr Hasselbach (highly respected, but per-

sonally unknown to me) has written me a preliminary letter, in the name of the town having so remarkable a history as that of Magdeburg, over whose gate stand the words '*Verbum Dei manet in æternum.*' I have reason to believe that my 'Signs of the Times' have done this. God knows what it costs me to refrain from flying to the place of combat! To be, or not to be—is the matter in hand.

Hæc hactenus: all is in the hands of God; meanwhile my heart swells with grateful joy, when I perceive that I am beloved by my fellow-countrymen, and have gained a place in the heart of the German people. Everything now seems to me a thousand times more easy.

Bunsen to Anna Gurney.

Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg: 19th October, 1855.

Your excellent idea of making a beginning of an *Idioticum* (or collection of idioms) in Norfolk (which I wonder does not already exist) has given Dr. M. and myself great pleasure, and we intend returning the copy to you with our remarks, and the note for which we collect materials. The most worthy of discussion seems to me to be Meyer's observation respecting *Seal*, which he proposes to derive from *sigil*, Anglo-Saxon for suntime—compare *Saul*, Gothic *Sol*, *Hel*, ἥλιος, *Jal*, also the Anglo-Saxon Rune for Sol.

I am printing my three last volumes of 'Egypt.' In the meantime I have satisfied my conscience by preaching against intolerance and persecution, Roman Catholic, Russian, Protestant, and in favour of Christian unity, with regard to the new encroachments of Jesuitism. The little book is in the form of 'Ten Letters to Arndt,' and bears the title '*Die Zeichen der Zeit*' (the 'Signs of the Times'). It has contributed to my having been elected for our 'House of Commons,' by Berlin and by Magdeburg. I have, with regret, been obliged to decline this highly prized honour.

Why don't you come to see us in this charming and charmed place?—Ever your faithful friend,—BUNSEN.

Bunsen to Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 14th November, 1855.

Again you have made an apparition, like the heavenly ones, not in person, but by a heart-cheering communication.

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Your fine Book of Psalms is indeed a grand work, and principally by the designs visibly revealing the life of prayer and adoration, as one in itself, and yet falling into three grades. The letterpress is also admirable. Had I heard from you beforehand, I should have suggested to the excellent and praiseworthy publisher to print the Psalms as King David and the other authors must have composed and sung them; the present mode of printing is against even Luther's example, if the single Psalms are taken into consideration, which he arranged in half-verses for reading and singing. You are aware that the senseless dismemberment of the prose-portions of the Bible into verses is foreign to Luther's intention, and to the Bible as he printed it,—having been first introduced in the thirteenth century for the Old Testament, and not till after Luther's death in the New Testament, for the purpose of reference in the Concordance.

The translation is, in truth, in many passages unintelligible or incorrect; but it is also a fact, that we have no popular amended text, but that of the good Herr von Meyer of Frankfort, and that leaves much to be desired. Well, please God, you shall see something better, before 1857 enters the land! Meanwhile I have been endeavouring to interpret some 'Signs of the Times.' The book is more spoken than written, but has been well thought out.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Burg Rheindorf, near Bonn: 27th November, 1855.

Yesterday you will have received intelligence from G., and will therefore know how I was detained a whole day on the journey, and that I did not arrive till Sunday, in time, however, for the christening and the dinner. You cannot fancy how pleasing and enjoyable all is in this place. Arndt was never so youthful as after the second glass of Tokay at the christening-dinner. On board the steamers I accomplished an incredible quantity of work, here completed, in writing, the 'God-Consciousness.'* I shall bring the first volume with me, ready for printing, and thus secure the appearance of

* These were the beginnings of Bunsen's work, *Gott in der Geschichte* ('God in History'), now beautifully translated into English by Miss Susanna Winkworth (Longmans, 1868).

the whole, please God, in May, 1856. I read aloud to G. and Emilia, morning and afternoon, to our common satisfaction. Yesterday I walked without stopping for an hour and a half, over the fine fields with G. and Hartstein. Ever and ever do I think of you and all the dear and beloved ones in Charlottenberg.

The object of this journey was to be present at the baptism of George's first born at Burg Rheindorf, near Bonn; after which Bunsen went to Neu Wied, to witness the consecration of a hospital for the sick, just established by the Princess of Wied; and a letter dated Neu Wied, 5th December, speaks, in terms which, however strong, were not exaggerated, of the great enjoyment of the day's intercourse with:—

[Translation.]

The wonderful soul of the Princess, and with her most excellent and high-minded consort, not to forget the lovely Prince Otto, and also Prince Max, the traveller in Brazil, who is full of information, and has fine collections. I have also worked, satisfactorily to myself, and read some part to the Prince and Princess.

Whenever it may be that I return home, be assured that I long to be there, with you and all the dear ones with whom God has so richly blessed us; although, or more literally, just because I have been so well off, on this winter-expedition down the Rhine; I have no time or inclination to write to you all that I had so much rather relate! But it has been a fine and fruitful time, at Rheindorf and at Bonn.

It is a soothing sensation that I experience, to be acknowledged by the Christian community as their representative and speaker in the most sacred concerns; and this fact has been from almost all sides declared to me in the most distinct and satisfactory manner. The intercourse I have had with G. and with Brandis has greatly incited me to composition; and the new book has received its final modelling, is as much as possible compressed and circumscribed, and many a sharp point and hook has grown out of it, by which to catch and fasten itself on the present state of things and on individual minds.

The Prince of Wied is much better in health. His con-

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versation is, as ever, full of intelligence and of information, and not less full of entertainment.

I had intended to go to Coblentz to morrow after breakfast, with post-horses, for the steamer does not come till the afternoon (if at all); but the Prince insists upon sending me in his carriage—it is a drive of an hour and a quarter; therefore, when I once get off, I shall be soon at Coblentz, and the day after at home, taking for granted that the morning steamer from Coblentz to Mainz performs its service.

Bunsen reached home after a journey which was rendered distressful by the failure of the steamer (owing to lowness of the water and thickness of the fog on the Rhine), obliging belated travellers, like himself, to have recourse to the diligence, which, under all circumstances tedious, was doubly so upon roads blocked by a fresh fall of snow; so that he was kept on the road through the night in much bodily inconvenience from the position and the cold, and shared fully the general experience of the need of that complete railway communication, which is happily now in existence along the whole length of the Rhine. His state of health was not calculated to resist any shock, and he was seriously indisposed after reaching home, with an obstinate catarrh and cough. During the days in which he was detained in bed, the novel '*Soll und Haben*,' by Freitag, was read aloud, and proved a great interest to him; of which he gave evidence later by the Preface to the English translation 'Debit and Credit,' published by Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, at whose request the Preface was written.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Sunday, 16th December, 1855.

At last comes a Sunday on which I can write to you. My cold is not gone, but I can yet work seven hours a day without suffering; three of them on the Bible, the explanation of which turns out far more abundant and satisfactory than I had hoped. And now, consider the delight of not having a merely introductory volume to write! I have at last found a proper title.

I completed the close of Book I. on my subject of predilection since 1815, at Neu Wied, and now it is at rest; for the demons of 'Egypt' are whirring around me, and I must endeavour to make angels of them.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] Christmas Day, 1855.

How shall I describe to you my astonishment, I might say my pleasure in sadness, when, on entering yesterday evening at six o'clock the room closed throughout the day, then brilliant with the Christmas tree, I was greeted by the soft organ tones to which I was accustomed on the Capitol, and afterwards in Carlton Terrace, sounding forth from a hidden corner the 'Pastorale' of Händel and then the German 'Chorale,' to which the voices of twenty children and many others, those of Frances and Theodora and Sternberg prevailing, intoned the Hymn itself! I could not help thinking, in the midst of these pleasing sounds, of the fine organ enjoyed so many years, left behind in England with so many other treasures. But when I turned to ask whence came the organ now heard? to whom belonging? of whom borrowed? Frances met me with the card containing your name and kind greeting, and then the pleasure became as complete as the surprise. For the *orgue expressif* was our own, and it was your present—your Christmas gift! After the greater part of those present had retired, we again enjoyed the organ and Theodora's playing, full of soul and feeling—to no one more delightful and surprising than to her husband. Then we had 'He shall feed His flock' of Händel, sung by Theodora.

In the early days of this year (1855) it has been seen that Bunsen busied himself with a plan of Bible-readings, systematically grouped, intended to introduce the reader to a better knowledge of the Sacred Writings, which with him was no new matter, as he had already in Rome considered the subject, and at the Hubel, in Switzerland, in 1840–41, had made out a Calendar of Lessons after the manner of that in the English Common Prayer Book, which he had always admired, as to the idea, without entirely approving the selection. That the completion of this design should have

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been put off (till that date, which he was not to see, of the publication of his last volume of the '*Bibelwerk*') is matter of deep regret, as such a guiding thread would probably have been found more useful to the mass of those who stand in need of a pioneer through the Scriptures, than any of his more voluminous works. Possibly some paper may yet be found in which his own words may better explain the cause of delay than this present conjectural attempt; but in all probability his sense of the imperfection of existing translations, more especially those of the Hebrew Scriptures, caused his disinclination to make use of them, feeling, as he did, that to be possessed of a renovated rendering of the text, such as he could put his hand and seal to, was only a question of time, as to which it was the habit of his mind to grasp the whole, and leap to the conclusion—considering that as actually done which his mind and hand had clutched. The contrast was remarkable (and probably uncommon in the annals of eminently intellectual men) between the hastiness and impatience to seize the end, and hold fast the whole, and the intense conscientiousness and laborious patience of working out every detail of linguistic intricacy or critical commentary—which those who observed, and yet more those who worked with him, had occasion to note.

The arrival of Dr. Kamphausen, in October 1855, as Bunsen's fellow-labourer and linguistic secretary in the Old Testament translation, marks the beginning of a period of peculiarly unvaried and unbroken labour, when the two were daily in close conference from nine o'clock in the morning till twelve, nominally, but in fact they rarely parted until the summons to dinner, at one o'clock, had been more than once made. Bunsen was always up early, after his wont, but busied with anything rather than Hebrew criticism, to which he therefore went fresh after breakfast; and the last half hour before his

early dinner was assigned to a walk on the garden terrace above the Neckar. After dinner, he played at bowls in the garden with his son Theodore, as long as weather and season allowed; for he was well aware that such stillness after meals as might end in sleep must absolutely be avoided, and hard it was duly to diversify for him the unemployed time, after newspapers had been despatched, until he allowed himself again to work, after an interval of at least three hours after dinner. This time of pause was one in which conversable visitors were particularly welcome—for the influx of a foreign element was more efficient to change the habitual current of thought than the every day household supply. But the experience of winter proved that the luxury of being entirely in the country, as was the case at Charlottenberg, entailed considerable privation as to society 'when skies were dark, and ways were miry;' what in the fine season was a most attractive walk or drive, entered not in winter within the compass of Heidelberg custom or estimate of possibility; the draught of wind experienced in crossing the bridge is encountered, proverbially, 'at the risk of life,' and seldom was a meeting for conversation found possible without express invitation—which naturally belonged to the evening, and was an exceptional occurrence; the more so, as the winter of 1855–6 was inclement. It was not often that Bunsen could venture to accept the kind invitations for the evening of his Heidelberg friends, on account of the customary late supper, between nine and eleven o'clock, at all times unsuited to his habits, and at present, in his already shaken condition of body, inadmissible; and thus the progress of time, which changes so much, was powerless to modify the nature of things, rendering the dark half of the year, in his present situation, strongly and undesirably contrasted with the ceaseless animation of existence in London—where, whatever the topic of interest, in his wide reach of

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observation and contemplation, which at the moment occupied him, he had but to stretch out a hand in the direction of the right person, to obtain the desired answer to every enquiry. Often did he remark upon the rapid circling of life in a great capital (London, Paris, Berlin), compared to the more sluggish movement of the current in places distant from the centre.

Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

1st day of the Year of our Lord 1856.

These lines are destined to greet my dear daughter in the New Year, and express the wish for the continuance of all the happiness she enjoys in her parents, brothers, and sisters, and in her own home.

May God grant you ever-increasing thankfulness towards Him for all these blessings, for with that you will receive the true guide through whatever the New Year may bring to you or to any of those you love, and who love you! There is no wisdom in man, save and except what comes from sincere gratitude.

When you go to your dear and respected parents be yourself the interpreter of those feelings of true affection and grateful attachment which we have in our hearts towards them, and of all the good wishes which flow therefrom. I would have written myself, were not you ever my best letter and interpreter.

This year will be an eventful one; may it bring the Kingdom of God nearer to its completion, and ourselves nearer to its blessings!

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Good Friday, 1856.

God be with you during this blessed and solemn season! May He grant us all the consciousness of His grace, with the full impression of His holiness! He will yet bring forth the true peace, out of all that is insufficient in the impending treaty of pacification.

Quarter to eleven.—We are just returned from an overflowing church: with difficulty could we find places half an hour before the service began. Plitt preached finely on the two

crucified malefactors, as an image pourtraying mankind. What an Easter celebration is this, compared to that of last year! The Lord has indeed brought me out of the land of Egypt: my own nation has understood me, and I am free from the service of man! I have now no bonds left, but those which bind me to God and His congregation; and the latter I hope to minister to as long as it is His pleasure.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*The day after her departure, on a visit to her son George, at Rheindorf, near Bonn.*)

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Tuesday, 22nd April, 1856.

An affectionate good-morning to my heart's beloved! It was a fine day, that on which she travelled away. I placed myself at once at my desk (half-past four in the morning), and sought after the enigma of the Indian Chronology. In the afternoon, I had found it, and early this morning I have written it down.

Friday, 25th April.—What a joy has been your report of journey and arrival! You must not narrow the time of stay too much,—but let not my saying that seem as if you were not missed; on the contrary, I cannot get accustomed to your absence, and catch myself ever and again about to go and tell you something, ask you something—and then you are not there! It is soothing to perceive, that the habit of life and being in common, personally and spiritually, shows itself ever clearer, and grows stronger, as we grow in years. To-day I shall, for the first time since November, again ride out, and with Theodore.

My labours proceed satisfactorily. The restoration of Indian Chronology to the beginning of the modern period (1182 instead of 3102!) is fixed; and the tradition as to the three previous periods (as they were contemplated by Megasthenes) is also restored. Approximatively, one may fix the immigration of the Indians out of Iran from 5000 to 6000 years B.C.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Saturday morning, eleven o'clock, 26th April, 1856.

I am just returned from the Castle, whither I went at eight o'clock with T——, to the great Mohl breakfast, of

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twenty-four guests,—in fine weather, by the Carmelite ascent, turning to the right,—trees full of nightingales, the air full of a shower of blossoms, the sky full of rain-bearing clouds, the Hardt Mountains seemingly close at hand.

27*th April.*—This letter has remained unsent; and now it shall go without longer waiting. I have had a capital letter from Dr. Haug, who will undertake the translation and explanation of the great Zend-Document, '*The Wanderings of the Indians;*' just *that* which in 1812 was one of my principal points in the plan of the projected Indian campaign; and now, instead of my having perished in the trenches (as I undoubtedly should have done), God has granted me the opportunity to assist in raising the treasure, and to be enabled to enter the fortress! *Deo soli gloria!* I send to-day an extract of my 'Indian Chronology' to Max Müller, that he may *correct my exercise*, and then we will compare it with his result, which I had begged him to send me by the 1st May.

I am deep in the Vedas (with Lassen), and learn *incredibly*. Lassen is the man; but from my standpoint one can go further than he does. So much must be finished directly, before the Alpine tour.

What must be, will be. All right!

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.]

28th May, 1856.

To express my serious conviction I have considered throughout life as my duty, even before Kings and Princes. Hatred and ill-will are both foreign to me—God is my witness. If I am misconstrued, I must bear it: I am prepared to endure the consequences. Without entire sincerity, no friendship can be maintained, and least of all, Christian friendship.

The expression of Caird, that we should show love to the brethren 'for Christ's sake,' I consider as just as that the kingdom of God should also be called the kingdom of Christ. For as God loved us before all time, as He loved us in His eternal Being, even so has Christ by His free act of love, His free resolution of redemption, redeemed us in time. He first loved us and the entire humanity, and we should love the human brotherhood for the sake of His divine act of love.

That is the sense of Matthew xxv. 40, and of the whole discourse of Christ in that passage. Through what have we a stronger, clearer, more penetrating consciousness of the love of God than in Christ? Wherefore to do good to men for their own sake, is human; to do it for Christ's sake, is Divine and Christian. Channing would express this as ardently as even Luther.

It was a pity that you did not come yesterday evening. We had some very animated conversation (Dr. Fischer was also there) on Swedenborg, Jacob Böhme, Schelling, and many others.

10th June.—The arrival of the great violinist, Joachim, and the presence of Neukomm, have caused us a succession of musical enjoyments, most thoroughly delighted in.

I am ever busy with the file on my Egyptian work, but it will go off in four days. The 'God-Consciousness' proceeds rapidly, and I have great joy in it. My wife will probably remain at home, but Theodore and I shall certainly join you in Switzerland.

Our minds have been engrossed by the solemn and sublime spectacle of the decline of Samuel Gurney. He was yesterday still alive (at Paris), but he is daily and hourly fading away, in full clearness of mind and consciousness of death; no complaint, no sigh, only looks and sometimes single words of love and thankfulness towards God, and the beloved ones who surround his bed of death day and night. Is not that the bliss of heaven yet on earth,—that is, in the heart?

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Sunday, 29th June, quarter past five in the morning. (Jubilee of the Reformation in the Palatinate.)

Through and above the sounds of all the church-bells, and the gurgling of the Neckar, the trumpet-tones from the tower of the Holy-Ghost Church, rise to my balcony with the soaring hymn, '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*' ('God is our stronghold firm and sure'), and I hasten to tell you how beautifully the festival has opened, with the finest summer morning, after days of sultry thunder-weather. Let us hail the glad omen with thankful joy! Throughout adverse contingencies, that heart of the world, the dear, noble German

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fatherland moves forward, and particularly this much-favoured Palatinate, towards a happier future. Peace and freedom are secured, and unity will follow, if only we place God before us as our aim. The town was already yesterday in festival-trim; every place hanging full of verdure, and triumphal arches of foliage were raised as by magic before each place of worship; and at eight o'clock sounded forth from every tower the hymn of sacred freedom, the psalm of God-trusting faith. We were all in the garden to hear it. Later, the exquisite tones of Joachim pouring forth the highest poetry of composition, delighted us till late in the night.

I am with you in spirit in the touching and solemn memorial-celebration of the holiest, the only purified affection, which shines forth out of death; the remembrance of which you sanctify to-day with your daughter, and in communion with all Christian hearts. For it is a festival of communion between God and men, and between those souls which by thorough resignation can then first recognise one another as brethren, inasmuch as they recognise the highest love of God in the deepest suffering.

That thought of Jesus transfused into His congregation, which combines the memorial-festival with the self-sacrifice of thankful love, is so grand, so exalted, that no form, and no want of form, can spoil it to the candid and devoted heart; and yet has human absurdity converted the central point of unity into a focus of unholy strife, and a cause of the deepest division; and has occasioned a confusion, which 1517 revealed, but did not resolve. So will we thankfully greet the union which encloses in peace the congregations here; and feel to be ourselves united in spirit with all those who seek God in Christ, and humanity in Christ.

Bunsen to Klingemann.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 21st June, 1856.

Many as have been the sorrowful events that I have known in life, few have gone so deeply to my heart as that which has befallen you, my valued friend! I know how you and your honoured wife feel the loss; and I always prized and delighted in the child which has been taken from you, with

peculiar feelings of affection and satisfaction, from his first appearance. Now, that loveliness and those hopes are yours no longer! But I take comfort in the belief that from the depths of your grief you will behold the height of consolation, and that your heart, being open to all that is noble and good, you will apprehend how that which alone is true, and beautiful, and good, is contained and enclosed in the Eternal. The beautiful and the good having become consciousness in a human soul, cannot perish, even though they pass through the birth-throes of death; whereas its fuller expansion on earth might have been menaced by much suffering and difficulty, from which it may have been the purpose of the Eternal Wisdom of Love to grant an escape by death. And, finally, love, like all that is true, finds its chiefest blessing in itself, and in the memorial, which remembrance builds to the early departed.

I think sometimes that you might be moved by this heavy blow to undertake a work for the occupation of your mind, and such a work as many besides myself have desired; that is, a collection of your poems, not omitting the music belonging to each, where it exists. A great power of consolation lies in art; I mean that art which is genuine and noble, by its power of reminding us of *measure* and *harmony*,—that law of all true human existence.

Also, you should endeavour to make a journey; and then, come to see us!

To Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P.

Charlottenberg: 4th July, 1856.

The Memoir* you have read was never intended for publication, but was destined as a sketch, and to give materials for such an European treatise as I thought ought to be written in English, French, and German, and might really solve the problem proposed by the Peace Congress. For, to speak frankly, now that the authors of the two Memoirs have received their prize, they were each a failure: both insufficient and unpractical. The study of their contents, the discussions, verbal and written, with the best authorities on this field which I could find in Germany, combined with my own diplomatic experience, had matured in my mind a plan, the outlines of which I had frequently discussed with English states-

* The Memoir was drawn up by Bunsen for the Peace Society.

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men. I am thankful to see that a great step has been made in the right direction, through the principle advocated by Lord Clarendon, whom, as well as Lord Palmerston, I knew always to be favourable to the two leading features—*arbitration* and *non-intervention*. Politically, however, we have gained nothing. Poland and Italy, the two envenomed wounds of Europe, have been left as they were, and, moreover, Italy has become, more than before, the unavoidable object of the next war resolved upon by Louis Napoleon, and which may serve for pacification. On the whole, therefore, I consider the standpoint chosen for the Memoir the same as in 1854. The introductory remarks give the real results of the essays. As to the details, they were merely given as materials for a discussion; and all I meant to effect by them was, that the objections raised against the plans hitherto proposed might be removed by a plan of the nature of that which I had brought forward. Nothing is truer than what you say, that details often mar the whole discussion; the opponents attach themselves to those in order to discredit the whole. On the other hand, there are many statesmen who will not listen to anything when there are no positive points to give a practical definition of the scheme, and who, however, are fair enough to understand such details as a mere indication of the possible solutions which would offer themselves after having gone into committee.

I have now settled to bring forward early next year, in my second Decade of 'Signs of the Times,' the whole plan, the craving for which is indeed a Sign of the Times in my opinion, as reasonable as any; as is also the idea of the approaching end of the world, which I meet with in a hundred forms all over the globe. With that publication I intend to close my lucubrations. My Memoir is at the disposal of any Society which is disposed to discuss and promote the great object.

Great events are preparing in the world, in Europe and the United States. The world had never seen such a worthless and base President of the United States as Pierce; nor is there anything more dangerous in Europe than the unscrupulous swindling-system, public and private, in French finances and money matters. You will be saved in England by the administrative reforms, of which war has not alone shown the necessity, but also the determination of the people to see

them effected. The marriage of our Prince with the Princess Royal is the only star in the dark night of the future.

The miseries caused by the tyranny of the Danes in the Duchies are heartrending, and a shame to Palmerston.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

11th July, 1856.

To-day we three shall finish correcting the translation of Caird's sermon, and to-day or to-morrow I shall work out my Preface.

The Introduction by Bunsen to the Translation of Caird's Sermon, on 'Religion in Daily Life,' proved more effectual than any of his larger works in making him known and acceptable to the great mass of his countrymen in the north of Germany, and is believed to have contributed largely towards the enthusiastic reception from the public at Berlin, which so deeply affected him in September 1857, when invited by the King to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

Letter to Bunsen from Frederica Bremer.

[In the original English of the writer.]

Heidelberg: 6th June, 1856.

In the high North in the capital of Sweden, two or three friends have this past winter often met to read and meditate your late works, 'Outlines of Universal History,'* and 'Signs of the Times;' and I cannot tell you with what earnest appreciation, what delighted joy. These persons have been an Englishwoman of genius, married to a Swede—Mrs. Louisa Norderling (born Drummond Hay), the pastor of the French Reformed Church in Stockholm, P. Trollet (an *élève* of Vinet), and she who writes to you, and whom you have kindly favoured with the name of friend. She, who has been your most grateful and delighted reader of the three, has undertaken to thank you in their name, and to forward to you their grateful respects. Many and many a time during the

* The title of the second volume of Bunsen's work 'Christianity and Mankind.'

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past winter have I, in the joy of my heart over these your noble and inspiring words, wanted to write to you and tell you our feelings, but I was checked by uncertainty where a letter would find you; and later, when I knew that your home was *Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg*, then I decided that I would go myself, and be the bearer of our respects, and of those of many more Swedes (statesmen and men of science), to you. And now I am here, on the way to Lausanne, tarrying only a moment in order to see you, to bless you for the good you have done me and many in my land, and are still doing. Yea, blessed are you to have been able to bring the brightest gems of philosophy, such as only the German mind can dig out, to the light, and to the general mind, in a clear, simple, and practical way, such as only the English mind can accomplish; blessed in the rare harmony of your organisation, which enables you to see both the diversity and the unity of things of this world, and those of a divine necessity, ruling and developing them for the highest good, to do justice at once to God and man.

Your views as to the formation of languages were new to me, but I accepted them instantly, as one must accept evidence—the laws of reason. They are one with your theory of the development of the mind, and of mankind, which view has long been the saving anchor of my soul, but which I never saw presented with the power and simplicity, the clear justice, as in your work. This work will do more to harmonise the human soul, to bring the reasoning spirit (the Thomas of our day, who requires to see in order to believe) to its Saviour, God in Christ, than any book ever has done, because of its deep and living science and its popular form.

A journey to Switzerland, which previous extracts from letters will have shown to have been contemplated since the spring, was commenced on the 1st August: and some passages from Bunsen's letters to his wife (who had declined belonging to the travelling party, on account of the expected confinement of her daughter, the Baroness Ungern-Sternberg) will give an idea of the pleasure he enjoyed in the society of Madame de Staël and her friends, at the Château de Coppet, and the earnest endeavours he made to take in all besides on the

way that might have been refreshing to mind and body, had but the vigour and elasticity of youth been present to counterbalance the evil influences of exposure to heat, and of irregularity in his meals. The retrospect of this journey, and of this year, is painfully affecting, because it proved to be the period from whence to date decay and decline: from the succession of illnesses which followed upon the disturbance of the whole constitution, which took place after leaving Coppet, he, in fact, never recovered, although the soundness of his system enabled him to struggle hard and long against it. The undertaking was altogether an imprudence, founded on a calculation of powers past, and not of those still existing. Bunsen gave way to the kind invitation of Mrs. Schwabe to join her on a tour in Switzerland; his own temptation to a journey being the opportunity for social meetings and intellectual intercourse, to be afforded by Coppet and Geneva,—and, further, the consciousness that his own habits of intense and continual application of mind and thought to subjects engrossing and absorbing, required a compulsory interruption, such as could only be produced by change of place; and he considered too little, or rather not at all, that, accustomed as he had been for a number of years to every 'appliance and means to boot' for the comfort and ease of travelling, it was not now, in his impaired state of health, that he could be fit to endure the miseries of the (now obsolete) Swiss diligence in the Dog-days.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Coppet: 3rd August, 1856, half-past five o'clock, A.M.

From the few lines which our good friend contrived to write from Basle, you will have known that the indissoluble portion of our bodies arrived there at eight o'clock (1st August)—not as a *caput mortuum*, but quick and fresh, to recover yet more thoroughly on a charming balcony, not on but over the Rhine;—and in the best hope of getting through,

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did we enter upon the Sweating-valley—for so I must in future call that crevice or hollow of the Jura, of which a portion from Moustier (that is, Münster) is termed the Münster-Thal. From Moustier, the descent to Biel is unique of its kind in beauty. At every stage we were called upon to change our *Beiwagen*, or supplementary coach, and to await, in the sun or in a stifling room, the appearance of its successor. At length, in despair, we sought and obtained the coupé of the carriage first in rank, in which two persons would have had close quarters, but which, we were informed, was reckoned at 'trois personnes'—the third being balanced rather than joisted in, between the two first occupants. The body of the conveyance contained twenty-nine. At eight o'clock, at Biel, we rowed round the lake, in the last rays of the setting sun: Theodore sung, 'Es fängt schon an zu dämmern'—after which we had tea with its accompaniments, and went out star-gazing until half-past ten. Yesterday we proceeded over the surface of three lakes in succession, conveyed by two vessels, and a beginning of railway, with a 'Black Hole of Calcutta' as *Salle d'attente provisoire*. By five o'clock we arrived in sight of Coppet and of Madame de Staël,—who awaited us, and conducted Mrs. Schwabe on foot into the Château, while her carriage took charge of me—(a very wise arrangement, owing, I believe, to a suggestion of yours)—hereupon the full current of conversation set in uninterrupted (except by the necessary toilet) until half-past ten o'clock. Anna Vernet was there, and Edmond de Pressensé; Broglie could not arrive so soon. At six this morning I await Pressensé, who must depart at seven. On the steamer yesterday I observed a portmanteau with 'E. Schérer, Genève,' marked upon it; a Genevese to whom I spoke assured me it could not possibly be the celebrated antagonist of Gaussen—but I had observed a face which might have been Schérer's—and I insisted upon the fact being ascertained. Soon was he brought up to me—the man *was* Schérer. Thereupon followed a long conversation, in which I endeavoured to dissipate his doubts of the genuineness of the Gospel of St. John,—and I am not without hopes. We are to meet again at Geneva, whither I mean to go the day after to-morrow. I wish to spend there three days—but as 'mon propre Monsieur.'

Eight o'clock.—Now only the steamer is arrived—and Pressensé has departed. Here it is delightful. I feel strong and as full of life as ever. At two o'clock, Madame de Staël will take me to a Réunion des Messieurs. That I like! I hope to write much here; the first chapter of the Second Book (of '*Gott in der Geschichte*') announces itself as demanding new birth. I have promised myself not to travel between ten o'clock and three, until cooler weather comes:—and thus I shall have time to write. I shall not go out of Geneva, except to Chamounix. Theodore manages everything for me. How often do I think of you all!—and that you should not be here seems incredible. Well! in less than three weeks I shall be with you again! and with all my pockets full of admirable historical anecdotes, too good to write.

A succession of hastily-scrawled letters give particulars of hours (instead of the intended days) passed at Geneva—interviews and interesting discussions with Schérer—a visit to M. Tronchin at La Prairie—a journey to Chamounix, and a continued struggle throughout the time against ever-recurring attacks of illness, with unflagging cheerfulness, and the determination to make the best of a journey which had been undertaken in expectation of refreshment to mind and body.

[Translation.]

I have much to tell—all causes of thankfulness—and yet how I long to be back at Charlottenberg! From Coppet, on the 12th, we floated delightfully from a quarter to four till a quarter past seven—the heat intense, moderated by the slight breeze. Vevay is the finest point on the lake. Madame de Staël sends you so much love, and has shown your husband and son so much affection, that I wish you would write to her, She lives her tranquil inner life with God—a French Lady Raffles: all interest in the world is gone, except what arises from relations of kindness and benevolence. The Duc de Broglie has prepared a volume, acute and learned, to show how the whole Romanist system is but a legitimate development of—the Gospel! the Prince, his son, has published two volumes, the 'History of Constantine.'

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All this has driven me all the more to the Apocalypse, which I had resolved, being once at it, to work out thoroughly in all the points I had not yet touched upon. My Sunday's lecture at Chamounix (to Madame Schwabe and her daughter, Theodore and Mrs. Case) was successful. I have begun to write down the outlines of my plan of interpretation. You know the general idea of this (Preface to 'Christianity and Mankind' against Wordsworth and the Johannean age); but the great stumbling-block is in the part relating to the destruction of pagan-Imperial Rome, which was never destroyed, but became the prize of the Christian party under Constantine and Theodosius. I hope to finish the whole solution on the Rigi.

Interlaken: Hotel zur Jungfrau, 15th August.—Before me lies the turf-flat upon which this village is built, the finely-modelled green hills forming two halves of an amphitheatre, which just in the centre draw back to constitute a frame for the Jungfrau, which in the purest splendour rises in front. O! that you were here, with your ever warm heart for the magnificence of creation, your keenly-discerning eye, and artist-like hand, and I with you as my Priestess, to gaze into the sanctuary! But altogether, kind and affectionate and amiable as is all that surrounds me, you are yet ever wanting to me everywhere, and those dear girls who are with you! The drive from Vevay across the mountains (Bulle, Château d'Œx, and through the Simmenthal) is the finest of its kind. That is the real Switzerland, the pasture-land of the Alps, with cheerful, well-fed, well-clothed freemen as inhabitants (and handsomer than any I have seen in this country, except in the Haslithal)—the effect is indescribable of the green slopes alternating with portions of fir-forest, stretching to the hill-tops,—below, rushing streams—above, the blue sky! But we are indeed making a journey as it were through the Abruzzi, supposing any human being ever thought of making one there in the dog-days. 25° Réaumur in the inns—from 27° to 30° on the road—in the sun 45° —and yet better everywhere than close to the lake. Here, in a cool room, with the glorious prospect, and a German band playing below, all is forgotten. Friday, the 22nd, to Basle, and Saturday to be with you, please God.

The return home was effected as intended—but,

alas! the frequent recoveries so hopefully announced in Bunsen's letters did not hold good; and although he took food on his arrival with the 'first relish' (as he said) 'that he had experienced for many a day,' there was no help but he must pay the whole penalty of over-exertion: and the first fortnight at home was spent more in bed than out of it, under the various and equally-exhausting sufferings of influenza and gastric affection.

14*th September*.—The following prayers were composed and used by Bunsen, on the occasion of the first of several family meetings with his son Ernest, and his daughter-in-law Elizabeth, for edification in the study of the Gospels:—

[Translation.]

(1 John i.)—O God, Heavenly Father, who hast reunited us here, after a long separation and many painful experiences, and assembled us in this hour for the contemplation of Thy Holy Word, grant us Thy Spirit, the Spirit of Jesus, who will ever be 'in the midst,' when 'two or three are gathered together in His name.' Amen.

Yea, Lord, Heavenly Father! we have gazed upon the Word of Life, which once appeared as man and the Son of Man on this earth. Not 'with hands have we handled it,' but with the eyes of the Spirit we behold it in the contemplation of Thy Word. We behold it in the world's history ever since the appearing of the Eternal Word in the form of a servant. We behold it in the judgments which have passed over the earth, from the destruction of Jerusalem and the fall of Rome even to our own days. But, above all, we behold it in our own hearts, in the acknowledgment of our nothingness as of ourselves, and of the consciousness of our eternal union with Thee, who art Love eternal. To that end, grant us Thy Spirit, that He may lead us, not to self-chosen works, but to showing forth our faith each in his proper calling, after the way that Thou appointest to every one: not in the blindness of zeal, but in the lowliness of love to the brethren as Thy children, and in remembrance of Him who gave His life in love, to the furtherance of Thy kingdom.

Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done, as in heaven, so also on earth! Amen.

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Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Tuesday, 16th September, 1856.

My much-beloved! again I place myself (although with somewhat swollen ankles) at my dear standing-desk, to thank you for your letter, after having been able to work from six to eight o'clock *sitting*, by means of a writing-arrangement of your mother's invention, completing a nice additional chapter to the close of the Egyptian volume. My *supporters* will not bear their heavy burden without intermission, as formerly; and the whole house, and house-physician together, insist upon their having rest. So there is no help for the admission, that I set out upon the journey into Switzerland yet fresh in life, and have returned an aged man, more on three legs than on two. However, I am otherwise well, and since the day before yesterday have been able to write, that is, to compose.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 5th November, 1856.
(Die auspicato, pro die auspicatissimo.)

These lines shall greet you on your birthday with your father's fullest blessing. To have had you here renewed and heightened the joy of thinking of you, and was a repetition and strengthening of the impressions which I received and retain from the time of being with you in Burg Rheindorf, of your life and household happiness. You have a good soil and foundation in every respect; and the harvest-prospect will in no way deceive your anticipations, if you continue true to yourself and to the resolves of your childhood and youth. To which end, may God give His blessing, on that solemn festival day!

Now you shall hear much that will please you, relating to myself. First, I have never worked better. When I had finished the Egyptian volume and the first of 'God-Consciousness,' I had to make a resolution, and I determined that the latter work should be printed between this and Easter; and thereupon began Book V. I had in the Preface (the fourth that I have written, and which I have at last approved of) so completely plunged again into my speculative views and the fundamental idea of the work, that I was

driven by irresistible longing towards philosophy; and I followed the impulse, because only when thus urged can I create anything in the domain of speculation. It has succeeded. I have studied through Leibnitz and Lessing afresh, and have so amplified my two articles of 1850 (leaving that which was written untouched) that they may enable any uncultivated mind to pass judgment upon the achievements of those heroes with respect to a philosophical comprehension of universal history; and of what they have left to be done. I begin with an exposition of their reasoning, supported by suitable extracts; the 'Education of the Human Race' I give entire, merely leaving out what is purely historical, and what is unfounded (§§ 23 to 82), adding besides the two Sibylline leaves upon the Trinity and the Metempsychosis, which Guhrauer has so happily brought into speculative connection with the 'Education of the Human Race.' Then follows the criticism—there was still much to be done! To-morrow I go to Herder, and then to Kant: as to the former I had scarcely anything to add, and not much about the latter. Kuno Fischer, with his great amount of reading, is a ready helper to me: he is now writing his work on Kant.

I shall be able, according to agreement, to give Vol. III. to the press on the 1st January; meanwhile, I work through Book IV., to be completed by the middle of January, in which lies the fate of the work, and the position of your father in the Christian world: last of all, Book III., the Hellenic, for the recreation of the natural Hellene in me.

My life is divided into two parts. From nine to twelve the Bible—this is the wheel ever turning. Haug no longer works with us together: he prepares by himself Numbers and Deuteronomy, finishing them up to be read for my revision and final arrangement. Kamphausen also prepares alone Joshua and Judges: both will have finished in January, and then I give them the four Books of Samuel and the Kings, so that by Easter the second volume of the Old Testament text will have been prepared, as far as Isaiah and Jeremiah, which close the volume: in these I have myself done all the preparatory work, and I let no one else touch them. Now, however, comes the principal matter. By Easter I shall have worked through the Pentateuch, and the Introduction, and written the 'God-Consciousness' (I hope even sooner):

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thus I shall have the hours free before nine and after twelve, for I am busy with the philological part of the '*Bibelwerk*' only in the three hours from nine to twelve. The time and strength thus remaining shall be devoted to the 'First Part of the New Testament,' the Gospels. This was your proposal last year, and thus you shall have it announced this day, as a birthday-gift from yourself to yourself!

Without the 'God-Consciousness' as a precursor, I should be at a loss to give my thoughts full utterance; but the two works together will clear up one another. Nearest to the problem to be solved, was Lessing: little in proportion has been done since in the main matter.

How abhorrent a thing is that Ritual law, which only the coarseness and sensuality of the Jews could have compelled Moses to lay upon them! But much wisdom is in it as a means of training.

O that you were but here with me, to drink in the deep meaning of Prometheus and of Nemesis! The Spirit comes over me as I describe it.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 12th November, 1856.

I can now again work with the same ease as before that Swiss journey, and my work gives me vast pleasure.

I have just received an announcement from Sir Frederick Stovin of the arrival of Prince Alfred, and the wish of the Prince to see me. E. will help to show the place and entertain the Prince.

15*th November*.—The Prince left this place in the afternoon of the day before yesterday. How delightfully has he unfolded! He has exactly the eyes and expression of the *dear* Queen; is fresh and animated, the face showing forth the good heart. The Grand Duke has invited me to Carlsruhe, and I shall go, as soon as I have done my correction for the press.

22*nd November*.—To-day I have finished those last sheets of the work of twenty-four years' *pain* ('The Exodus'), which yet I love so much! and also 'Leviticus.' Pray read the admirable 25th chapter, about the Year of Jubilee. What a grand view of the State as a congregation of brothers! That was indeed only to be carried out in a real

community, to which the Jews could not attain: they fell asunder into clans, and became the prey of strangers, and were afterwards enslaved by priests and kings. The Maccabees brought reality into the communal system, when they had made Judah free: and it would seem to have subsisted thus even to the time of Josephus.

If one learns through the *Old Testament* to understand better the *New*, how much more the *Old* through the *New*! I rejoice in your spirited sympathy, as well as in that of our *wise* friend Neukomm.

8*th December*.—The imperfection of translations hitherto made becomes more and more clear to me. The celebrated proverbial utterance, the dying profession of the Jew (Deuteronomy vi. 4)—'*Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is one Lord*'—should be rendered, '*Hear, O Israel! the Eternal is our God, the Eternal alone.*' The sense is very different, and the true meaning goes higher and deeper than that of the common and wrong translation.

Yesterday afternoon I read to my family circle the history of the Exodus in the thirty months, from the going out of Egypt to the arrival at *Hassa Sarad* in the land east of Jordan; and in the evening we amused ourselves with Göthe's representation in the '*West-Oesbliche Divan*' (fourth volume of the collective works, 'Israel in the Wilderness'). In spite of many errors and much unseemliness he has yet been the first to perceive the reality. Then we closed with choral-singing, accompanied on your organ.

12*th December*.—D.'s expression of his feelings with respect to death are very touching. He would make the explanation of them easier to himself, if he reflected that the soul in itself shrinks not from death, because conscious of *that* being the necessary birth into higher life. Well did Jellaleddin Rumi say, 'Truly life shuddereth before death.' But in the soul the divine principle is as really existing as the natural: as the poet best of all says, *Through God* do the human spirits stand in connection with one another, not otherwise: and there (in God) only as spiritual existences.

Apparitions in the common sense I consider an utter absurdity: but that one spirit in the great and eventful moments of the inner life (for instance, at the moment of expiring) may gaze in upon another, is a certain fact. That is the

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Scotch second sight. An anecdote in Niebuhr's life of his father (the traveller) is remarkable. These things take place most commonly in the unspiritual condition of mere nature, for instance, in dreams or somnambulism; but what is possible in the state of nature must be so also further and higher.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

25th December, 1856.

I am glad that my dedication (to the first volume of the '*Bibelwerk*') has been felt by you to have been thought and written in a solemn spirit. I am tormented with longing to utter the last word, and therefore have written the 'Preface' at once, which I desire should indicate the scientific character as well as the practical object of the work.

That last word now is, that as surely as God is a truth and a certainty, and has not been a falsehood from the beginning, and through centuries of personal histories, the present conditions must perish, unless we would reject the eternal laws of the moral Kosmos: which yet must be accepted as the sole rule of conduct both for nations and individuals, with the same absolute conviction and conscious faith, as that with which we accept and obey the force of gravity in the physical Kosmos.

We are at an end, in Europe and in the United States, if we are not converted to this belief in God, in humanity, in moral individuality. England has accepted the principle of reform, the true, the thorough-going, politically with entire, willing consciousness: into the Church it finds its way as the inevitable consequence of individual freedom. The Slave States are doomed. May God soon grant us cotton-fields in India, Persia, Armenia, and above all in Africa! otherwise Mammon will keep up the original ones. With us the Governments (though not so degraded and lost as in the unmixed Roman Catholic lands) are yet wholly dynastic. Self-interest, as a governing principle, is denial of the principle of gravitation, is weaving of ropes out of grains of sand. Only events can be effectual to save.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

22nd December, 1856.

The King has most graciously accepted my book, delivered by Humboldt ('God in History,' vol. i.), but added, 'Is there no letter for me with it?'—I shall therefore write to him to-day, referring to my letter in print.

Wednesday evening—close of the year 1856.—The year is ebbing out! I have employed the hours, since the beautiful afternoon church-service for the close of the year, in completing the necessary, but laborious business, connected with much pain, of examining and arranging my correspondence from 1852 to 1856, and after burning three-quarters of the mass, have consigned the remaining parcel to my dear Frances, who will put in order what is to be preserved, and superintend the binding.

Besides this work, I have earnestly considered the burning question of Neufchâtel; and by an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances I seem called upon to quit my absolute retirement from political concerns of the moment—God be thanked! it would seem that my efforts in various quarters have not been quite without effect. It is terrible to think of a war for a mere point of honour, as a possibility in our times; but I hold firmly the belief that it will not come to a war, and that the matter will be arranged in the way that I at first proposed. Lord Palmerston at the beginning did harm by inconsiderate positiveness of language, and by underrating the importance and seriousness of the affair.

When I overlook the past year, with its joys and sufferings, its bright and dark passages, my mind rests with true enjoyment on the days in Switzerland. The latter half of the journey was disturbed by bodily indisposition; and then followed my illness and loss of time in consequence; but now all this has retreated into the background, and the impression of grand and splendid nature which we passed through in friendly intercourse recovers its full and enduring force. I feel that I have entirely recovered from my illness, but I have entered upon old age. Tranquil uniformity and sameness of life and diet are necessary to me: in this quiet course I feel well, and in mind as fresh as ever. Wisdom consists (as Koheleth says for King Solomon) in knowing that there

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is a time for all things; but the good man would not seem to have considered that, as every age has its privations, so also even old age has its peculiar enjoyments, or, at least, might have them. Experience and memory are great treasures, belonging to old age.

The days spent at Carlsruhe caused me in many respects much pleasure. The truly lovely and excellent Princess, whom I saw again, and now for the first time in her married life, is happy, and makes all around her happy. The Grand Duke has much understanding and cultivation of mind, and the best will to do right; what is wanting to him, is to assume due confidence in himself as ruler. We spoke quite openly of the political situation; and I believe I succeeded in tranquillising him as to the danger of war.

Imagine that my married children have united in making me a great surprise against the New Year by the valuable present of a billiard-table! Up to the day when it came, and was put up, I played daily at bowls in the garden with Theodore (who had, without saying anything, meanwhile arranged the whole), but since then it has become too cold for bowls; and thus the substitute has arrived exactly at the right time. You know, that for almost forty years without exception we have, alone in our home-circle, sat up to await the year's beginning, with choral-singing and other solemn music, and in serious conversation with pauses between. This time we shall also do so, but without the dear Sternbergs (as Theodora has the influenza), but they will be with us in spirit, and you also: is it not so? Now farewell, dear friend, and receive my heart's thanks for all the kindness and friendship which you have shown me in this departing year! God bless you, and your house so rich in blessings, abundantly in the new year! To all, including the all-beloved Neukomm, my heartiest greetings.

1st January, 1857.—Again, all hail and blessing for the new year! I shall begin the working-day with 'In the beginning God created heaven and earth.' O might I be found worthy yet, ere the departure of this year, to write 'In the beginning was the Word!' I fully purpose doing this; but may God's will be done, by us, or in spite of us!

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAST VISIT TO BERLIN.

DECLINING HEALTH — NEUFCHÂTEL—ARTICLE ON LUTHER — ENERGETIC WORK—LETTER TO MR. HARFORD—LETTER TO THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL — VISIT FROM MR. ASTOR—VISIT TO BERLIN — LETTER FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA—THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT BERLIN.

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THE notice taken by Bunsen of his bodily condition; in the extracts of letters that have been given, is marked by an increasing desire to make the best of it, and believe it as much a state of convalescence as he desired and needed that it should be; but the period of irretrievable disorder had arrived, through which only energy such as his could have effected the amount of work which he still accomplished. After seemingly getting rid of the combination of catarrh and gastric affection which he brought with him from the journey into Switzerland, being many times 'well again' and at his desk, and then disabled afresh, yet struggling on to keep his assistants at work (now two in number, for Dr. Haug was engaged in addition to Dr. Kamphausen), even when his own work of free composition, or of writing his commentary to the Bible, was necessarily suspended—he was, in January 1857, seized with lumbago, an evil previously experienced at Rome, Munich, and in London, in which cases, however, it was dismissed with comparative ease: in Rome, by the use of leeches; in London, by that of vapour-baths. But this time the suffering was as obstinate as it was intense; and he had first to learn what was implied by sleepless nights, thus first tasting the cup of

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bitterness which he was to drink to the very dregs in his last illness. Cupping and blistering (under the friendly direction of Professor Chelius) proved unavailing to diminish pain, but probably helped to originate that swelling of the legs at first, and for two years more, very slight, which so miserably increased in the last six months of life. The attack of lumbago at length wore itself out; but not till the month of May had brought a steady temperature, was he restored to ease and comfort. The baths of Wildbad, in August, removed the last sensation of pain and weakness in the legs; and among all the sufferings that awaited him later, the torment of lumbago never returned. The engagement of his son Charles (Secretary of Legation at Turin) had been a happy event of the last summer; and after long detention at his post of duty by the illness of his Chief, Count Brassier de S. Simon, Charles obtained at last in January the necessary leave of absence, to receive the hand of Mary Isabel, daughter of Mr. Thomas Waddington, of S. Léger near Rouen, at Paris, where the venerated friend of both families, the Pasteur Valette, with the eloquence of truth and love, solemnised their life-union. The young couple travelled to their own home at Turin by way of Bonn and Heidelberg, in which latter place their visit proved most cheering to the suffering father, who, on their first arrival was entirely confined to his bed, but became better able to enjoy their company before they were bound to proceed on their journey. To behold a fourth marriage among his sons, and the establishment of family happiness in the case of this much-prized and highly-deserving son, removed by circumstances further than any other from the habits and comforts of either of his home-countries, was matter of devout thankfulness to Bunsen, who was radiant in satisfaction at the providential granting of this very earnest wish of his heart.

During these months of confinement to his library,

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the pleasure he took in two canary-birds, which delighted to leave their cage and fly about, is strongly impressed on the memory of those who hailed his capacity of relaxation of mind. A cocoa-nut chalice, chaced in silver (the gift of Lord Shaftesbury and other friends in 1842, in memorial of the Jerusalem Bishopric), always stood ready for him, filled with fresh water, on a table before a mirror; and there he enjoyed seeing the birds perch and drink, and to watch their surprise at their own reflection in the water.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

8th January, 1857.

History must pass judgment upon every man, after his day's work has been completed, that is after his death; but most certainly Cobden has proved himself, even to the contemporary world, upright and high-minded, as a man, a statesman, and a citizen, with a rare union of insight with force of will. I have been for a long time greatly taken up with the affair of Neufchâtel. Write to your enquiring friend:—The King was, in the opinion of Bunsen, perfectly right, to demand as preliminary to a direct negotiation, that Switzerland should abstain from sitting in judgment upon those whose conduct was justified not only in his and their own eyes, but also in those of the Five Powers who signed with him the Protocol of 1852. But Bunsen knows, that as early as October the King had resolved to give up the sovereignty of Neufchâtel, and acknowledge its independence. It is scarcely to be presumed that the Emperor undertook to act as mediator without knowing this, as well as Bunsen and many other persons, the Prince of Prussia included: it remains therefore to be explained why the Emperor would not guarantee to Switzerland in his name, that after that conciliatory act on the part of Prussia, negotiations would be opened, on the basis of the independence of Neufchâtel. That he refused to do so is a fact. The article in the '*Moniteur*' was insulting to Switzerland, and reproached the Swiss, not for having refused to do what was right towards the Sovereign Prince of Neuf-

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châtel, but towards him, the Emperor. A different language, and acting in common with England, would have brought on the solution now attained, a month earlier. Nothing is required but the necessity of self-limitation, which is the beginning of wisdom. To me the consideration has proved very helpful, that we ought to go out of ourselves, and not sink down within ourselves: in the world, that is, in surrounding humanity, we should forget ourselves, and thus find ourselves again. Those are the main points, and not materially different, in the Apostle's precept, 'Pray and work.' For active love of the brethren is continuous prayer.

The 'Christian Times' has strongly recommended my book to its Christian readers.

18*th January*.—Since yesterday, I have been critically going through the translation of Caird's sermon for the second edition, with Frances. Brockhaus writes that the first edition is as good as sold, and he wishes to print another of 1000 copies. I am very happy thus to help in your work of Christian charity. At the same time, Messrs. Black, in Edinburgh, have asked me to write the article on Luther for the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' This honourable commission to represent our great German hero to another body of Christians, and in their own language, cannot be declined. I have therefore accepted to do so, and have set about the work.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 22nd January, 1857.

I am reading for 'Luther.' Michelet's plan for a 'Life of Luther' is the only right one: division into periods, with short introductions, and with extracts of the most striking passages in the letters and sermons belonging to each period; to close with his private life. But his treatment of the subject is hasty and superficial and perverse. The exact truth has never been uttered by anyone yet. 1525, *annus fatalis!*

30*th January*.—I intend writing a volume of 'Letters,' ten in number, all to Rothe. Letter I. has burst into at least four; and the letter on the worship of the Christian congregation, as well as that on the teaching of the congre-

gation, will each expand into two. In these letters, I place the five projected treatises, as well as the documents and explanations belonging to them. But it will not be merely a 'new and improved edition' of the former work ('Signs of the Times'). To state it roughly:—I have insisted and given proof that we are living in a time of crisis or of separation of elements,—two several powers being in collision with each other, the bearer of the one, the Hierarchy; of the other, the Congregation. With the former, all tends towards compulsion, deceit, emptiness; with the other, is progress and expansion. We demand freedom in the congregation and the possession of the Bible, and trust to the guidance of God's good Spirit. If we are right, we must be able to trace the effects of those influences on the face of the struggling world. Let us look towards the signs which have appeared since October 1855.

With respect to the adversaries, I have as yet, in the first letter, given but two pages to historical fact; but my chastising corner I do not intend to give up. That will settle itself in the progress of the work.

Friday, 12th February.—To-morrow we begin the First Book of Samuel. How the chapters seventeen to twenty-one of the Judges have moved me! They all belong to the early period, immediately after Joshua's death; the republican period, which Josephus stigmatises as anarchy; the fearful massacre in Benjamin, before the state of backsliding in religion, in which the Assyrian Governor already found them.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

8th February, 1857.

I stand again, for the first time quite without pain, at my dear desk, in the sunshine. Hundreds are skating within my view. The canary birds have been transferred to my room, and they enjoy with me sun and prospect. That was a bad fit of sciatica! I have lost fourteen entire working days, at least, for my compositions; of those for Bible-conferences, I have lost only six. In the sleepless nights (to me a hitherto unknown condition), I was able to meditate much: and thus, amid various (useless) tortures, such as cupping, for instance, and various (effectual) homœopathic

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remedies, the time of recovery has arrived. To-morrow, please God, I begin work again.

Monday morning, 9th February.—I have had the first good night, and have been able to work a little at my desk. As soon as the cold gives way, I shall use a steam-bath. My two young people (Charles and his bride) rejoice my heart daily and hourly by the sight of their happiness and their animation. This evening, they go to a 'Museum' ball, with the Sternbergs, Theodore, and Matilda.

24th February.—At twelve our dear children will depart. It is a truly valuable and richly-constituted heart with which we have made acquaintance; and we have new cause for thankfulness in God's blessing. I have suffered much during the whole of this time from the sharp pain of the sciatica having gone down into my leg; but it is better, God be thanked! and I have had to work hard, to make amends for time lost—for next Friday the Cabinet-Courier of the English Embassy at Frankfort departs, by whom I must send my Luther MS. (eighty closely-written quarto pages) to Edinburgh. Love to the incomparable Neukomm!

2nd March.—I am getting slowly better. I never have worked more; and I spread all sails, in order to gain leisure, in the second half of April, to go to Rheindorf and Bonn.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Tuesday, 5th March, 1857.

At length I can write to you that I have undertaken a new work in four volumes. Do not be startled! for yesterday the sketches of three of them were presented to your mother, as her birthday gift, with dedication 'to the forty years' companion of my life—"Luther"—an historical representation and autobiography.' I am writing this book as a necessary preliminary study for the fourth book of 'God in History,' and instead of the continuation of the 'Signs of the Times.' All that I had to say in those I can more impressively and effectively attach to the 'Life of Luther,' and shall be enabled thus to shake off a number of trifles, which were in my way, and worried me, because in twenty-five years, or even less, all that stuff will have lost its present significance. But now I go again to the 'God-Consciousness,'

and leave 'Luther' (that is, the working out of my sketch) till after the former shall have been sent to the press; for which I require six months. Thus there will be two precursors of the '*Bibelwerk*,' instead of one.

The First Book of Samuel detains us long. The text is inconceivably corrupt. We have explained more than thirty unintelligible passages, and now a reasonable commentary upon this remarkable book, and the history it contains, will become possible.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

5th March, 1857.

I can to-day communicate to you, in confidence, a secret. The book I am preparing will be called—

LUTHER;

An Historical and Autobiographical Picture, in Four Volumes.

First volume.—Historical representation.

Second volume.—Luther in his letters, confessions, recollections, and occasional outpourings.

Third volume.—Luther in his reformation-declarations and writings.

Fourth volume.—Luther in his Biblical sentences, writings, and hymns.

You see that the three last volumes consist of Luther's own words, but placed together to give an image of him, and accompanied by the necessary explanations and comments. All extracts and collections hitherto made are not to the purpose; they give no image, cannot be read as a whole, and are even in part unintelligible.

The first volume is my own historical representation, a life description from the point of view of universal history. It will be in four books:

I. The period of preparation and of arming, 1483 to 1517, the first thirty-four years of life. Seven chapters.

II. The period of progressive action, October 31, 1517, to the end of 1524. Twelve chapters.

III. The period of suffering, and of executing learned works, 1525, till death, 1546. Twelve chapters.

IV. Luther, a picture of character, in his various relations

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—as a Reformer, as a writer, as a preacher, and, lastly, as a man. Eight chapters.

Now I will tell you how I came upon this, and how I have seemingly with such inconceivable quickness made the whole clear to myself.

The originating cause was Black's proposal to write the article in the 'Encyclopædia.' But I had long known that no life of Luther existed, any more, or even still less, than a collection of his voluminous writings (88 volumes in 8vo.) calculated to communicate the spirit of this man, unique of his kind, and to be generally attractive. This want I had felt in the working out of the fourth book of 'God in History,' in which Luther is, of course, after the Apostles, the most prominent character. It was not clear to me how I should be able to resolve the undertaking within the limits of that book. With respect to Christ, I could refer to my 'Life of Jesus,' as soon to appear; but for the life of Luther, not even the materials lie within reach of the reading public.

That was reason enough for my being glad and willing to write the article for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and during the work the plan for executing the whole became clear to me. What decided me to the undertaking was that I should be enabled to bring forward in the course of this work, in a more acceptable and penetrating manner, the thoughts and considerations prepared for the continuation of the 'Signs of the Times.' There is nothing of what I want to say that might not be, in the most striking manner, connected with the representation of Luther and his works.

Therefore, I shall not continue the 'Signs of the Times,' but close them, by a preface of about forty pages intended for a popular edition.

Now came the necessity of convincing myself that the work may really succeed; and, therefore, the same day that I sent off the article to Black (Friday in the week before last), did I set about it, to the inexpressible joy of my wife, who has, from the first, urged me to this work; and late on March 3 I had accomplished so much as specimen of the life-picture that I could present her with the whole design, and with that first chapter all but the close, on her birthday, at breakfast, March 4. Now I go back to 'God in History,'

without interruption, except from the Bible conferences, from nine to twelve o'clock.

I have, like a true German, expended 50*l.* (whereas the article has brought me in 20*l.*) for the necessary works of Luther and his biographers and commentators! Yet without these I could not have achieved anything as it ought to be done, for the Heidelberg Library does not possess the last edition of Luther's works. Frances will help me to search through, and extract, about 86 volumes, in which are endless single gold grains of sentences, nowhere else to be found, because the Lutherans neither comprehend nor like them. She will attack the 'Sermons,' while I shall in time (in the autumn, 1857) begin the 'Commentary on the Biblical Writings.' In six months, from the beginning, I could get that finished. I shall offer Black the 'first refusal' of the work, as 'a book for the million' in England and the United States. No one knows what Luther essentially was! The whole shall be a reading book for every, even the commonest, reading Christian—please God!

I hope your journey on the 25th will find the North freed from ice. Here, violets and blossoms are starting into being in every corner.

M. Renan, a very distinguished young man of learning, and a friend of mine (Member of the Institute), has announced his engagement to a niece of Ary Scheffer—to which he has my hearty congratulations.

Palmerston is close pressed. He must resign or form a coalition with Lord John, and altogether incline more to the left. In the Reform question he has thrown difficulties in his own way. The Chinese question in itself is nothing, but the coalition is a fact, and for an appeal to the nation no sufficient plea exists at this moment.

Bunsen to John Harford, Esq., of Blaize Castle.

Charlottenberg: 6th March, 1857.

The day before yesterday your valued gift was put into my hands, and from that time to this evening hour, I have done little besides reading the two precious volumes.* Let me tell you, that however much pleasure I anticipated from them,

* *The Life and Times of Michael Angelo Buonarotti*, by Mr. Harford.

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my expectations have been surpassed. Your work has transported me back to beloved spots and inspiring regions; I have walked under your guidance through those glorious, although most melancholy years of Republican Florence, displaying the aspiring religious mind of Italy, and the wonderful development of the fine arts, and above all those two giants of genius and intellect, Michael Angelo and Raphael. You have prepared the threads out of which you weave the narrative, so skilfully and yet naturally, that it reads like a novel. The Platonic Academy, the meetings round Lorenzo's table, Savonarola, and Charles VIII., Dante and the Divina Commedia; again, Pope Julius II., and Leo X., last, not least, Vittoria Colonna, come in so naturally, that no novelist could invent or imagine scenery half so attractive as that which we find in your book as a reality.

As to Michael Angelo's patriotism, poetry, and philosophy, justice was never done to them before; and still nothing is truer than your statement. You have proved it convincingly as to Platonism, by showing that without it you cannot explain his Canzone and Sonetti. As to his piety, it was certainly neither old age, nor love of the bright eyes of Vittoria Colonna, which first inspired him with religious feelings. Your memoir relating to her is in its proper place, and your readers will thank you for it. The memoir which precedes it I was gratified to find embodied in a work of so much value, and connected with a subject so generally attractive. I believe the passage to be known to only a few of your countrymen; the late Lord Ellesmere once made honourable allusion to it, in one of his Reviews on Art. How would my late friend Platner have been delighted, had he lived to see his truly solid and impartial articles on the paintings of the Last Judgment and others, so appreciated!

I think I can say that I agree with you on all subjects, (although I should express myself differently as to the religious aspirations of Homer and Sophocles, as not derived from exterior sources, no more than the philosophical notions of the Deity in Plato, but from that inward revelation of the Spirit of God to which St. Paul alludes), except as to the nature of Michael Angelo's feelings towards Vittoria. I am sure *she* always checked them, and kept him strictly within the limits of affectionate friendship; which only increased the

affection which would seem finally to have been purified entirely. But there is deep love in his words, to my feelings; and when she died, he almost went out of his senses.

I thank you particularly for having mentioned *Valdez*; for it now seems clear that he was the cause of the conversion of Vergerio, and of many pious Spaniards. Something in proof of this has lately been published at Cadiz, and Dr. Böhmer, of Halle (a friend of Tholuck's and mine), has discovered where papers of Valdez exist, and is sure of being able to get at them, if he should ever have the means of making a three months' residence in Spain.

Should a second edition be made, you must put in *for me* a chronological list of the works of Michael Angelo.

*Bunsen to a Son.**

[Translation.]

12th February, 1857.

. . . The newly proposed Manifesto is more important than anything else in the present time. Its tendency is to cast out the unbiblical, exceptionable eight or nine articles hitherto adopted by the Evangelical Alliance, and to bestow upon it, on the other hand, a sign, sufficiently good to rally under. I trust all will perceive this, while there is yet time. The French summing up is too bare for the English taste, and, in fact, too abrupt. But at Berlin this Confession of Faith will give great offence among the strict Lutherans, by passing over the sacraments in silence. I give this well-designed politic declaration as much credit for what is omitted as for what is included.

The Confession of Faith mentioned in the above with such cordial satisfaction is here subjoined. Though approved by great numbers in England and elsewhere, it was finally rejected, in consequence of the strenuous opposition of a more rigid party, who caused the original list of articles, many of American inspiration, to be adhered to; thereby closing the door on a multitude of Christians of various nations, who had been desirous of belonging to the Evangelical Alliance.

* This letter is introduced here, because the subject is alluded to in the next following letter.

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Private and Confidential.

We, the undersigned [Archbishops, Bishops], Clergy and Laymen of the United Church of England and Ireland, Ministers and Members of the Established Church of Scotland, and of various Nonconforming Evangelical Churches of British Christians, have heard that, with the permission of Divine Providence, a Conference is to be held at Berlin, in the course of next autumn, composed of Protestant and Evangelical Christians of Germany and other countries; and that it will take place under the friendly sanction of His Majesty the King of Prussia. Being desirous to cultivate brotherly relations with true believers throughout the whole of Christendom, and thus to be helpers of each other's faith and charity, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our hearty sympathy with those brethren on the Continent, who are labouring for the defence of the Protestant faith, and the wider spread of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour.

We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament are the Word of God, that they are given by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, are of binding authority on the conscience, and able to make men wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. We would therefore record our sympathy with those brethren on the Continent who uphold their full authority as the only rule of Christian faith against all theories which would undermine or destroy it, either by exalting human traditions to the same level with the Word of God; or by placing that on the same footing with the writings of fallible men.

We believe that Jesus Christ is the only-begotten Son of God, who took upon Him our flesh, and suffered on the Cross to make one true and all sufficient atonement and satisfaction for sin. We believe that there is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we can be saved. We therefore bid God speed to all those brethren who honour His person and His work, recognising His true Godhead as well as true humanity, and the atoning efficacy of His death, as the foundation of the Church, and the sole ground of hope and peace to guilty sinners.

We believe that salvation is not by the merit of human works, but by the grace of God, through a living faith in the

Lord Jesus Christ, His sinless life, atoning death, and glorious resurrection, which have opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. We believe that this faith, by which the sinner is justified, invariably purifies the heart and works by love. And we profess our brotherly fellowship with all who hold and proclaim the Gospel of the grace of God in opposition to all claims of human merit, and those corruptions of the Gospel which would make Christ Himself the minister of sin.

We believe that without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and that this holiness is the work of the Holy Spirit, creating the heart anew, and moulding it into the image of Christ our Lord. We believe that no fellowship with any visible Church, however sound and pure, without this new creation of the heart in true holiness, can ensure a place in the Kingdom of God. We believe also that all who share in this heavenly gift are truly brethren in Christ, whose duty it is to exercise mutual forbearance and brotherly love. We would therefore say from the heart, Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, to whatever outward communion, or whatever nation and country, they belong. And we would earnestly desire for ourselves, and the Christian bodies of which we are members, a growing sympathy and a closer fellowship with all these our brethren in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

We believe that while it is the duty of all Christians to be subject to authorities, to obey magistrates for conscience' sake, and to lead quiet and peaceable lives in godliness and honesty, it is both the duty and the wisdom of Christian rulers to respect the rights of conscience in all their subjects, so that a sincere worship of God, and profession of faith, in whatever form, may never be visited with penalties due only to proved offences against society. And it is our hearty desire that all Protestant States may act so consistently on this principle towards all their subjects, as to lend no excuse for the persecution of Protestants in Roman Catholic countries.

Finally, we believe that the aspect of the times calls loudly upon all who love the Gospel to unite more closely than ever in brotherly intercourse; to be more bold in maintaining the truth of God's Word against vain philosophy and mere human traditions, and the aboundings of worldliness and self-will; and to bear a united witness before the whole world, that

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Jesus Christ is the Head of the Church, the Prince of the Kings of the earth, the exclusive Lord of conscience, the true Physician of souls, the only source, to men and nations, of life, peace, comfort, and joy. We would, therefore, express to the brethren who shall meet in Berlin, our cordial sympathy with all wise efforts to promote these great objects; and would pray that the God of love and peace may prosper all their consultations to the furtherance of His truth, the increase of brotherly union, and the growth of enlarged zeal, for the spread of the Gospel, both throughout Christendom and in all heathen lands.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

22nd March, 1857.

I hasten to communicate to you some joyful intelligence. The second edition (of 3,000 copies) of the translation of Caird's Sermon is so nearly exhausted that Brockhaus is about to publish another; and I am requested to announce it as the fourth, for meanwhile, in the Saxon Society for the Spread of Christian Popular Writings, in Zwickau, a popular edition of 10,000 copies has been demanded, and of course assented to by Brockhaus—the Society has only to pay the printing expenses. I shall mention the fact in the Preface to the fourth edition.

There is a great movement among the Evangelicals in England, of every variety; an admirable Declaration (by the Rev. Mr. Birks, of the Church of England, honorary secretary of the Evangelical Alliance), which might be called a Manifesto, or (as they call it) Confession of Faith, is said (by Sir Eardley Culling, who sent it to me printed, but marked 'Private and Confidential,') to have been accepted by the Alliance. There is a prospect of its being generally signed; but I consider it as too good. If it succeeds, the narrow party in Germany will be furious! In every case the movement is a good one, not only because it will be attacked by the Pope and others, but good in itself.

24*th March*.—The matter (of my journey to Bonn) is brought to a decision by an invitation to Carlsruhe this week. I have answered, with entire truth, that the physicians forbid all travelling in this severe weather, and even my leaving my room; and altogether give me little hope of

being rid of my evil visitor, until I have used baths—at Baden or Wildbad. Wherefore I write to-day to put off my visit to George and Emma at Rheindorf. I can accept no other invitations. Whoever desires to see me must come here: the Hermit on the Neckar will travel no more, but to a bath, or his grave.

19*th April*.—My article 'Luther' is in print; the 120 pages I have reduced to about ninety. Constable of Edinburgh has requested me to write a Preface to a Translation of Freytag's '*Soll und Haben*' (Debit and Credit); and I shall do it.

22*nd April*.—Rowland Williams has written a highly remarkable, philosophical, and learned book, 'Christianity and Hinduism,'—being called upon to do so by another uncommon man, Mr. Muir, late of the Bengal Civil Service, who had offered 500*l*. for a work, which should in an intelligible manner afford the Brahmins and learned Buddhists a comparison of those two systems of religion with Christianity. This prize Rowland Williams has gained, by writing a volume of 500 pages, which cost him ten years' labour, from 1847 to 1856; which volume Muir sent to me, and I received three weeks ago, just as I had worked through the self-same enquiry. Imagine my surprise, to find, under the form of a perfectly framed Platonic Dialogue, a representation more nearly similar to my own than any other that has been made in England or Germany!

4*th May*. . . . Meanwhile I must endeavour to regain the good graces of my friends in England. The author of an article in the 'National Review' is of opinion that he can give no analysis of my work ('God in History'), because the texture is 'too loose;' and he complains of the 'superficiality' of some parts. The writer has read little of my book, and understood less, or he would have perceived two things,—1, that I not only know more of the matter than himself (what he knows is very little), but also more than the English writers who have treated the subject, whose works I have known these ten and twenty years, and recognised in them all that they contain of durable worth; 2, that I have brought forward no book-learning or detailed enquiry into subjects on which all men of study in Germany are agreed. As to the composition of the work, he might have been clear,

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had he but noticed the repeated warnings that I have given in many places, that it pretends not to treat of the Philosophy of Religion, nor to be a History of Religion, but of something very different. He evidently considers the 'developments' as parts of the individual work—instead of lengthened remarks on the subject matter. When I brought forward new opinions, I needed to support them by new proofs; but wherefore should I prove what is well known and admitted? Had I but given the 'developments' in small print (which would have been certainly more practical), their purpose would have been more distinct. Ewald, a rigorous judge, and a High-Church opponent in a theological periodical, commend me as going deep into the matter—the reverse of 'superficial!'

Let your bookseller send you two small books, which have just appeared:—1, 'Edouard Laboulaye—a Foreign Utterance as to Religious Freedom'. (Brockhaus); 2, 'Job's Three Friends: Bunsen, Stahl, Ritter' (Hamburgh, 1857). The latter, a clever but enthusiastic book, I doubt not to be by Onken, the chief of the Baptists in Hamburgh.

All mine greet you, and regret that you cannot see and enjoy the magnificence of the blossoming trees and flowers on our hill and on the way to the Castle—the chestnut-trees, the lilacs. My wife and I are reading the ten volumes of '*L'Histoire de ma Vie*,' of George Sand—a wonderful book, which has been lent us. That woman has a deep, and, I think, a true soul, and she is a disciple of Lamennais, as well as of Leibnitz, to whom she remains faithful. She is said to be ugly—which is a pity; but as the Swabian wisely said, 'Unpleasant it is, but no sin.' The Rajah of Sarawak (Brooke) has again proved himself a hero, which I always considered him to be. It is a black sin of those who have been misled by Hume, to attack that man as an enemy.

24th May.—When a Ministry, a Parliament, a Nation, shows itself ever ready to follow good advice from Cobden,—why should the whole public dissent from his opinion about Sir J. Brooke, if he really was in the right? You see from this, that in public life one must take political characters as they are; one may hold different opinions as to their views, and yet honour them as men, and love them as human beings. But such a character is not to be converted, and as little can

public opinion be changed; only God can do that,—and Time, which judges all things.

The '*Bibelwerk*' proceeds quickly and prosperously, so that I can hope the whole will appear at Easter 1860 in seven volumes. The most difficult is past. Till that date, or at least, till October 1859, I am fast bound to the spot; then only shall I be able to move more freely, if I am but bodily well enough. The first free winter I wish to spend in Italy, the first free summer in England, and, therefore, part of it with you. These are castles in the air! Who knows how things will look in the world by that time? But so it is ever—who knows what may happen within twenty-four hours?

12*th May*.—To-day I am brisk and without pain, and have climbed to the upper terrace, twice resting by the way; and in returning I almost ran down the hill. The Russian baths do me good.

Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

Charlottenberg: 15th May, 1857.

I have entered into the greatest work and undertaking of my life, and begin to earn the fruits of much labour. I cannot move, unless forced, before April 1861. The first free *spring* shall belong, if it please God, to England; the first free *winter*, to Mentone, or some such place. But the work to be done in the meantime is very great, although the hardest is over; and after Whit Sunday I shall be entering into smooth water, coming into regions where I have been before. It gives me now indescribable delight to write the 'Introduction,' in which I show, by copious specimens and self-evident examples, what is intended, and how much and how important that is.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

16th July, 1857.

The intelligence of the preparation for the closing scene of our beloved and honoured friend Neukomm is very solemn—it confirms all my former apprehensions.

Dr. Theodore Bunsen has obtained the highest academical honours—*first class*—which no one had obtained, in the memory of man, in his branch of study (Political Economy

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and History), and altogether, no one in the whole philosophical faculty for many years in Heidelberg.

Astor and family are to arrive on the 21st August; he embarks at New York on the 5th, and travels straight to Heidelberg. Therefore, we shall go to Wildbad on the 28th of this present month, that I may have completed my twenty-one baths before the 20th August.

The only MS. of the Latin translation of the Old Testament by Jerome (of the year 541), which has not been corrupted, is at Florence, and a collation of it for me is being made by Dr. Heyse, which is to be completed by September 15.

Wildbad: 16*th August*.—The bath and the heat of the weather have so relaxed me that I find days and weeks pass as in a dream, and I feel as if I had done something enormous when I have corrected and expedited a sheet of the '*Bibelwerk*'! But the bathing has done me good decidedly, although I can stand it no longer. On Wednesday, the 19th, we shall set out early homewards, and at four o'clock the same day Dr. Kamphausen is appointed for a closing conference; on the 20th he leaves Heidelberg, for a three weeks' tour of refreshment.

Here it is indescribably beautiful, and should I be obliged again to go to a bathing place, it should certainly be Wildbad. Excursions into the Forest are charming, the air is of the sort that I enjoy, the baths are most beneficial. We have met some friends here; Miss Wynn has just left us. Eliza Gurney, the American Quaker, widow of John Joseph Gurney, came here to see us, and we had a very fine and solemn day in her company. She had been at Berlin, and was admitted to see the King, to ask and obtain from him exemption from military service for a Quaker youth.

30*th August*.—I have been expecting Astor daily, and at last he arrived yesterday evening, at the same time with the Prince of Wales. Astor's faithful attachment to me, and the impression we receive of his excellence, give us true pleasure.

To the Duchess of Argyll.

Heidelberg: 1st July, 1857.

My dear Duchess,—This is the morning of the fortieth anniversary of my wedding. Full forty years lie before me

of as unmixed happiness as mortal can bear, passed hand in hand with one who would have made a paradise to me out of a desert, and now stands by my side, well and happy in our quiet and retired, but neither idle nor solitary, life. We are surrounded, near and far, but all within reach, by ten children, and, as yet, thirteen grandchildren, all happy; together with four daughters-in-law and two sons-in-law, all united with us as if they were our own children; all doing well in life, and attached to each other. Is it not a day to be thankful for, my dear Duchess? Nobody can appreciate that better than yourself, and nobody will believe more easily than you, that on such a day our heart is turned towards the friends whose kindness and affection have accompanied us through our pilgrimage. Your letter received last week has heaped fiery coals upon my head; still I left them burning there, having firmly resolved to celebrate my platina wedding (as I call it, being between the twenty-five years of the silver and the fifty years of the golden wedding) by beginning the day (it is now five o'clock) with these words addressed to you. It was only at seven o'clock last night (when I drove to the station to receive my Emilia well and strong, and moving about as freely as any of us) that I finished, as I had proposed, the Introduction to my '*Bibelwerk*,' to go to the press to-day, to appear by September 15, as the first of many volumes. . . . This work, perhaps the greatest, at all events, the most responsible, literary enterprise of the age, vowed in 1817, and again (after some preparatory work) at the time of my great illness in 1821, at Rome, and since prepared and composed '*in silentio et spe*,' in great part, in ever-dear England, particularly in 1850, when I wrote the 'Life of Jesus,' was taken in hand soon after I had settled on these beautiful banks of the Neckar, first together with my 'Egypt,' and the 'Signs of the Times,' and my book, 'God in History,' and since has occupied my whole mind and time. Its magnitude overwhelmed me, when I perceived what it could not help attempting to be, to such a degree, that I resolved to throw aside for some months all other thoughts and occupations until that first volume, with its declaration in front, was secured. It is only thus that I have sometimes been able to carry by storm a subject which otherwise would never have been mastered. Receiving and

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reading such letters as yours, my dear Duchess, is the greatest comfort and solace in such a state of mind—but answering them is impossible. Only since last night could I tell you that the work is done. I have mastered it by having accomplished the first volume, for the work has been written backwards, so as to enable me to word safely and unhesitatingly the Introductory Address to the Christian People, or, as we call it in German, *die Gemeinde*. I have now only to hope to live (as I think I shall) to Easter 1861, when the last volume, the 'Life of Jesus and the Eternal Kingdom of God,' will be out. . . .

It may be said that we (in Germany) have been at this work (of revising the translation of the Bible) for 87 years, say 100; forin 1770, Michaelis at Göttingen published his great Translation and Commentary of the Old Testament, and yet the German nation has still the least correct of all Bible translations, although marked by the greatest genius, and in spite of unparalleled exertions made by our men of learning to effect a revision for the people. But as to England, it is more than 100 years that you have given up all really serious exegetical study of the Bible. Jowett's and Stanley's and Alford's works are, however, excellent beginnings—at least, as far as the New Testament is concerned. I think there are 3,000 passages requiring correction in Luther's translation, and not more than 1,500 in the English, Dutch, and French—the three best ever yet made. Still 1,500 is a great deal in a volume where every word ought to be sacred! Only such ignorant talkers as —— can speak as though a more correct translation would of itself open a new light to the Christian world! Nobody can change the language of our Bibles, nor their groundwork; the precious metal requires only rubbing.

To a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 25th August, 1857.

. . . Here do I stand, on my sixty-sixth birthday, once more (after my return from Wildbad) at my old beautiful desk, in my beautiful Charlottenberg, in the finest summer weather—after having closed, yesterday evening, the revision of my Introduction to the '*Bibelwerk*'—expecting Astor every hour! What will his visit bring?

Bunsen was eager to hasten back from Wildbad, hoping for the promised visit from Astor rather earlier than it actually took place; the meeting was most soothing to his feelings, in every respect except that of being only a meeting, and not such a visit of days and weeks as would have been a thorough renewal of intercourse and interchange of thought and opinion. Mr. Astor had promised his wife and granddaughter a tour in Germany and Italy, and his time was narrowly measured out in each resting-place: but few as were the days granted to Heidelberg, they were sufficient to leave an enduring impression of satisfaction as to the lasting character of the attachment between the long-separated friends and in the new acquaintance formed with Mrs. Astor, and the young lady (now Mrs. Winthrop Chanter)—whom it was really tantalising to have seen and conversed with only during short hours, and then to part from for life!—although better hopes were at the time entertained, as Miss Margaret Astor Ward enjoyed so enthusiastically the manifold objects of interest offered to her eagerly-grasping mind in European countries, that she then promised herself and others to persuade her grandfather to repeat his journey the very next year.

Soon after the rapid passage of Astor, a visit from Mr. Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton (a valued friend, whenever met—in Rome, 1833–35,—or in London, 1839–54), contributed to the bright and summer-like character of this portion of Bunsen's life, when his health was for a time in a condition of comfort, from the joint effect of a steadily warm season, and of the beneficent springs of Wildbad. And now followed an important event, in a summons, from the King's own hand, to Berlin, to be present at the Meeting of the Members of the Evangelical Alliance. The possibility of being called to Berlin had been, with reason, contemplated by Bunsen for the last year—and the result of his medita-

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tions had always been, that in such a case he would be bound to solicit permission to decline the call, on the ground of the pronounced infirmity of his health. But the wording of this letter so clearly signified that the Royal writer could not be satisfied without seeing Bunsen again, could not bear to know him absent, where the interests of religion were to be discussed,—and, in short, so completely constituted an appeal from a friend to a friend, ending with an expression to the effect of 'You will surely not refuse to be the guest of an old friend in his own house!'—that it was impossible not to yield to the will so affectionately intimated: although all indication of an especial purpose to be carried out by the journey was wholly wanting,—and Bunsen's presence at the meeting was but that of a spectator, not belonging to the Evangelical Alliance, of which he would gladly have become a member had they but been willing to adopt the 'Confession of Faith' sent him by Sir E. Culling in March last (see pp. 426—428), and fully approved of by Bunsen (see p. 428). As it was, he was obliged to decline becoming a member of it. He went, therefore, to Berlin 'pour faire acte de présence:' with an inward determination not to leave the opportunity unused, but to ask an audience for the purpose of bringing before the Royal mind, with more urgency than ever, the crying evils of the present police-government in matters of conscience.

The extracts which follow, from the abundant communications which his affection prompted, sufficiently tell the tale of that consolatory visit, which shed an unhoped for gleam over the close of the remarkable and unparalleled connection with Frederick William IV. which was of precisely thirty years' duration—as the two minds 'met and united' on the 15th October, 1827.

These three weeks at Berlin proved a thoroughly happy time to Bunsen, in the enjoyment of the society of friends, and of objects of art and science, besides the

chief gratification of all,—the consciousness of possessing his old place in the affections of the King, as to whose near-approaching decay of mental powers he was fortunately spared any feeling of presage. During those dinner-receptions described in the following extracts, the King must have been brilliant in conversation to the full degree observable in his best years; and his memory for every possible detail relating to his stay in Rome in 1828, as accurate as ever, even though instances would occur of his asking for help when seeking in vain after a name, or an expression wanted to complete the utterance of something that concerned the present. After the dinner at Sans Souci an utterance of the King's was often alluded to and commented upon by Bunsen with deep emotion. Having risen from table, he stood with Bunsen at the window, looking out upon the prospect, bathed in the rays of the declining sun, which were caught and refracted by the innumerable fountains, amid a wilderness of flowers and orange-trees, beyond which woods and expanse of water stretched to the horizon. Bunsen commented upon the surpassing beauty of the assemblage of objects before him,—and the King replied meditatively, 'Yes, this *is* beautiful; and this prospect it is, to which I and my *Elise* (the Queen) cling more fondly than to any other spot—and yet, *this too, we must leave!*' A week later, on the 3rd October, the mortal stroke fell upon him!—although for three years longer, he was to drag on a wretched body of death, before it ceased to breathe.

Bunsen was accompanied homewards, on the 4th October, as far as Frankfort, by his son George, and there was met by his wife and daughter. He had his wish granted of seeing in that place once more his long-remembered friend Schopenhauer; but the conversation during dinner proved unsatisfactory. Schopenhauer had instinctively discerned the mental gifts and powers of Bunsen, and sought to attach him to himself; but he

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was wanting in all the qualities required for a lasting connection of friendship.

Here follows a translation of the autograph letter of King Frederick William IV. to Bunsen (the last ever received from that gracious hand)—the transcript having been found in a letter from Bunsen to one of his sons.

King Frederick William IV. to Bunsen.

Sans Souci: 5th September, 1857.

MY DEAREST BUNSEN,—I express to you my heartiest thanks for all the great trouble you have undertaken and carried through with such splendid results (to my honour) for the Schlagentweits. For all this, and for so many letters, most interesting to me, I am in heavy debt to you: but time is wanting in a frightful manner to me for answering you as I ought and desire to do! I write to you only on account of a matter *which I have at heart beyond all expression*, and that is your appearing at Berlin during the Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance. I wish *that*, urgently and longingly, first for the sake of the thing itself, secondly for the sake of your good name, thirdly for my own sake:—you must once more show yourself outside the limits of that narrow circle (becoming ever more and more suspicious) in which you now exclusively live!

You must inhale fresh air of life—the breath of that life, which alone is life, because it is the *essential life* proceeding from the *one essential source* of life. You must inhale this breath of life, *there*, where a yet unheard of mass of *joyful confessors* will assemble; *there*, where it seems almost certain that a new future will be prepared for the whole Church and the entire body of the evangelical confessions. You must, by your appearance alone, stifle the malicious calumny which, in genuine German (especially North-German), contractedness of vision is beginning to raise against you, and to injure the *holy cause of the Church*. Thousands are watching for your non-appearance, to cast stones at you. *That* is what I cannot bear, if you by an *error in conduct give occasion thereto*. I conjure you, for the sake of the Lord's cause, accept my offer, and accept from me, as an old and faithful

friend, that I defray your journey, and provide you with lodging and sustenance in the Palace at Berlin, as my own peculiar guest! My commands have already been issued to that effect. You have but to lift your foot, from Charlottenberg to the Railway of Heidelberg. That I at the same time hope, by this opportunity, to confer with you on much important matter, you will not take ill of me: and now, in the name of Christ to the work!—*Vale!*

(Signed) F. W. R.

[Received Monday, 7th September, at three o'clock a.m.]

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Tuesday morning, five o'clock, 8th September, 1857.

. . . That is providential! After such a letter no friend's invitation could be declined, and how should I decline that of the King, made in the name of Christ and of the fatherland, resolved upon, clearly, in affection and faithfulness, and with such unheard of demonstrations of true friendship? I had never before been invited to lodge in the Palace *at Berlin*, but the King does this to gratify the old, heavily-laden man; it is also an unequivocal declaration towards the Court, the Town, the Country, and the World. Wherefore *I go*.

Bunsen's Letters to his Wife (the first written in English), from Berlin, 1857.

The Palace at Berlin: Thursday, 10th September, 1857. Half-past two, afternoon.

All right! a prosperous and interesting journey: the night in a great saloon carriage alone, comfortably bedded.

Here all is in attendance: I had only just time to drive to the Garrison-Church for the meeting, where about twenty speeches were made, in German and English, just now over. At four, Merle d'Aubigné is to deliver his great address. The spirit is very good. Sir E. Buxton is here, and lots of Americans, Scotch, Australians, Hungarians, &c. It is a grand movement indeed, which has been set a-going. To-morrow, at six, the King receives the whole body of the Alliance. I am to manage to get permission for the ladies

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to have a corner somewhere. I shall not write to-morrow, but I shall, D.V., be with you in the middle of October.

[Translation.]

The Palace at Berlin—*at the Apothecary's*,
Friday early, 11th September, 1857.

MY DEAREST FANNY AND THEODORE,—That was a poetical entry, my 'joyeuse entrée' into the Palace yesterday!

Saturday, four o'clock.—So things go! I must break off the regular history, and relate, that George came in to me at eight o'clock glowing with life and love; and that at twelve the Falmouth telegraph announced that Ernest will set out Sunday night towards Calais, and hopes to be here on Tuesday. See, what rich and blessed parents we are! literally according to the Psalmist's words. Thanks be to God!

Yesterday was a great day, not to be forgotten. I dined with the King at Sans Souci, alone with Humboldt, and the Court, to present the English at the great reception of the Members of the Evangelical Alliance, at five o'clock. The King entered the Hall, and came straight up to me, and instead of (as formerly) giving his hand, embraced me heartily, and then a second time, saying aloud, 'I thank you from my heart, dear Bunsen, that you have fulfilled my request, and come here so quickly—God reward you!' Afterwards Humboldt told me that the scene had been observed with great astonishment. Ah! it is the very same dear royal countenance, and the same noble overflowing heart: the kernel of life is not injured, but the signs of age are beginning to make their appearance.

At half-past four I was at my post, in the New Palace: before the long front, and on both sides as far as the steps, were placed one thousand Members.

I went to reconnoitre, in order to make a due report to the King: and first on the left wing came upon the twenty-two Americans, headed by the Envoy, Mr. Wright, of Indiana. When I addressed him, to offer thanks as a Prussian and a Christian for his fine speech at the opening, he took me for the King, and was about to present his countrymen: but I quieted him, and he said, 'Sir, I come straight from the woods—forgive me: but I do love your good King. I am a Senator, and have been Governor of Indiana.' I went along the

endless row, received a thousand greetings, signs, and squeezes of the hand, and could assure the King (who was rather anxious) that it would all do admirably. Hardly had the King appeared, when '*Lebe hoch!*' '*Hurrah!*' '*Eljen!*' sounded forth thousandfold from Germans, English and Americans, and Magyars. Mr. Wright made an address full of feeling. The King was agitated, almost to tears, but controlled himself, first thanked the Envoy in good English, then turned to the long line, and said, in German, 'Gentlemen and Christian friends!—I am deeply moved by this sympathy. I had not expected so much. I have nothing to answer, except that my inmost prayer to the Lord is:—May we all depart hence, like the disciples of Christ after the first Pentecost!' 'Amen!' resounded from a thousand voices, in front of us: and more softly, behind us, from the many English ladies, for whom I had obtained the King's permission to be spectators, and whom he had himself graciously received.

Then, I presented to the King, in succession, three Australians (natives of Germany), then about eighty English, then the Magyars, then the Belgians, then the Dutch (among them Cappadou, a converted Jew), then the Swiss (Merle d'Aubigné), then the French (Matter-Pressensé was there), then those of German tongue, and the Berlinese last. All made short and good addresses. At the close '*Lebe hoch!*'—then sudden silence—the Germans had formed a circle, and as the King entered the portal of his Palace they burst forth with '*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*'

The King could not conceal his emotion. I hastened up to congratulate him. 'God be thanked,' he said, 'for this blessed day! and what a pleasure that *you* are here!' I went back (to Berlin) with the whole thousand; right and left came one after the other, to wish me joy; 'God bless you! Go on! Now you soon will come to England again.' One came up and said, 'I am not going to give you my name; I am from Glasgow, and I longed to see that face again! God's blessing upon you!' I must go to the meeting—full as my eyes are with tears. *Deo soli gloria!*

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[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Monday, 14th September.
(Humboldt's birthday, and entry into his 89th year.)

(*Continuation of Journal broken off on Friday, the 25th.*)—Arrived at the Palace (on the 10th). I sent for the Castellan, who, with the utmost courtliness, conducted me up the colossal staircase, which leads to the apartments formerly occupied by Prince William. When apparently arrived at the summit, 'Now' (said the consumptive Castellan), 'please your Excellency, we will rest a little; for now begins the ascent.' That was most accurate. At length, however, we reached a splendid apartment of four rooms, and in half an hour I had recovered my breath, dressed and came just in time for the opening speech of Krummacher. My appearance in the royal seat in the Garrison-Church (whither I was directed) was not unobserved; in going out I was greeted by many, and accompanied to the royal carriage, which was in waiting. Then I wrote to announce myself to the King at Sans Souci, and to give him a first report of the speeches. In the afternoon again to the meeting, till seven o'clock. The evening I spent with Lepsius, who has built himself a fine English Gothic house. There I was as amongst my children and grandchildren (five in number), all as fine and blooming as Horus and Isis, if not more so. Abeken was there too. The next day (Friday) they both accompanied me to the Museum (of course the Egyptian), where I was hardly arrived when the King's invitation called me to Sans Souci. The evening after the fine Union Festival at Potsdam (already described) I also spent with Lepsius. Saturday I paid my visit to the Minister-President (Manteuffel). I did not find the Minister of Commerce (Von der Heydt) at home, but he came in the evening, and spoke much of the present political crisis; he has been ill-used by the Camarilla, and has offered his resignation. I prophesied to him that he would remain what he is, and obtain the victory. Then came Sunday—the Prince of Prussia had arrived, and I, having three quarters of an hour before church-time, announced myself at his door; he kept me until within fifteen minutes of his train. He will stay here till the 25th or 26th, therefore as long as myself. I dined with Lepsius, where all was kindness and gaiety, and afterwards we played 'Boccia.' For this evening he has in-

vited half the world: before that I am to plant an oak-tree—a memorial for our grandchildren and theirs. On the way I am to see Reinhard Bunsen. The Emperor (Nicholas) is arrived, and stays till Tuesday. To-morrow and the day after, the six-days' manœuvre, compressed into two, is to take place. The whole day the splendid regiments are in motion with bands before the Palace; the first company breaks off from the rest, to fetch colours and the Eagle, with which in quickest march it bursts out of the Palace-gate, saluted by the remainder of the regiment. A grand spectacle! which begins at half-past six in the morning, and fails not to call me out of bed; a row of acacias hides me, but I can see everything. (The acacias, limes and chestnut trees are blossoming for the second time; they are selling cherries of the second crop.) To-day, as usual, between eight and ten I receive visits—whoever comes is welcome. At ten to the Museum, where Olfers showed me first of all, admirably placed, what I had purchased or had proposed for purchase. To-morrow I go to the Egyptian Museum. I await (to go to Lepsius at six) my faithful George, who from morning till night watches over me.

Tuesday, 17th September.—In coming out after the close of the Evangelical Alliance I received your letter. What a fullness of joy and blessing in all that you tell me, and, above all, in your love! Yesterday Ernest and George took much trouble about a silly *intermezzo*. Krummacher of Duisburg (the brother of the well-known Krummacher), vice-president of the Berlin Committee, in a large evening assembly blamed Merle d'Aubigné for the offence he had given to the faithful, in publicly embracing me, I being a Rationalist and Romanist, &c. Merle made an apology, assuring the company that he abominated my errors, &c. Schlottman (late at Constantinople) made a suitable reply; but the irritation was so great, that the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin, Krausnik, and Schenkel of Heidelberg, were called upon to compose an address, to which 800 signatures were at once offered; Schenkel, however, with much tact kept back the demonstration. I said merely, that Merle ought to make an explanation in the newspaper. Never mind!

To-day was the close; God be thanked! all in peace. The Prince of Prussia stayed also to the end, and came afterwards

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to me (I was with Ernest in the royal seat), and took my hand in sight of the assembly, and spoke to me for five minutes. As I went out, there stood ladies and men on both sides of the way, bowing and greeting me. I was much moved and abashed when Ernest made me observe this.

To-morrow I dine with the Minister Von der Heydt, to whom I prophesied his triumph, which yesterday splendidly took place. I planted, at the request of Lepsius, a young oak in his beautiful garden. I held the tree, while the earth was thrown over its vigorous roots, in the cradle of soil prepared for its reception. Then a motto was demanded (without which the tree would not grow, according to German fancy), and I said, in giving the name:—

Oak! I plant thee—grow in beauty;
Straight and firm and vigorous stand!
Bunsen is the name I give thee—
Flourish in the German land!

For the House of Lepsius blooming,
Through the storm grow fair and free!
And a shelter in the noon-day,
To his children's children be!

George then planted a Weymouth pine; motto, *Wonnemuth* ('Joyful courage'). To-day, Ernest will plant *his* (a Thorn of Christ) on the way to the train—homewards.

[Translation.]

The Miller's House, Sans Souci (dwelling of the late Count Stollberg): Wednesday, early, 23rd September.

The last day was grand and fine, not to be forgotten. I had an audience,—'a beautifully calm and yet troubled hour' (as the King afterwards termed it), from a quarter past one till three o'clock. The statement I had to make I had written down in the morning, between nine and eleven o'clock, that there might be a minute of what had been proposed and debated. The King was quite as in former times, in the best sense—all his former openness and his own peculiar animation. I had brought everything into clear and distinct form, and such were also his replies: we understand each other fully. We had just finished, when three o'clock, his dinner-hour, struck.

To-day the General Superintendent Hofmann is to be here: and I shall not, till after the dinner, be finally dismissed.

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To-morrow I wind up everything; George accompanies me to Frankfort. He pleased the King greatly. On Friday the Emperor and Empress (of Russia) are to arrive. I, however, set out at seven o'clock in the morning on my journey home.

You can form no idea of the beauty of these gardens; the system of sprinkling showers of water upon them (as from the rose of a watering-pot) keeps everything in freshness of verdure and growth. When one ascends the nearly-finished buildings on the hills, to the highest landing-place in the tower, 100 feet above the level ground, one is astonished by the prospect; a fruitful plain with gardens, dwellings, churches, lakes, on the one side, and on the other, behind elevations of ground, the wide-spread city of Berlin. The sand is fast disappearing. What best pleases me is the Church of Peace, in memory of the time from 1848 to 1850, with the inscription, 'Christ is our Peace.' It is San Clemente in every particular, with the atrium—all full of meaning and in good taste; an arcade goes all round, with views between the columns of the mirror of water, with splendid groups of trees—(which you would directly draw)—two side buildings join on, the one the abode of the Princess Alexandrine, the other the dwelling of the pastor with the school-house. In a recess is a Pietà by Rietschl, the finest I know; the mother is kneeling over the body of the Lord, which is the principal figure; the light falls on the countenance, divine in death.

In the Pompeian house of Charlottenhof is a beautiful group by the late Henschen of Cassel—a maiden bearing water, and a youth who would willingly help her under her burden. The Castellan has named them Hermann and Dorothea.

To-morrow I shall go again into the Picture-gallery, and the gallery of Casts. You are right in saying, we need from time to time the refreshment of the sight of works of art. Next spring you must take me to Nürnberg and Munich.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: early, Thursday, 24th September, 1857.

(I have obtained, at my earnest request, a room on the ground-floor—next to the apothecary's! There was no other.) You know me, and you know Berlin,—and you will in the first place believe my word, that I had good reason for writing so positively of my departure even this morning; and now again

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to announce, that I shall remain at least this week! So it is. The King had understood (from a letter of mine, in which there was nothing of the sort) that I wished to be gone—and he met me on Monday with the question, 'Will you indeed leave us already?' I replied, 'If your Majesty has no further commands for me—yes.' Whereupon, when the King after dinner dismissed me, he added that 'it would give him great pleasure to find me still here on his return on Friday.' Therefore I made my visits of leave-taking:—and at Gröben's in the evening (whither I had received a kind invitation—she is the same charming person as ever) he said to me, the King had charged him with a message to me, that 'if my business was not too pressing, he wished I should await his return, for that he must speak to me.' I answered Gröben with an explanation; and observed to him that the King had not yet granted me an audience. 'That he will do,' replied Gröben, 'on Saturday or Sunday; at any rate, when the Grand Duchess Maria is gone.'

I have been well all the time, and enjoying the number of fine and grand works, and the company of men of art and science, which I have so long been without, and from which I had been almost weaned. George is delighted that I give way to this impulse of the spirit. The friends outdo each other in kindness. *Employment* I have, more than I can master, in the Library; most of the Museum has yet to be seen, and many distinguished men are yet to be visited. I have been to see Marcus Niebuhr—in a ruined condition of nerves; he has a chronic low fever. Abeken's kindness is indescribable; the house of Lepsius is of all spots here the one I like best. He and I have worked much together, and I think to the profit of both.'

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Saturday, 26th September, 1857.

I am just come from a fine solemnity—the consecration of the new Hall for devotional meeting belongings, to the Moravian Brethren. This day, 106 years ago, the old narrow and dark receptacle was consecrated—now they have a handsome, roomy, and well-lighted hall. The King was present and all the clergy of Berlin. The Pastor Wünsche and the Deacon Stobwasser had in the kindest manner invited me, and they

received me on entering with much warmth. Count Gröben met me on leaving the carriage, with the intelligence that I was to dine to-day with the King at Charlottenburg—and then the Master of the Household communicated the same, with the addition that my son was invited with me (an unusual distinction). Then we were directed to the seats on the King's left hand—the lowest of which I took, and George sat behind me. Presently an old man rose and stretched out his hand to me, with a kind look—it was Göschel, Schmieder's friend; then came Krummacher and others; at length the King entered (without the Queen); and an ancient hymn of the Bohemian Brethren (similar to that beginning, 'The Church of Christ') was sung, with trombone-accompaniment. An address and prayer of consecration followed, fine and condensed; but the crown of all was Wünsche's sermon, the text 1 Peter ii. 5: 'Ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ'—only lasting ten or fifteen minutes—and what power! what solemnity! To every word I uttered a joyful 'Amen,' and I believe the whole assembly must have done the same. One can only believe, and preach, what the Brethren believe and preach: 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified;' 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' This faith may be set in another formulary, another language may be given to the announcement of it to the world: if only the speech and language of the Gospel give the prevailing tone, and Christ is the foundation and centre.

My beloved! often has the object of my prayer been granted to me; and to-day I have prayed that the King might to-day speak to me. He was himself in great emotion, and said a few words on the subject of it in passing out before me. I feel the Spirit of God to be near me, and believe I could say to him such words of the spirit as should reach his heart,—particularly upon that chief point, setting the Church free. God will guide!

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Sunday morning, seven o'clock, 27th September, 1857.

To-day, beloved, I was to have been with you, at latest: and as that is refused to me, I must make myself amends

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by sending you, to-day as yesterday, and henceforth daily, a greeting in writing, short or long, clear or unintelligible, but always true and warm. Yesterday I have indeed spoken with the King for the first time; and the requested audience is to take place on Tuesday, the day after to-morrow. It is possible, but not probable, that that audience will be the last; but, if not, certainly the last but one; and I shall go away before the arrival of the Emperor, on the 2nd October.

The dinner-party at Charlottenburg had been arranged by the King himself, the Queen not having yet returned from Saxony. Humboldt and Gröben sat on each side of him; opposite to him myself, with Abeken on the right and George on the left; the remainder were the aides-de-camp; next to George was the son of the late Minister Count Stollberg, and I could not but reflect, how much more desirable a life George has, as a free man, than the son of the Count. The King, when I presented George, remembered him but slightly, until I mentioned that he had the happiness of accompanying and showing Radowitz over London and travelling with him in England—and then he asked him about his country-abode, and seemed to take pleasure in him. When the dinner was over, then came the great moment. The King went into the recess of a window, and let Gröben relate something to him—, then he came towards me, and (following good advice) I seized the initiative, and reminded His Majesty that I had petitioned for one audience. 'I have every day thought of it,' he said; 'but it was never possible.' 'Perhaps to-day?' I enquired. 'Yes, truly,' said he, 'were it not that I must go with the Queen to the jubilee of an old actor, who to-day makes his last appearance. But it might be on Tuesday, at Sans Souci.' 'Might it take place before dinner?' I enquired. 'That would be best,' said he; 'we will try to make it possible.' With a few words I now indicated the subjects I desired to treat—and thus the ice was broken; I had an important preparatory audience in the window-recess. The King's heart met mine again; and I think I now comprehend how things stand. Thus did six o'clock come upon us; when I with George drove to the Grimms and Bekker, who dwell on the same floor. Bekker was at first not visible; and at Grimm's I succeeded in evoking the soul of the house,—

the wife; she is full of life, and life-giving, though advanced in years. She told me that she had made Bekker not only speak, but laugh. He had once said, 'This is the first time I have spoken these three years.' Soon the group divided, and she talked to George, while I drew close to the two brothers, and we entered upon our favourite learned discussions. That was a pleasure! With the Grimms one is *ever* grasping into a copious treasure-store. Presently we came to Luther, and the translation of the Bible—and probably we should still be sitting there, had not Bekker let me know that he was come home. His wife (showing her Spanish blood) keeps as handsome as ever; the son has grown up finely, and studies law at Greifswalde. Bekker himself has recovered the heavy loss of the savings of his life, and works again with spirit; his conversation dwelt upon you, and your never-to-be-forgotten mother. Nine o'clock struck, and I drove with George to von der Heydt's; we passed an agreeable evening there. You will receive the 'Kladderadatsch,' and understand the allusions. Merlin and Christian Josias, parodied from Göthe's Faust, is witty. Arthur Stanley is here, and we must catch him to take him with us to Lepsius. I work daily in the Library—which is a great pleasure. Altogether, it would be delightful to live at Berlin, if one could only pass the winter in Italy, and the summer in the country; not otherwise, and therefore not at all! I have seen Cornelius's Cartoons—that for the Campo Santo is magnificent, and that for the Altar-piece intolerable; it will never be executed. I fail not to take rest, and let them take care of me.

The Palace, Berlin: Monday, 28th September, 1857.
[Translation.] Three o'clock afternoon.

My intercourse with you to-day takes place later than usual. Yesterday, I had a fine afternoon: with Lepsius I worked (after we had been to church) two hours before dinner at Egyptian chronology, after which we had a cheerful meal, Arthur Stanley (who was delightful) being of the party, and also Abeken. Then we went to Strauss, and later to the admirable Hofmann: then to Olfers, till half-past ten. To-day, Bökh has brought me the diploma as an actual Member of the Academy, on the strength of which I may give lectures in every Prussian University. In the Library

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I worked for two hours; then went to the excellent Nitsch. There remains nothing now but the family dinner at Pertz's, at four o'clock, and the theatre (to see 'Cymbeline') at half-past six. The King's wish was to have the 'Orpheus' of Gluck performed for me, but it will not take place. All things are ready for my journey on Friday. To-morrow is the decisive day. I made my solemn determination yesterday in church, absolutely to give over into the hands of God whether I should now act in the great concern, or not. 'If it be good, so let it be; if not, tear Thou the web!' What I have to say—what I can offer to do, and what not—I know; but whether it be God's will that now, under the present ruling circumstances and persons, the great work should be undertaken,—that God alone knows, and He will show me the way. I remain in reflection and doubt.

My travelling plan remains as before. Saturday early, 9 40, at Frankfort, there to rest, and see Schopenhauer, the Städler Museum, the Ariadne, and the Maine. Could you not come to meet me at Frankfort, and we could see all this together? Now I commend you to God!

I have yet a good half hour to spare for sleep. This evening, at half-past nine, Abeken comes to me to tea.

Eternally yours, JOSIAS.

The Palace, Berlin: Tuesday, early, quarter-past seven,
[Translation.] Michaelmas-day, 1857.

The day is come! I am invited to Sans Souci, to come by the twelve o'clock train, because His Majesty wishes to speak to me before dinner. There is much to be considered yet; from eight to nine, Trendelnburg will be with me for that purpose. I can therefore only give you a sign of life, beloved! I go to my work fresh, and firm in heart to my Sunday's vow.

'Cymbeline' is a wonderful piece, but too much was omitted. Imagine that the lovely little Führ, who interested us in London, is now established here. She played Imogen charmingly. Your JOSIAS.

Extract from a Letter of the same day, from George Bunsen.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—One must give over one's hopes and fears into the Almighty's hands, and just rest there.

One of two things may be feared,—either that my father should be entangled again in the belief that something will be done; or else, that he should break off in a manner which would leave a sting. The former fear is countenanced by the general experience of all who have entered that magic circle; the latter apprehension springs with me from observing the independence of mind and hatred of incoherence which are now predominant. My dear father is now sketching out what he wishes to say to the King; it has all been well matured in thought and conversation. Of course, latitude is left as regards the main point, viz., the Constitution of the Church, there to say and do what the spirit bids at the moment. Truly glad I am of all these days having intervened; they have given time for the weighty consideration,—does he really mean to do it?

On my dear father's health I say nothing that can surprise you when I speak of his constant difficulty in walking, and of the evil consequences in this respect of every meal, especially dinner. His general appearance is to me that of mental fatigue; and I would fain hope that this stay at Berlin, in spite of its many excitements, may have acted as a rest to the over-strained mind. He certainly needs and seeks physical rest a great deal more than he used to do this summer. His disposition is invariably cheerful and kind.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Thursday, early, 1st October, 1857.

The anchor is lifted, my beloved, and the vessel of my life is directed longingly to you, and Charlottenberg.

The King yesterday afternoon, after a long and affectionate embrace, dismissed me in the most gracious manner. This whole day, however, is devoted to his affairs. To-morrow, at seven in the morning, we steam off towards Leipzig, the rest remains as settled. We shall arrive at Frankfort just at the time of Olympia's wedding. God bless the dear child!

I part from the King and from Berlin as I wish and pray to depart from this earth—as on the calm still evening of a long beautiful summer's day.

This day we have a leave-taking dinner at Abeken's, the loving and amiable friend. I think he will come to pay us a visit.

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Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

The Palace, Berlin: 19th September, 1857.

. . . As to details, you must make E. give them in person: I will only say here, that there were those days in which I was attacked, assailed, discussed; and when both E. and G. were fully occupied as well as I myself, and E. had to bear the brunt of the battle, and came off victoriously. The satisfaction has been as splendid as the attack was ill-judged. Wherever I go, the Berlin public has its eye upon me, and I think I read in their faces the expression of their sympathy in my having such aides-de-camp as no King has—sons, friends, advisers, and true supporters. The eight days I have passed here are among the most remarkable of my life.

The following was found among Bunsen's papers:—

Leave-taking from Berlin.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Friday morning, five o'clock; 2nd October, 1857.

Praised be Thou, Eternal God, the God of faithfulness and truth, Thou that art All-merciful and All-wise, that Thou hast stifled the struggle of my heart, and quenched its bitterness: that Thou hast led me hither against my will; and that Thou hast wrought great things, contrary to expectation, and beyond all wish. Thy congregation in Christ will be planted amid this people, that general freedom may flourish on the consecrated soil;—this Royal House and this nation will be reconciled. 'Christ is our peace,' in truth. The period of Thy kingdom, as the kingdom of the Spirit, of love, and of freedom, will come near, and Thy everlasting Gospel will be preached through all the earth. 'The yoke of the oppressor is broken, and Thy eye of love shines into all lands. Hallelujah!'

My tent Thou wilt place for me near my children, in the country of my choice, where my bones may rest beside those of Niebuhr—should it be Thy will that Thy work should prosper by my hands.

But do Thou, O Lord, remain my succour and defence, and Thy will alone be done, to Thy glory, and to the forwarding of Thy holy kingdom, Thou that livest in eternity! Amen!

Present position of the matter.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Friday morning, 2nd October, 1857.

1. The foundation is laid—the bridge is constructed—the seed is sown—the spur is applied. *But no more.*

2. That which has been proposed can alone become reality, under an unalterable and firm will and rule.

3. This must now be worked out, agreed upon, and considered with the heir to the throne.

4. Meanwhile, will Easter, 1858, come round?

5. The beginning of execution must be made in 1858 in the Rhine province, or at least prepared there. There alone is the rod of Aaron which has blossomed.

6. Before hand is laid on the work, each article must be paragraphed.

7. (Concerns persons to be placed in office.) . . . .

8. I must undertake no office, but seek a firm place in the Rhine-land, *cum otio et dignitate*, compatible with the Bible-work.

9. If it be God's will that this now be accomplished, *this is the way*—His will be done!

The notes made by Bunsen on the subjects treated, and the observations uttered by the King, during that remarkable interview of two hours which he obtained on the last day of September 1857, shall be withheld, as not essential to the purpose of conveying an image of his life and character; as neither communicating a new feature of the singular relation subsisting between those two men, nor materially strengthening impressions already given. The two Extracts, just given, of devotional effusion and of sober reflection, will show that Bunsen had not relinquished his life's habit of hoping, and yet that he had, at the same time, an instinctive perception that the measure upon which he had set his heart—the independent self-government of Evangelical communities—was not intended to be granted by the King: however he might, in affectionate indulgence to the convictions of Bunsen, refrain from summing up

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decisively the result of the sentiments which he suffered to transpire.

Two subjects, apparently distinct, had been emphatically commended to Bunsen's conscientious contemplation by the King, not only often and urgently in earlier years, but with peculiar energy on the repeated though short occasions of conference during this last occasion of cordial intercourse—the proper style of architecture for the national and metropolitan church, so long a favourite design with the King, and the form of government for the community of living intelligence, or the Church in the spiritual sense. These two subjects Bunsen, in his own commentary upon the King's expressed intentions, studiously interwove into one—arguing that a congregation constituted on a free and rational, and therefore Christian, system, would itself expand into the form best suited to its public worship, and, unshackled by any architectural forms merely traditional, would assemble from all sides to meet round the central altar-table, or table of communion, there to offer the one only sacrifice of the Christian—his reasonable soul and free will—when partaking of the symbols commemorative of the death and of the ever-living presence of Christ.

Bunsen having returned home after this period of deep interest, on the 3rd October (the very day of the King's mortal seizure, which was not publicly known till later), had not long rested from the manifold fatigues and excitement of the three weeks at Berlin, when he was called upon to set out towards Coblentz on 31st October, and he wrote to his wife from the hotel at Mainz on that day:—

[Translation.]

I asked myself the question, just as the train rolled away with me, whether I had taken leave of you, beloved! and was compelled to answer, No! How that could happen I can only so explain, that I have the impression as a thing of course, when you do not drive with me, that I shall be with

you again in a few hours. I cannot figure to myself living at a distance from you. But now forgive the carelessness!

I had a charming drive, and am looking towards a yet finer. Much have I thought out meanwhile!. All right! God will let it be, if it is good. By steam to Rüdesheim, then to Bingen—either by steamer or by post-horses! I am in for it. For the last two days Father Rhine threatens to be no longer able to bear vessels.

[Translation.] The Palace, Coblentz: two o'clock, afternoon, Sunday, 1st November, 1857.

I fear this letter will come instead of myself on Tuesday. Spite of post-horses I did not arrive till half-past nine; and although until one o'clock in the morning conversation was carried on, I am still to-day up to the ears in business. I have to work here still to-morrow early. Rheineck I must give up.

The reasons which caused this interview with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Prussia to be desired and commanded, belong to that *under* or rather *upper* current of thought and labour, which accompanied, broke into, and overruled the literary occupations of Bunsen's retirement from public business. The high interest and gratification, as well as distinction, of being invited for the purpose of confidential conversation with the present King and Queen of Prussia, whether at Baden or Coblentz, occurred in the course of every year spent at Heidelberg: but the last-mentioned journey and visit at the Palace of Coblentz, at a time and season so inconvenient, are probably to be explained by the desire of the Prince of Prussia to be informed in detail of the subject-matter of Bunsen's last important intercourse with the King at Berlin. The foregoing extracts, insignificant in themselves, are inserted for the purpose of completing the picture of a life so full of variety of strain on the mental faculties. The interruption of literary labours seriously retarded the publication of a large portion, long since nearly ready, of each of the works in hand; but interruption more

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serious resulted from the large proportion of days of illness in the following winter. The lengthening out of a fine autumn continued the possibility of air and exercise, so as to carry Bunsen in a tolerable state of health, and in full activity of occupation, through December and into the new year; but the winter severity of January laid him low with one of the too well-known attacks of gastric disorders and harassing cough, which hung upon him until relief was brought by the warm air of spring. It will be seen in the extracts of letters, that visions of removal to the coast of the Mediterranean cheered the days of darkness; and by the end of March, the long-desired commencement of the publication of the '*Bibelwerk*' brought with it the means, which were essential, to allow of his indulging in a journey to the South, and in a six months' residence there, without giving up Charlottenberg.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNEYS TO BERLIN AND SOUTH OF FRANCE.

ELEVATION OF BUNSEN TO THE PEERAGE—RENAN—LORD DERBY'S ADMINISTRATION—INDIA BILL—DEATH OF NEUKOMM—BUNSEN'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS—VISIT TO BADEN—AFFAIR OF RASTADT—DR. M'COSH'S INTERVIEW WITH BUNSEN—BUNSEN'S OPINIONS ON CLAIRVOYANCE—VISIT TO BERLIN—THE PRINCE REGENT—BUNSEN TAKES HIS SEAT IN THE PRUSSIAN HOUSE OF PEERS—JOURNEY TO GENEVA AND THE SOUTH OF FRANCE—CANNES—DEATH OF TOCQUEVILLE—'THE LIFE OF JESUS'—CAMPAIGN OF 1859—PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA—SYMPATHY WITH ITALY—IRRITATION IN SOUTHERN GERMANY—VISIT TO PARIS—RETURN TO CANNES—COMMERCIAL TREATY OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND—LETTER TO RENAN AND TO MR. REVILLE.

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Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Wednesday, 7th October, 1857.

I HAD only just placed my books and papers in order, and had set my own work and that of my expectant fellow-labourers agoing, when your much longed-for letter came to hand; and thus I reply at the moment.

First, be assured, that among all things good and desirable that the journey has brought me, your cherishing love and cheerful devotedness to me, even in the midst of your own sorrow, has formed the culminating point of brightness during the whole of this late remarkable portion of my life. Your faithful affection is the strong arm upon which I lean and find support, now and in future: for which, may God's richest blessing attend you!

My general impression with respect to the condition of things, is—

1st—No singleness of purpose, and therefore no clearness.

2nd—No chance of success, except by miracle.

To these observations belongs 'Never mind!' in English,

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and 'Sursum corda' in a Christian sense; and both, with God's help, can my heart furnish.

At the moment of writing the above, Bunsen was not aware of the serious character of the attack from which Frederick William IV. never recovered. His remarks, therefore, apply to a state of affairs which, in fact, had passed away. It will be remembered that the real condition of the King was not fully stated at once to the public after the stroke of the 3rd October.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

21st October, 1857.

What a melancholy complication at Berlin! and how consolatory for me, to have seen the King once more in entire affection and cheerfulness! No one at Berlin believes in the possibility of his recovery, or that he should ever again sustain the weight of government. The public amuses itself with reports as to my future position at Berlin; but I know of nothing on the subject, except that I shall never again accept office. At Berlin I saw almost all my theological friends and acquaintances, and made many valuable new acquaintances. It would have done your heart good to have seen how much kindness and respect was shown to me on all sides, and particularly by the people of Berlin. I am now again deep in my work—the publication of the first volume of the '*Bibelwerk*' has been retarded one month by my Berlin journey. At Leipzig I saw the first sheets struck off (stereotyped).

2nd December.—The King is physically better, but his memory returns only occasionally for short intervals; not in the most distant manner can they speak to him on business; the cord once snapped cannot be restored. This condition has only so far affected my outward condition, as that the King, without my knowledge, on 3rd October (the very last day of his reigning, and giving his signature) commanded and executed my elevation to the Peerage. The matter was an object of long negotiation and correspondence, ever since 1844, when I, in commission from the King, made out a system as to the increase of the order of nobles. Since then, I

have declined to accept any proposal which should stand in contradiction to the principles therein set down, in all essential points answering to the English system. Again, in 1856 did the King make me a proposal, which again I declined. I have the proofs in hand, that the King, on the 3rd October, desired to do something, which, according to those principles, I could accept, and therefore under given circumstances must have accepted. But the Minister with whom the affair rested knew nothing of that. All this has cost me much writing, and some vexation.

6th December.—One is ever strengthened and exalted in spirit by the spectacle of what is right and good in action, for we behold what God has placed in the heart of man, which Self and the World are ever seeking to diminish and steal away. The Good and True must triumph in the world, because the world is the workmanship of God, and not that of the Evil Principle. One can but love the true and the beautiful wherever one perceives it; but how great the blessing of finding it among those we value, and with whom we are in life-connection!

I rejoice to hear of the high position of your house of business, because I ever hold in honour the name of Schwabe, the founder, and because I expected no less. If I mistake not, England is already well over the crisis, and its consequences will be beneficial. On the Continent it is just beginning. What a consolation to perceive the good feeling between labourers and employers! and how changed since 1845!

The business of the Peerage as regarding myself is at a stand-still. I cannot refuse, but also I cannot accept, without some security for not being drawn into contradiction with my own political principles. The King alone could remove my doubt, and he is not in possession of his faculties! What a depth of suffering for a man of high intelligence and of the best intentions!

30th December.—We have passed cheerful and tranquil Christmas-days. What a Christmas-gift of God was the Relief of Lucknow!

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The patent of nobility referred to in the preceding letter was granted by King Frederick William IV. on the 3rd October, 1857, a few hours before the seizure which deprived him of his faculties. Thus, by a remarkable coincidence, the last act of His Majesty's reign was to confer this merited honour and reward upon his attached Minister and faithful friend. The following passage occurs in a letter addressed by Bunsen to Arthur Schopenhauer, in reply to the congratulations addressed to him on this occasion:—

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 13th January, 1858.

I have endured the elevation in rank, as I endured my birth into the world; having, however, fought it off, according to my long declared principles, in so far as submission thereto might imply want of respect towards my own proper condition, which is that of the cultivated middle class; or because an absurdity of pretension might be attributed to myself.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 29th January, 1858.

The course of events is dragging down Napoleon III. He has thrown himself into the military-clerical-police direction, and has declared war against 'ideas,' on account of an abominable attempt at assassination. The whole of France divided among five commanders, and declared under continuous martial law, in case of any movement, *ipso facto*, without awaiting telegrams! All so-called *impiété* to be persecuted by the police! What a curse is annexed to imperial despotism! The Emperor's real danger lay not in the attack of the 14th, but in his speech on the 18th. Will no one in Germany utter the truth?

31*st March.*—The saying of Schulze Bodmer (which originated at Heidelberg) is going the round of Paris:—'*L'attentat a parfaitement réussi; l'Empereur a perdu la tête.*'

How bad and absurd is the Ellenborough India Bill! To gain over London and the other trading cities, and the Radicals, and to bribe Parliament, by the sacrifice of the fundamental principle of the English Constitution! proposing to

deprive the Crown of the Executive power, and of the administration therefore of the responsible Ministers, and bestow them on the legislative body, which might just as well have the nomination to all other colonial offices! But Parliament will not take the bait. Bright and Roebuck have spoken as Conservatives. The article in the *Times* pronounces a verdict on the plan. Fox once made a similar proposal, not going so far as the present project of Parliamentary elections instead of Government nominations, which caused the destruction of his Bill and of his Administration; yet he was acting in the spirit of his party—but the present Tories! I have had a letter, saying, 'The Ministry will be out on the 19th; the palpable absurdities of the Bill struck the whole House.' So Palmerston will return, and Lord John, too, I hope!

How I rejoice that you courageously start with writing! That is the only way. Whether the first cast succeeds or not, if the spirit urges it must have its way. *Medias in res!* One cannot make research to good purpose, without having first placed a forming hand upon the object.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

January, 1858.

I would charge you to seek out and bring with you from Berlin all those popular and classical writings of the blind, but most clear-seeing, Professor Adolph Müller, treating of the battles of Frederick the Great, in 1756 and 1757; they are a refreshment, and will delight your boy. In that book versions are introduced, from an evidently military epic, in popular tone and phraseology, of Frederick the Great, of which I never heard. Pray enquire about it.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

30th January.

Surely you will have guessed that I have been laid up by the influenza. I can only to-day write two lines, that you may not first learn from the newspaper that the King has made me a Peer of Prussia, with seat in the Upper House as Baron (*Freiherr*). This is a triumph of progress in the English direction. The Court party wanted to make me pass through a preparatory stage of ordinary *noblesse* (*Junkerthum*)—but I

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insisted on giving up the whole, or that a creation should take place, as was done by Queen Victoria in the case of Macaulay, and that I should be a member of the House of Lords. This was the King's intention in October, but his illness made its execution impossible, until fourteen days ago, when the Prince Regent himself made some enquiry on the subject. The King interrupted the Prince with the words, 'Just that, and nothing less, did I intend;' and he then went through the whole transaction with great clearness, and remembered further that he had desired to grant my son Ernest ('on account of his services to the Royal Legation in London') the rank of a Counsellor of Legation. He showed himself cheerful and pleased that the thing should now be brought in order by the Prince.

28*th February*.—I admire your courage, to be willing to read ——— yourself! He is a power, being the only one of his nation understanding Hebrew and the Semitic languages altogether. His education among the Jesuits has rendered him an unbeliever, as was the case with Voltaire, with whom he has much in common, especially keenness and clearness of intelligence, although not equal wit and imagination.

I cannot agree in your opinion as to recent political events. If the eighty Liberals, who made Lord Derby Minister, have acted honestly, the English history for 100 years gives no such instance of folly. It is *the Great Blunder!* But it is a remarkable fact, that so political and intelligent a nation as the English can for a few weeks, and an English Parliament for one evening, have become suddenly mad! Because Palmerston, having become unpopular, gave a haughty answer to those who, sharing the general and intelligible popular feeling, roused by French Ministerial impertinences—the folly of Persigny, and the asperities of Walewski, took upon themselves to ask him reasonable questions—they suddenly throw out the Bill, which by an unexampled majority had been read for the first time a few days before! which Bill afforded not only no advantage to despotism, but was calculated to fill up a void in legislation, neither logical nor honourable to English jurisprudence. But how will this end? The Queen will never consent to a dissolution of Parliament at such a time of excitement, and under such

circumstances; and the present Parliament cannot so act as entirely to stultify itself. Public opinion already perceives the act to have been inconsiderate; in short, the *Times* in my opinion speaks common sense. Lord Derby will hardly remain *in* for three months; and then a modified Ministry will be formed under Palmerston, with Clarendon, Sir G. Grey, Sir C. Wood, and perhaps Lord John—to the great advantage of Palmerston, who can thus retrieve his fault. But meanwhile all goes wrong. Lord Cowley's despatch is a noble courageous work, a dignified deed.

13*th March*.—Palmerston needed receiving a lesson, and his Ministry could not remain as it was. But English practical wisdom, and the force of circumstances, will bring all into the right track again; still the horizon of European politics is very dark!

31*st March*.—The accounts of Neukomm are sad. Pray send the enclosed lines to him. That dear, high-minded friend!

The new Ministry in England will not outlive the 19th April! Ellenborough has overturned the Cabinet. Bright and Roebuck have spoken out the real truth—it is a Tory Cabinet which proposes to deprive the Crown of its constitutional rights of nomination, and throw them at the foot of the legislative body; and even would bribe the five commercial towns by popular elections. But neither Parliament nor nation will take the bait. I hope Palmerston and Russell will unite, and naturally take in fresh blood from the Left. In short, the comedy of errors is over! Honour to my venerable friend John Bull!

Sunday after Easter, April, 1858.—I know not for what treasure I would give up the satisfaction of knowing that my last proof of friendship—the letter of farewell to Neukomm—which an inward voice urged me to write and send on that day, should, by your kind care and quickness of despatch, have arrived just in time. It is soothing to think that a dying friend should have departed with the consciousness of the affection expressed for him, and perhaps also impressed by the serious and tranquillising reflections and aspirations after the rest in God, which accompanied those expressions. The deep and high meaning of those three last words uttered by him will ever remain in my mind. A fine and

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rare specimen of humanity has in him vanished away from among us. Much is required to work out a real human character—cultivation outward and inward, of the mind and faculties, knowledge of the world, the understanding of himself and his position; but not less to form the real artist. The mere artistical training is difficult, and the inward still more than the outward; and how many of the professors of the art more especially of feeling—the *art of music*—remain stationary half-way! Yet the thorough artist ought to possess a thoroughly cultivated understanding, he ought to be a thinker, and a self-conscious human being, which is most uncommon. Such was he who has just departed; and such was Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. And how did Neukomm, like Göthe, keep up the energy of striving after further development and acquisition, and endeavour, even in his advanced age, to preserve his power of composition! and all that he was resulted from his own struggles and endeavours, and that often amid circumstances of extreme difficulty. I could fill pages with outpourings of my heart about this deceased friend.

Bunsen's reply to a Letter from Rudolph W., in Magdeburg (personally unknown to him), enquiring into his religious opinions.

[Translation.]

Tuesday in Whitsuntide: 25th May, 1858.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Your call, of the 20th of last month, went to my heart—as how should it not? but as I had much to finish before the Festival which did not admit of delay, I have reserved for a Whitsuntide pleasure the answering of your question as a Christian—that is, sincerely and openly. Yes, my fellow-believer, the Lord taught me early that I am a sinner, and that only in Christ I can become well-pleasing to God, and a child of God. He, the same Lord (as you may read it stated shortly in my '*Bibelwerk*'), has preserved me by His Spirit in the same path, and given me strength to search His Word, in humble, sincere enquiry. For it is said, 'The truth shall make you free;' how then should the enquiry after truth lead those into error, who, for the glory of God and not for their own, seek it where it is to be found? and where that is I have said, in terms not to be misunderstood, to yourself and all those who are willing

to read before they judge or condemn me—in the 'Address to the Christian Reader,' at the opening of my book 'God in History,'—in the Word of God, the Bible, as reason and conscience explain it to us, and the whole history of the world confirms it,—as the 'power of God unto salvation to all those that believe.'

That I have not been hasty to address the congregation, you will see from that short history of my guidance in the beginning of the '*Bibelwerk*.' That this endeavour of mine, dedicated to the entire congregation of Christ, and particularly to that portion of it dwelling in the German fatherland, with disregard of every other consideration,—is not well-pleasing to those theologians who place their own or their predecessors' decrees, or the reiteration of the same, by the side of the Bible (therefore, in fact, above the Bible), must not surprise you, any more than it disturbs my inward peace. Hengstenberg, Leo, Nathusius, and those who echo their sentiments, are resolved to place the congregation under the Church; and protest against every free utterance, even while complaining of the folly and absurdity by which the free Word of God is placed in shackles (as by the ancient Scribes and Pharisees), and the light of the Spirit which 'will guide into all truth,' and 'searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God,' is 'hidden under a bushel.' Every true history of the Bible-translation is a heavy accusation and conviction of such theologians; for who but these, not the disciples of Luther, but of Lutheranism, have obscured the Bible of Luther, and hindered the completion of the work begun in the Spirit of God by that great and holy man, in the spirit in which he began it, for the service of the Lord's congregation? If the facts I have stated in this matter are not true, let them be disproved; but just because that cannot be done, railing accusations are being multiplied, where there is nobody to answer them.

No one will more rejoice than myself, when that which I have endeavoured to do shall have been better done by others; but as yet, as far as I can observe, not even a beginning has been made of sincere enquiry into the truth, but only the endeavour is persisted in to bring into the Bible those opinions and separating dogmas, which brought upon us the Thirty Years' War and the destruction of Magdeburg, and has even

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introduced error surreptitiously, as in the case of 1 John v. 7, in the teeth of the solemn imprecation of Luther! This applies to the leaders; I judge not those who are mere echoes;—but God will judge us all in that day, when we pass from the temporal into the eternal, and when 'the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.'

Those who preach the curse and wrath of God against sin, are in the right; but if they do not at the same time preach the love of God, the eternal love of God in Christ, with which He has loved us all from the beginning—if they preach not that the Spirit makes known the love of God to all who reckon themselves to be, not much, nor little, but nothing, and God to be All in All—then they preach not the Gospel; nor the doctrine of the great Apostle of the heathen, who calls himself the 'chief of sinners,' although conscious that by the grace of God he had become a chosen instrument for the work of God. To this point may the Lord conduct us all, and in this faith may He preserve us all!

Do you go on faithfully searching the Scriptures, and He will give you the seal of the Spirit in your heart, and preserve it to you to the day of death; and let no authoritative declarations disturb you. In my writings you will not, I hope, find any such declarations, for I seek to lay before the congregation the reasons for my assertions, as they have become clear to me through the labours of forty years; and in this I am only doing my duty.

In a few months you will receive the next volume of my '*Bibelwerk*'; and if you will but go on studying with me, you will discern in the Law the first burst of that light, which in the Gospel, in the person of Christ the Son of God, shone forth in full clearness and brightness.

Again thanking you for your confidence, I remain, in Christian affection and esteem, &c., BUNSEN.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 4th July, 1858.

I have really, with the help of God, fulfilled my vow of 1815, when I transcribed the text of the 'Wölnspa' (at that time not yet published in the edition of Copenhagen) as it now lies before me, with my Danish translation, and the corrections of F. Magnussen. I do not agree with the

present school of commentators (Aufrecht, Dietrich, Simrock, Bergman, Weinhold), in admitting that the Stockholm editions (Rask 1820, Münch 1847) form a critical foundation, with their arbitrary transpositions; as little do I accept the explanations and the review of F. Magnussen. I shall print the text for the most part according to Simrock's translation; in the body of the work only what I have restored, being forty stanzas; in the appendix the whole sixty-two (of which twenty-two unintelligible passages are clearly interpolated), with a readable explanation;—now only can one understand the sublime unity of the collective idea. Three times did I transcribe the text before it satisfied me.

To-day I send the printed sheets (25-26) to Welcker, that he may give me his final decision upon the Danaids of Æschylus—as to which I agreed with Droysen, and differ from him.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Victoria Hotel, Baden: 17th July, 1858, half-past four, afternoon.

After an agreeable drive (Herr von Dusch in the carriage), I found no room in the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and thus had the good luck of being quartered in this, from which I date—on the slope of the hill, quiet and cheerful. The Princess is absent—to return to-morrow. The Prince gone out—is to dine with the Grand Duchess Helen. Illaire is in Switzerland—expected back to-morrow; among guests here, are Sydow, Bismark, and also Albert Pourtalès. I drove up to the Castle, and, on reaching the entrance, the old man's courage sank at the sight of the ascent and the height of the Tower; yet did I feel so strengthened by the mountain-air and splendid prospect, that I proceeded fairly and softly, and actually reached the top without inconvenience. Then I had the desired rest, in reading Galignani (the wonderful story of the 'Agamemnon'), and after that continued what I had begun before the drive—examining the printed slips treating of Plato, particularly of the 'Timæus.' I have held for forty years the conviction, that I should once find a connecting point there for my own ideas; when I wrote that passage, my sole concern was to display the grandeur of the original thought of the relation of *Sein und Werden* (to Be and to Become), but on reading it over

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yesterday evening, I felt it would be a pity not to go further; and now the ideas have arisen in such life before my soul's vision, that the hand cannot follow quickly enough. Plato had clearly before him the problem, to explain the order of development out of the eternal existence by intermediate ideas:—and one needs but to contemplate the reality of evolution, from the level of our age, to find the point of connection. . . . Do you with the two dear girls make nearer acquaintance with the Palatinate, and expand in a new scene of God's free creation! I am resolved to show Baden to you all in the autumn—you have no conception of the beauty of the place. Were you but here! The dinner-bell rings—five o'clock—great hunger, and high philosophy with it!

Victoria Hotel, Baden: Thursday, 22nd July, ten o'clock morning.—Yesterday, on returning from that divine Badenweiler, I was surprised by the unexpected pleasure of your letter. How beautiful, but how short, your excursion! My journey is a romance of reality. Whom should I find by my side at the table (at Badenweiler) but the Minister of Foreign Affairs, von Meyseburg! I had spoken to the Prince at once (at Baden) of the affair of Rastadt, so utterly mismanaged and so highly important; and found him, in all points, clear and right-intentioned and courageous. The whole thing lay in a nutshell; but who was to open it? My old inclination, to seize at once, personally, the opportunity, revived, when I found the right man (never seen before) at my side. I knew not before that he was at Badenweiler. I introduced myself—we entered into animated conversation—I proposed a confidential conference on the subject of Rastadt, which next day took place, and, in two parts, lasted five hours, in which we came to the same opinion. The next morning (yesterday) at five o'clock, I wrote down the whole; I read it through with him, and he confirmed every word. I carried the paper to the Prince, who could not believe his eyes; and I have by his desire telegraphed for Herr von Meyseburg to come here. . . . More by word of mouth. Usedom, Pourtalès, and Schleinitz are all here. All right! but they laugh at me, poor old man as I am, for complaining of illness, when, this morning early, I was able to walk for a whole hour, conversing all the time, partly with Pourtalès, partly with the Prince. This wellbeing of mine is all owing

to Badenweiler, or I will call it Frascati!—a high level—1,300 feet above the sea—open towards the Vale of the Rhine, or the Roman Campagna to the left; on the right, Monte Cavo, or the Blauen—4,000 feet.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Monday morning, quarter to five o'clock, 26th July, 1858.

A third part of the third volume (of 'God in History') is printed or in the press, but before the end of October it will not be possible worthily to complete this difficult undertaking. The object aimed at is attained,—what was anticipated has been discovered; but the closing words must be forcible, though short, and uttered like the central piece of a Trilogy, not without reservation.

So I transcribed yesterday from Aristotle's 'Metaphysica, xii., — 'Reason perceives the eternal Reason; and such perception is the perceiving of the perceived'—of *the Word* from the beginning. But, we have not before us ages of the world lost, forgotten, perished, nor a time without beginning; on the contrary, we have before us measured periods with the well-marked track of God throughout, and it is our own fault, if we read not the writing of God.

How strangely the various threads of the enquiry run on in parallel lines you will perceive in my having yesterday found, in Schneidewin's 'Essay on the Didaskalia of the Thebais of Æschylus,' a confirmation of my own solution of that enigma. The essay was made known to me by my incomparable friend Welcker, in reply to my enquiry.

And, again, how are things mixed and blended in life! that I yesterday morning, before going to hear Schenkel's sermon, finished writing my documents with regard to the negotiation between Prussia and Baden respecting Rastadt, which fell into my hands at Baden-Baden. So I am finishing 'God in History' and 'Bible Documents I. A.,' *favente et impellente Deo.*

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Tuesday, early, 16th September, 1858.

I must send you a greeting of love, to Munich—where I see you in fancy wandering, expanding and refreshing your

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dear soul in the noblest enjoyment of art. . . . I am writing busily at the third volume—much lies before me, ready for my Imprimatur. It would be just right if my journey to Berlin were to take place at the beginning instead of at the end of October. The weather is indescribably fine—we shall drive again to-day up the hill, this time not return by Neuenheim, but get out at the Engelswiese, from whence I shall walk home by the Fries-Weg.

My best greeting to the two valued friends, your travelling companions—their visit rejoiced my very soul!

The 'two valued friends' were Lepsius and Abeken, who, after a short and much-prized visit at Charlottenberg, had accompanied Bunsen's wife and Emilia to Munich and Nürnberg, and granted their most agreeable escort as far as Augsburg on the way back, from whence they returned to Berlin. Munich in that year possessed the additional attraction of the general Exhibition of German Art, which there for the first time took place: a similar collection of monuments of German genius and talent, excluding all those previously exhibited at Munich, has only once since been brought together at Cologne, in the summer of 1861. The project of showing Nürnberg, as the treasury of ancient art in Germany, to his wife, and of revisiting with her Munich, to behold in a state of completeness all that they had seen in its first commencement twenty years before, on their journey from Italy,—had long been entertained by Bunsen; but now that the desirable opportunity offered of making the journey in the company of friends, he found it was impossible to break off from his work, which had been only too much retarded; and was pleased that his wife and daughter at least should execute the plan.

The letter from Baden of July 22 indicates a concurrence of unlooked-for circumstances, the result of which was very gratifying to Bunsen, but which concern a transaction belonging to history, and which, like so much besides, pointed out and left untold in this biographical

sketch, will hardly pass unmarked by the future historian of the time. Things had come to Bunsen's knowledge regarding the important fortress of Rastadt, which had been forgotten by the Governments of Baden and of Prussia: ever since the insurrectionary period of 1848, warlike stores and appliances had been incomplete, and never replenished, and the garrison, which, by treaties and regulations, ought to have been numerous, well-provided, and tripartite (consisting of troops of Austria, of Prussia, and of Baden), had shrunk into a scanty and ill-supplied Austrian contingent. The question was, how to suggest inspection and reform of the state of things, without producing irritation? and that this was accomplished, and by what process of communication, the letter of Bunsen has shown. In the very next year, when the anticipation of a war with France was as universal as it proved ill-founded—did any of the persons cognisant of this transaction recollect whose was the warning voice that had suggested consideration of the unsafe condition of Rastadt?

Extract from Dr. M'Cosh's volume, entitled 'The Supernatural in relation to the Natural.'

It was on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 4th, that I waited on him at his pleasant villa, Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg, with a letter of introduction with which I had been favoured by a distinguished British nobleman, a friend of Bunsen's. As I went up to his residence, a carriage passed out, having in it a gentleman of a singularly grave and noble countenance, and I was sure this must be Bunsen himself. Not finding him at home, I left my card and introduction, and the same evening had a kind letter from him, inviting me to visit him next day, and pressing me to give him as much of my time as possible. Next day I secured my first interview with him, and on each successive day to the Sunday following, inclusive, I waited on him by appointment, at dinner, or for coffee, or for tea, and on each occasion had lengthened conversations with him. And what a talker! Interesting as many of his writings are, they are not nearly

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so much so as was his conversation. The man himself was an object of the highest interest to all who could appreciate him. With a head that rose like a dome, he had a heart from which there glowed a genial heat as from a domestic fire. He talked of education in Germany and in England, of religion, of theology, of the state of the Romish and Protestant Churches on the Continent, and interspersed the grand theoretical views which he delighted to expound, with anecdotes of kings, statesmen, philosophers, and theologians of the highest name, with whom he had been intimate. But his noble enthusiasm ever kindled into the brightest flame when he spread out before me his own intended works, as illustrative of the Bible, of philosophy and history, and fitted to help on the education of the race. I have met with many talented men, with many good men, with not a few men of genius; but I have had the privilege of holding confidential intercourse with only three whom I reckon great men. One, the greatest, I think—Dr. Chalmers—rises before my memory as a mountain, standing fair, and clear, and large. The second, Hugh Miller, rises as a bold rocky promontory, covered all over with numberless plants of wild, exquisite beauty. The third, Bunsen, stretches out before me wide, and lovely, and fertile, like the plains of Lombardy which I had just passed through before visiting him.

I have referred to the fondness with which he dwelt on his contemplated publications. He was now, in his retirement, to give to the world the views on all subjects, historical, philosophical, and theological, which had burst upon him in their freshness when he spent so many of his youthful years in Rome. I confess, however, that interested as I was in his speculations—as these came forth with such a warmth and radiance from his lips—I had all the while an impression that he would require to live to an antediluvian age, in order to commit all his theories to writing; and also a very strong conviction that his views belonged to the past age rather than the present, and that some of them would not, in fact, promote the cause of religion which he had so much at heart. He was a firm believer in mesmerism and clairvoyance, and was apt to connect them with the inspiration of the writers of the Bible. Bunsen was already in a very ambiguous position in his own country.

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Respected and beloved by all, except the enemies of civil and religious liberty, his speculations, philosophical or theological, carried, I found, very little weight in Germany. His venerated name is being extensively used by the Rationalists:—it is right that they should know that he ever spoke of Rationalism in terms of the strongest disapprobation and aversion, and he wished it to be known everywhere that he identified himself with the living evangelical piety of Britain. 'The great German theologians of the age now passing away, and of the present age, have, with unmatched erudition and profound speculative ability, defended the Bible from the assaults made upon it: and as it was from Germany we got the bane, so it is from Germany, or rather from English writers who can use the stores of German learning, that we must look for the antidote.' But to return to Bunsen. I am able to say, what I believe I can say of no other with whom I had so much intercourse, that we never conversed during those five days, for ten minutes at a time, without his returning, however far he might be off, to his Bible and his Saviour, as the objects which were evidently the dearest to him. Some readers will be astonished when I add, that he once told me that he 'was not sure about allowing that God is a Being, and could not admit that God is a Person.' The question will be asked, How was it possible for one entertaining such theoretical views, to love his God and Saviour, as Bunsen seemed to love them, supremely? Having listened to some of the most devoted disciples of the school of Hegel, I think I can understand this inconsistency, though I would never think of defending it. Bunsen had been trained in the first quarter of the century, when Schelling and Hegel ruled in the universities, and he had so lost himself in ideal distinctions and nomenclature, that his words were not to be interpreted as if the same expressions had been used by another man. He was for ever talking, in Kantian phrase, of the forms of space and time, and of the manifestations of God in space and time. I laboured to show that there were other intuitive convictions in the mind, as well as those of space and time, and, in particular, that we all had an immediate consciousness of ourselves as persons, and that this conscious personality, duly followed out, raised our minds to the contemplation of God as a Being and a

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Person. One evening in his house I thought I had shut him up to a point, but the conversation was interrupted by the breaking up of the large company. We met the next day, by appointment, to resume the discussion; but amid the flow of his grand conceptions, I never got him back to the point at which we had broken off.

The last day I passed with him was a Sabbath—a Sabbath indeed: for I never in all my life spent a more profitable day. In the forenoon I sat with him in the University Church of Heidelberg, where we had the privilege of listening to a powerful Gospel sermon from Dr. Schenkel. I spent the afternoon in his house, where he read to us in German, or in English translations, out of the fine devotional works of his country, interspersing remarks of his own, evidently springing from the depths of his heart, and breathing towards heaven—whither, I firmly believe, he has now been carried.

The living picture contained in the preceding passage is most gladly and gratefully here extracted, as one instance of the kind of memorial so delightful to surviving affection, and as almost unique of its kind. The objections made by the excellent Dr. M'Cosh to opinions uttered by Bunsen shall only be so far commented upon, as to remind the reader of these lines, that Dr. M'Cosh witnessed the oscillations of a pendulum, by which it was often borne far away from the centre of gravity, to which it returned, and in which it rested:—and that she who had longest watched and witnessed the oscillations, has most reason to know and mark the fact, and the point of repose.

On the opinion held by Bunsen as to mesmerism, Dr. M'Cosh is believed to have misunderstood the distinction which he endeavoured to mark between total disbelief in a natural gift of the human animal, and the over estimate of the gift which prevails among those who exalt its operations into sublimity and spirituality: whereas he believed that second-sight or clairvoyance was only the product of a morbid state of body, a disturbance of health or of the nervous equipoise; and

therefore a degraded and unsound condition. He would not close his eyes to the evidence of facts, which he had had peculiar opportunity of ascertaining, but only endeavoured to divest them of the immense amount of deception and unfounded conjecture and false imaginings, which encompass the existence of a healing power in the human system, depending on the human will. He was deeply grateful to the vigorous hand, the firm resolve, and untiring perseverance of Count Szapary in restoring the long-paralysed limbs of his beloved daughter to full activity, and her frame to its natural health, and thanked God for the good gift granted to man; protesting against the view which would attribute the work of healing to evil powers. The two sets of facts (belonging to the magnetic gift, only because that gift may be the producing cause)—one, the faculty of second sight (whether spontaneous or the result of magnetism), to perceive transactions far removed in time and space, the other, the possibility of healing disturbances in the physical system, by the inherent power of a human hand and will,—he held fast as realities which he had been allowed the means of recognising as such: and, that being the case, he felt it not to be irreverent, in his historical investigations of the Bible, to assert the possibility of the use of powers inherent in man, to produce results often classed with the preternatural: most certainly not intending to confound the direct action of the Holy Spirit (for which he ever so especially contended) with effects of essentially human origin. This is said in reference to Dr. M'Cosh's observation, that, 'Bunsen was apt to connect mesmerism and clairvoyance with the inspiration of the writers in the Bible:' where the expression 'connect' must be declined as incorrect.

At so early a date as 1820, Bunsen wrote his opinion and explanation on this much-engrossing, but then little argued subject, to the late Dr. Brandis (father of

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his friend C. A. Brandis, Professor at Bonn), in the form of a dialogue: requesting his confirmation or rejection of the theory. This dialogue met with approbation, but was mislaid among the papers of the correspondent, and has never been found again, though sought before and since his death. In the opinion of the only survivor of the few who had cognisance of its contents, the matter was treated convincingly, and with much spirit and power, and it is difficult to believe that the dialogue can have been destroyed as waste paper by any hands into which it may have fallen, at Copenhagen. The view of the subject therein unfolded and exemplified was the same with that which has been just stated. The strong protest which he never failed to make against the misuse of magnetism shall only be mentioned in addition; and he considered as misuse all prying into the unknown for the gratification of idle curiosity; and all tampering with the nervous system, and acting upon faculties in a condition of morbid excitement, as worse than misuse, of a power granted for good—as an actual offence against our fellow-creatures. Thus he only considered the exercise of the gift to be lawful, as a branch of the art of healing.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

24th August, 1858.

From the letter you send, I perceive that the man in question is in want of three things—money, faith, and health. He has family cares; he has, secondly, like all believing or unbelieving Catholics, no confidence of really having a Father in Heaven who knows what he wants for wife and children; and, from the want of money and faith, follows his third want —specifically, of itself.

I look upon it as an especial gift of God, that I close my 67th year with the chapter (in 'God in History') on the 'God-Consciousness of Jesus.' It lies before me in the printed sheets, to receive the last form and correction. We expect Lepsius, and the Gerhards are here.

31*st August.*—The dear King has thought of me at Tegernsee! When a photograph was shown him of the statue of Hippolytus at Rome, of which a cast had been made for the Museum, lately arrived at Berlin, he said, 'Olfers must have a second cast made *for Bunsen*, and have it sent to Bunsen.' I am inexpressibly moved by this! The thought can only be his own.

4th September.—I look upon the system of persecution by the Emperor Napoleon against the Protestants of Maubeuge (which case, alas! is not an isolated one), and the prohibition of the sale of the Bible, even among Protestants, as a sign of an approaching judgment. A solemn promise was made to Lord Cowley in 1853, to withdraw both the Ordinances. The pretended reason for the persecution in Maubeuge is, that 'formerly no Protestant worship had existed there.' This form is a mockery, even among this class of laws, just in the manner of those in the period preceding the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Romish clergy of 1858 demands much more than that of 1680. The abominations in the inner parts of France, in the application of 'La loi des suspects,' exceed all belief. A colporteur in St. Rémy, Normandy, was threatened with Cayenne, because he had visited a sick woman, and spoken words of Christian consolation to her! The only safe advice to give the man was to escape to England. 'Ma mission n'est pas encore terminée,' signifies in biblical terms, 'La coupe de la colère de Dieu n'est pas encore remplie.' There is a judgment impending! But God only knows the time and the hour. I say the same of the tyrant of Geneva, James Fazy: there the clouds ever grow more threatening.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 16th September, 1858.

I have always found that the entrance through which I was called upon to penetrate opened spontaneously: it has never answered to me to press through by force.

Your visit did my inmost heart good. The proof was, that I wrote that last day, and the day after, the best that has yet come into my pen—upon the 'Consciousness of God' in Jesus, and in the Apostles: often before had it vaguely floated before me in spirit.

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30th September.—On 10th October (D.V.) I set out—to arrive at Berlin on the 15th.

Since the 21st, I have written of the 'Consciousness of God' from the Abbot Joachim (1100) up to Göthe and Hegel —from Florence to Washington, from Luther to Channing —with all the necessary extracts.

The 'Pentateuch' is 'out.' In a word, the close is successful. *Soli Deo gloria!*

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Berlin: 18th October, 1858.

Here I am, happily arrived, accompanied from St. Elizabeth's at Marburg by Lang, the architect of the restoration in this royal city, favoured by the finest weather, and received at the station by the two guides of your recent journey. I entered this best of hotels at ten o'clock, conveyed in Lepsius' carriage. We talked over our tea till midnight; and when I left the quiet adjoining bed-chamber (and a bed eight feet long) this morning at seven, I saw the prospect, from my sitting-room, of the green square with flowers and a fountain playing, the river beyond, and above it the new high cupola of the Palace; on the left, the bridge with the eight colossal marble groups (the young warrior instructed by Pallas Athene in the use of arms—guided in combat, in attack, in defence, in victory, in death—and the palm of triumph), and, behind all, that splendid Museum. Before breakfast I looked over some printed slips relating to the Edda, and read some of the papers, so well packed and arranged by my dear Frances —then breakfast and conversation with Stockmar and Usedom. Then I drove to the Prince (all absent at Babelsberg); then a suffocation came on, and I hastened back, and recovered soon, to have a conversation with Cyril Graham (whom we knew as a boy), and who will set out tomorrow towards the Hauran, where last year he discovered eighty-seven cities in good preservation. Then did I talk long with our admirable friend, Abeken, and afterwards I was able, with the help of Charles's arm, to walk, without consciousness of effort, to the Museum, and through all the antiquities and pictures, and back again.

In the night at Marburg, towards morning, I designed a great plan for an Academy with an Ethnological Institute,

of which Egyptian lore would form a branch: the whole to be connected with the German Oriental Society. Lepsius would work out the particulars—a pittance of 20,000 thalers yearly would be sufficient!

Four o'clock.—I have dined—Stockmar the father between Charles and myself, Stockmar the son on my left. The dear old original was incomparable! Never did I see him fresher. All possible accounts did he require of you and the children, particularly Th.—but most of all he has F. at heart. 'She has the finest, clearest eyes that I ever saw in a girl's head,' he said—which pleased me well, and will please you too.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Wednesday, early, 20th October, 1858.
(Before the opening of Parliament.)

Soft, rainy weather—one knows not whether this day will clear into sunshine, or whether that will not yet be granted; this expresses nearly the condition of the general temper of mind. No one knows anything, in fact; but the feeling is general that the Prince Regent's will is for the right and the good, and that he will bring it into execution at the time that he judges right. The confidence of the nation in the personal character and integrity of the Regent is indeed the anchor of security within and without—and it is certainly deserved. The two Houses will to-day, at twelve o'clock, await the Prince in the 'White Hall' of the Palace, then separate, to meet each other apart to-morrow; and on Monday will be the taking of oaths, after which the new Ministry will be announced.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Thursday, 21st October, 1858.

I am just returned from the second sitting—all passed off with dignity. So far, so good! God be thanked! There is an elevating effect in the consciousness of an universally-spread feeling of the sacredness of constitutional forms. The members of each House are quite at home—form groups and discuss, as the masters in their own domain, until the President opens the Session. The Prince Regent has worked with the Ministers, but has seen nobody but the Prince his son, and the Princess. For to-morrow, Friday, I am invited to dinner,

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with Charles. As the dear old Magician* says, the Prince has displayed the great quality of silence, and is to be hailed as 'Wilhelm the Silent II.'—as which, I suppose, he will continue.

Friday, 22nd October, three o'clock.—Just come from the House, where we have carried an Address of Loyalty to the Regent, by eighty votes against seventy-six, and warded off one of similar nature to the King. This warding off was truly loyal; for the proposal had been an apple of discord, intended to furnish party-feelings with an occasion for utterance, which might have caused embarrassment to the Prince. Besides, it must have given rise to debates, which may now happily be avoided. This evening I shall have a small tea-party, and, you will admit, a select one. My former colleague and old friend Paul von Hahn, the Caucasian, the dear Magician and his son, Abeken, and Pauli. Hahn has brought me the two promised memoirs on the great question of the Russian cultivators: these papers are evidently written with materials derived from the Cabinet, and as such do the Emperor great honour.

My neighbour in the House to-day was Daniel von der Heydt, a really Christian spirit, although theological; he did not recognise me at first, and spoke in commonplace terms; but presently, having refreshed his memory of 1825 in Rome, he met me with warmth, and related to me the death of his wife, and her dying words. She sank under the small-pox; her death was pronounced imminent three days before the spirit departed. Her husband asked whether she had any wishes or requests to express; she answered, 'No wish—the blessing of God rests upon our children; as to yourself, You are *I*—I am *you*. For our Lord I have no prayer nor petition, but only praise and thanksgiving.' Then he repeated the first verse of a favourite hymn; she pronounced the second, he continued with the third; in the fourth was the expression, 'The Lord can save,' which she altered into 'The Lord *has* saved;' and thus she proceeded, retaining consciousness to the very last, and saying ever and again, 'I *am* dead, *I live in God.*' Not a single complaint was uttered by her. I said to him, 'Those are the utterances *not* of a soul departing, but of one already entered into life eternal,

* Baron Stockmar.

yet returning for a moment.' * From all sides, members, whose names I know not, have come up to me to express thanks for attentions and kindness shown to them in one place or other. The expressions of surprise of those to whom I was a stranger are said to be remarkable: one had supposed me *morose*; another, *worn-out*; a Pomeranian who spoke to Usedom had fancied me as '*knackselig*' (done for). 'But,' added he, 'the appearance is not so; on the contrary, that of a sunshiny countenance.'

The journey to Berlin, to which the preceding extracts refer, was considered necessary for the purpose of Bunsen's taking his seat in the Chamber of Peers. The last token of kindness towards him, evidenced by the command to make out a Patent of Peerage, which was also the last act of Frederick William IV. before the disabling seizure that ended two years later in death, had been confirmed and executed in the most gracious manner by the Prince Regent; and not to have availed himself of the favour, by taking possession of his seat, would have seemed ungrateful towards the kind intentions of both Royal personages, as his Royal Highness had personally expressed a wish to see him on the occasion referred to. Bunsen was moreover to all appearance no less able this year than he had been the year before, to undertake the journey. He summoned his son Charles from Turin to accompany him to Berlin. The interest of the journey to him was extreme as well as varied; and it is impossible to regret his having made the effort, as the abundance of impressions received, the inspection in person of a scene of things which so continually occupied his thoughts, the opportunity of intercourse with friends, and the renewed sense of the value in which he was held by those whose sentiments were prized by him, were all causes of satisfaction and refreshment of mind to be thankfully contemplated, even in a

* This blessed departure sank deep into Bunsen's mind, and occurred to him again on his own deathbed.

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retrospect which brings to mind the grievous fact, that these autumnal days, this month of October, were to recur but once more in what could be reckoned life!—for the October of 1860 found him in the struggle of dissolution;—and in so short a term as in reality remained, any expenditure of time and strength for a purpose alien to that which had ruled his whole existence might be deplored as a waste. But neither he nor others could then have supposed that life so vivid and intense was yet so nearly expended; even though the attacks of suffocation, always brought on by emotion and the irregularities unavoidable in travelling, were frequent, and alarming to his companion, unused as he was to the painful spectacle. The lateness of the meeting of the Chambers rendered unavoidable the exposure of Bunsen to a violent change of temperature in the sudden setting in of winter, early in November; and as a great deal of necessary work for the press remained to be done after his return home, the long-planned journey to the South was reserved for the severest period of the year, when days were shortest and gloom deepest, instead of its having been, as it would have been if undertaken during the latter end of a fine autumn, an expedition of pleasure and refreshment.

In a letter written at the beginning of November, he mentions that 'Humboldt is seriously ill—Schönlein, however, still hopes to be able to preserve his life. I have just received a line from him, written from his bed. I am to see him at one o'clock.' This is the notification of the last interview that took place between Bunsen and the distinguished man, to whose kindness and encouraging appreciation he had felt himself much indebted during many years of his earlier life, and whose demonstrations of esteem and mutual understanding he never would have known or suspected to be otherwise than genuine, had he not survived just long enough to witness that unfortunate publication of letters to Varnhagen, which

has had such a wide-spread influence in lowering the estimation in which the cultivated society of all nations had delighted to hold Alexander von Humboldt.

Bunsen's habitual hopefulness of spirit created for him a vision, very cheering while it lasted, of the possibility of influencing and persuading the newly appointed Prussian Government and its much-honoured Head to begin their administration by such a disposal of moderate portions of the revenue as might raise the condition of art and science and classical lore; endeavouring to meet the standing objection of 'want of funds for every avoidable purpose,' by referring to the high-mindedness of the Sovereign of the last generation (Frederick William III.), who created the University of Berlin at a time of most crushing pressure by the French occupation of his dominions. Bunsen's letters contain many passages indicative of the plans which he delighted to organise, and his friends will not have forgotten the enthusiasm with which he reckoned on their execution, in the year 1860, so near at hand—which would bring the fifty years' jubilee of the foundation of the University, and, as he deemed, a new era of prosperity. He had not given up the hope of success, when, in August 1859, he, for the last time, enjoyed personal intercourse with his Royal Highness the Prince Regent at Baden. Besides the endowment desired for the Academy of Arts and the Academy of Sciences, he was urgent for the granting of requisite funds for the publication of the much-needed Polyglot Bible, which he would have had a Tetraglot, to contain the original versions in the three ancient languages—the Hebrew and Septuagint (including the Greek New Testament), and the Vulgate or Latin version of St. Jerome: to which should be added the German version of Luther, revised. This publication he would have superintended himself, and he might be said to have had all the materials in hand, having at his own expense caused an

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admirable collation to be made (by Dr. Heyse) of the celebrated MS. of the Vulgate preserved at Florence; and for the comparatively mechanical labour further needed, he would have found competent and zealous assistants. This classical monument will probably some day come into being, and then, let it not be forgotten that, as far as thought and will could go, Bunsen had framed the design, worked out all its parts, and indicated all its details.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Berlin: 7th November, 1858.

Thus your birthday is the last day of my interesting sojourn of three weeks at Berlin—in all essential points a happy and successful period; and I feel it to be a closing blessing, that I can begin this last day with a greeting to you. Wherefore, All hail! with the blessing of God for King and Country!

I reckon upon finding time enough at Heidelberg to write down, at least in outline, the most important facts of the private history of —— during these latter momentous years; besides the other indispensable work to be finished on this side of the Alps. On the 22nd I expect to be ready to set out towards Nice; then on the Sunday to join the worship of the Waldenses; and to proceed next day to Mentone: *sedes ubi fata quietas monstrant.*

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Sunday evening, 21st November, 1858.
(God bless Prince Frederick William!)

The close (of 'God in History') was given to me, on the very last morning, as I had prayed for it. I have reached the point which in the Preface I had designated as the final object. I have proved by fact, that all real religion consists in a personal, moral, rational consciousness of God, and that this is the original instinct of humanity, unfolding itself progressively from the unconscious to the conscious: and that therefrom all language, political formations, and culture proceed.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

12th November, 1858.

I arrived at home (from Berlin) two days ago, after a journey in a temperature of from 5 deg. to 9 deg. Réaumur of cold. I witnessed a grand spectacle—the change of Ministry is a change of Government; men both capable of office and true to the Constitution are filling the places of the late Ministers; all are my political, and many my personal friends. I have had the great good fortune of being acknowledged worthy of a Ministerial post, on the one hand, and, on the other, of being left at liberty to remain faithful to what I consider my especial mission and my higher calling. The Prince Regent showed me from first to last the kindest and most gracious confidence. . . . God's Providence has cared for me beyond all my wishes or hopes,—we have taken Charlottenberg for a year longer, and think of seeking out a small winter residence at Mentone, to retreat to, as long as we have strength, every year; this time the cold has caught us, and we must await a thaw, and set out if possible on the 29th November.

Having accomplished his return to Charlottenberg, under the care of his son Charles, Bunsen had yet indispensable work to do for the press, which detained him another month before the journey southwards could be undertaken; and not till the 9th December did the party set out towards Basle, where an agreeable evening, at the house of Professor Gelzer, and the company of that valued friend during the next day as far as Biel, helped effectually to keep up that cheerfulness, so indispensable as a counterpoise to the unceasing consciousness of bodily discomfort, and the increasing susceptibility of actual or apprehended annoyances, belonging to the harassing disorder which was making continual and resistless progress. Comfortless was the transit, in those days, by help of two steamers, from Biel to Yverdun,—the walk from the landing-place to the station, the long waiting for the train, the arrival long after dark at Geneva, the ascent of the long staircase at the hotel,—all trifles

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unnoticed, or converted into causes of mirth, where health and spirit exist to meet the smaller as well as the greater rubs of life; but falling heavily upon an invalid. It is both affecting and consolatory to observe in the ensuing extracts from letters, that he calls his journey an 'agreeable one'—thus proving that his judgment had duly weighed all existing causes of thankfulness, and appreciated on reflection the degree of success which had attended the watchful care by which evil was warded off wherever it was possible. Two days at Geneva were much enjoyed by all the party—in particular the hours spent among friends in the house of Mdlle. Vernet Pictet. They had left Heidelberg under that solid sea of vapour, spread from one extremity of the horizon to the other, which cannot be called cloud, as it admits of no variety of form or thickness, and transmits only a degree of lurid light, confounding all forms of objects, without a beam of sunshine to create a shadow and therewith give evidence of substance; that appearance which is inseparable from the greater part of the winter in the central continent of Europe, and which was found on the present occasion to extend as far as Orange, south of Lyons—where first the tent broke into clouds, between which the sun came forth, to renew the face of the earth. When travellers speak of winter, its storms or splendours are treated of, which are the rare exception; whereas this total abrogation of sunshine and of life and beauty is the rule—alluded to here, as unavoidably oppressive and depressing to the traveller, who seemed to imbibe new life on reaching Marseilles and the sea breezes, with so many signs of the desired South, in evergreens and in temperature. At that time, the railway terminated at this place, and four-and-twenty hours of diligence-conveyance had to be encountered between Marseilles and Cannes,—favoured by the full moon and fine weather; and all unpleasantness was cast into oblivion on being hailed at the entrance

of Cannes by lights and voices which guided the travellers into a house, the Maison Pinchinat, so much liked from the very first.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Marseilles, Hôtel Bristol: Wednesday, 15th December, 1858.

These lines shall greet you, and announce our prosperous journey and arrival on the shore of the Mediterranean. The sun opened an eye upon us for the first time at an hour's distance on this side of Geneva; at Lyons we found fog, but soon after had the sun again, and real warmth at Avignon. What good that does me! . . . To-morrow afternoon we reckon upon reaching Cannes—and Saturday go on to Nice, after I have seen, or attempted to see, Tocqueville, who is said to be better.

In contemplating the formation of a reasonable Bible-work for the congregation, the necessity soon appeared of not only incorporating the Apocrypha among the Bible documents, but also of making them intelligible. Therefore, I have designed a plan (on the journey) to comprise, in six sheets, 'Jewish Annals (*Jahrbücher*), from the Expedition of Alexander the Great into Egypt, till the Death of Herod the Great.' The Persian period I shall treat in a similar manner, at the head of the introduction to Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles (all before or contemporary with Alexander). The Syrian period is the main point for Palestine, as the parallel periods of the Ptolemies are for the history of the Alexandrian Jews. Into this exposition, to be written in the style of a Chronicle, with the dates on the margin, and genealogical tables of the ruling families, I shall insert the most remarkable passages of Josephus, as quotations; thus uniting the historical representation with the words of the remarkable Jewish historian. These Annals shall close the Documents.

The continuation will commence the third volume (New Testament) 'Jewish Annals—from the Death of Herod the Great to the Second Destruction of Jerusalem (under Hadrian) year 1–134.' This gives me the framework, which was entirely wanting, for the 'Life of Jesus and the Apostles,' until the death of John, and about fifteen or

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sixteen years later. As yet the Christian community (*Gemeinde*) knows nothing of the former period (332–1), and little of the latter (1–138). Where, in short, is this portion of history to be found, in a tangible form?

To complete this framework, I shall give what may be called 'Christian Apocrypha':—1. The Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, of the year 80, seventeen years before (the Gospel of) John, according to the Codex Alexandrinus; 2. The three Epistles of Ignatius, according to the Codex of the Church of Antioch (seen by Rawlinson).

But before these, the most ancient congregational compositions: the Lord's Prayer, 'Glory to God in the Highest,' the Baptismal Confession, and others, almost all in the Codex Alexandrinus of the New Testament; together five or six sheets. The gain of this is evident, and remains the property of the Christian community; no one can take it away. The whole will help towards forming a basis of reasonable belief.

Of course I shall not be able to work at these Annals until I am again in Heidelberg; but I must be clear on the subject before printing the Introduction to the first volume A. I shall have much work in the Chronicles, but work more to my taste than that which I shall thereby save. The translation of Ignatius I have made, and for Clement I hope to find somebody; that Epistle I myself know almost by heart. May God grant me His blessing for the hundred days of work on the shore of the Mediterranean!

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: New Year's Day, 1859.

I cannot begin the new year, any more than I could last night close the old one, without thinking of you, and wishing to give you intelligence of our progress. We have had a most prosperous and agreeable journey, beginning with the 9th December. Arrived at length here at Cannes, we found ourselves in a lodging on the sea-shore, engaged and arranged for us (Maison Pinchinat), which at once seemed to me the best and most beautiful that we could anywhere obtain. I can only compare the situation to Mola di Gaeta, and the Villa di Cicerone there; but in this place, the mountains that half enclose the bay are much finer. Yet we judged it

right to see Nice before we fixed; and there the long-threatened influenza burst out, and kept me imprisoned for ten days. Nice is a bad Brighton. We gave up going to see Mentone, and returned here the day before yesterday to the former spot—to remain here, please God, till April. On 1st May I have promised to be at Berlin, if the Chambers do not close before Easter. Everything there is going on well; in particular religious liberty will be secured. On my arrival here, according to my plan, I began to work upon the 'Life of Jesus,' begun in 1850, after arranging all the preceding parts; and, God be thanked! in spite of influenza, I have already written 150 pages, and the most difficult portion. By the end of January I hope to finish it, and then set about the translation of the Gospels.

2nd January, early.—I have had the first good night—that is, not sleepless—for twelve days; the cough is going off, and, to encourage it to go, I have opened the windows, that the sunny air may enter instead. Just under me, in the sitting-room, a fine chorale is being performed. Next Saturday we expect Ernest, with wife and children and all belongings. Lord Brougham (who with a quick eye first discovered Cannes to be the most beautiful spot on the coast) is full of attentions and kindness. Tocqueville is confined to his room by a serious disorder of the lungs—but we correspond almost daily. There are here two Protestant Churches, five spiritual teachers, and four congregations—one English, one Scottish, and two French.

In the course of the following month, Bunsen had the satisfaction of being allowed to pay a few short visits to M. de Tocqueville, and would gladly have gone oftener and stayed longer, but the precarious state of the invalid (evident to everyone but himself) made it necessary to take extreme precautions against his being over-fatigued or excited. The conversation of M. Gustave de Beaumont (the friend and afterwards the biographer of Tocqueville) often came in to supply the place to Bunsen of an anticipated interview with his dying friend, when it happened that the drive to Montfleuri proved ineffectual. He was of the number of those

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present at the funeral, which took place at Cannes, 20th April.

Bunsen to Theodora von Ungern-Sternberg.

[Translation.]

Cannes: New Year's Day, 1859.

To whom should my thoughts turn this morning more readily than to my beloved Theodora and all the dear ones around her? Your eye of love, and that of August, greeted me at the very last moment on the railway, and, since that, many other signs of love have been received from you; and you were, at the closing hour of the year, in our minds when we recalled (with the help of your mother's memory) in swift retrospect the entire richly-filled year, and the valued presence of Augustus (on that day and hour a year ago) when he stole away, at a late hour, from your bedside to visit us. And now behold the further thriving development! a pair of fine expressive eyes, as door-keepers of the young awakening soul, and the satisfied smile, so full of meaning, of the mouth.* And then my splendid Rosa, speaking, singing, dancing! and you both on the point of entering upon a quieter plan of household life, and a less worrying course of activity. Therefore, the blessing of God, dearest Theodora, be upon you, on the New Year, and on your birthday! . . .

I wish I could speak Provençal, spoilt though the language be. Imagine, they say 'una chosa' instead of *una cosa*. But they have kept clear of the French *u*, and of all nasal sounds.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 31st January, 1859.

We are all improving, but till the 20th my wife and I have both had to contend with the consequences of influenza; having at last dismissed the enemy, we experience the full blessing of this incomparable climate, of our exquisite tranquillity and of sea-prospect, from the Maison Pinchinat. I can already walk quickly for half an hour at a time without pausing, and I walk out daily three or four times, or drive to Ernest's *Villa Ripère*, on a height not far from Lord Brougham's.

* An allusion to the birth, on the previous New Year's Eve, of another granddaughter.

Our house is the last of the town, towards France, or the first of villas; for most people seem to be afraid of the close neighbourhood of the sea, which is immediately under our windows, or cannot bear the ceaseless roar or murmur of the waves, which is, after light and sunshine, to me the greatest of enjoyments. We have obtained this abode comparatively cheap—ten rooms, and a terrace to the south, on which my study opens. Then I find my work so successful here that I have accomplished more already than would have been possible in the whole winter at Heidelberg. I shall try to remain here as long as possible, therefore, till Easter Tuesday, 26th April. Charles has, meanwhile, been made happy by the birth of a son, and we hope to see them all three here by the 4th March—his mother's birthday. There is no want of society here, from Paris and from England, some of them friends, both old and new.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Cannes: 5th March, 1859.

We had a delightful day (yesterday). Charles had arrived the day before. We drove to Napoule (Neapolis), and climbed the paths among the rocks, in which your mother and I were not among the last. To-morrow we shall drive to see the popular festivity—an hour's drive from hence, on the Golfe de Jouan, towards Antibes—held on the first Sunday after the 1st March, the day of Napoleon's landing from Elba, originating with the people.

My political views are the same as before—the Austrian Government in Italy, and the military occupation and continual interference in countries not belonging to it, is no concern of Germany; and the sooner the abomination ceases the better for Austria herself. England and Germany are strong enough to prevent Italy from becoming a province of France. Palmerston's speech utters serious facts, not the less true for the ironical form. *Vetter Michel** is seized with madness (by his misconception of the drift of the belligerents), after a poisoning-process of years, by the infusion of Austrian and Ultramontane falsehoods. Should the matter come before our Chambers I should speak; but my opinion is as well known at Berlin, as in London.

* A nickname for Germans.

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Extract from a Journal.

Cannes: 5th March, 1859.

We were early fetched from our hotel to breakfast at the Maison Pinchinat, standing on the very edge of the beautiful bay. All the party are bright and thankful in seeing Bunsen so much better, and able to work again, and to enjoy visits from his friends. He took us out on the balcony overhanging the bright silvery sea, and seemed to drink in all its beauty;—its calm seemed to be reflected on his face, which never looked more radiant or more full of satisfaction. He has his own home-circle around him, and Ernest and Elizabeth and their children near. He is full of hope for Italy, repeated passages from Lord Palmerston's speech, and gave us a little insight into French and Austrian politics; he is sure that war must come. In the evening it was excitingly interesting to hear Charles Bunsen, fresh from Turin, talking over the state of men's minds there, with his father. They have established religious freedom in Piedmont. A French Testament was shown to me, prepared to help inquirers among the Roman Catholics, in which passages that throw light on the different questions at issue are printed side by side, and thus the Scripture explains itself. A touching history was related of a woman who, on her death-bed, sent to ask Mdlle. C. to come to see her in her home in the mountains, recently. The latter immediately went thither, and found an experienced Christian, who had studied the Bible with her family, and had the joy of seeing them all follow in her own course. It was edifying to witness with what strength and clearness of mind, to the very hour of her dissolution, she met the railing of the priest, and his endeavour to frighten her as to being buried in dishonour by the roadside. 'Rachel was buried under a palm-tree,' was her reply. After she had expired, the priest repeated to the survivors that she would find her grave among those guilty of suicide; to which the eldest son answered, 'Was not our Saviour crucified between two thieves?' No funeral service was allowed at the grave, but an address, with prayer in the house of mourning, was attended by hundreds of earnestly attentive listeners. A glorious moonlight-evening, to wind up this full, beautiful day. On Wednesday, 4th March,

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Cannes

dinner with E. and E. on their terrace, Villa Ripère, to receive their mother and all the family on her birthday (returning from Napoule under the Estérel); and the happiness of the three generations in each other was pleasing to behold; the grandchildren made a bright foreground to the picture, while the distant Estérel, the sea and islands all basking in sunshine, were in harmony with the spirit of the day. Ernest proposed drinking his mother's health, and Bunsen returned thanks for her, acknowledging the fullness of blessing of their family-life. Then he proposed the health of 'his friends the Foxes,' in remembrance of George Fox, to whom the world owes so much of religious liberty.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 3rd January, 1859.

We are living here in Paradise; the ancients tell of the Islands of the Blessed, and they must have had Cannes in view. Beyond the sea, on the edge of which we dwell, to behold each day the morning-star and the sun on first emerging; again to see the sun disappear in splendour behind the *Siebengebirge* (here called Estérel); to have a pier extending 200 yards into the sea, like a petrified vessel, the lighthouse as its prow; 12° of Réaumur in the shade; our rooms all towards this southern magnificence, and my study having a terrace on one side, on which I can pace up and down as often as I desire more air than my open window admits!

I write, each morning, at the 'Life of Jesus,' as it shall be printed, God willing. The principal matter is, however, to carry out boldly the idea which, in 1850, I timidly touched upon,—that the *historical Christ* has a history only lasting *thirty months*, but the *spiritual* (Christ in the congregation) a history of 1800 years; and that when you have exhausted the purely historical, the more general and spiritual side of the subject demands just acknowledgment. Thus, after sifting the histories of His birth and parentage, and, I hope, fully explaining them, the Introduction closes with 'the eternal (ever-renewed) birth of Christ in the Soul and in Humanity,'—or the Incarnation; which, hitherto, was treated mystically (that is, without clear perception) or sentimentally; and which must be brought into view as a solemn reality from the innermost consciousness of what constitutes

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life in Christ, and what is craved by the universal conscience of the nations of the world—'Christ yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' I begin with 'Glory to God on high,' and proceed to Paul, Hermas, Diognetus, and to Ambrose (*Veni, redemptor gentium*); and then I go on to explain the worship of the Infant Christ and the Madonna, and pass on to the domestic festival of Christmas, and to Händel and Bach. I finish with the philosophy of the Divine history. The doctrine of the Incarnation is contained in the Prologue to the Gospel of John.

All this *is* written—140 pages—of which 40 are new. Yesterday I worked through to John the Baptist, and to-morrow, I hope, with the Baptism of Jesus, to begin what is properly His 'Life.' If all goes on in this way, I shall have finished in February, and then shall leave the MS. for revision next winter.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Friday, 25th March, 1859.

By the 4th March I had so far finished the 'Life of Jesus' that, besides general revision, only a few chapters of the earlier period of teaching remained to be completed, for which completion I have need first to see how the explanation of the Gospels shapes itself under my hands, in order to know what I have still, critically or demonstratively, to treat in the 'Life.' So I began on 4th March the correction of the translation of Matthew, and am to-day at chapter xviii., having done the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables on the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Transfiguration. I have enjoyed going through Lachmann's text word for word, and adopting each well-considered, honest explanation, whether the spiritual or the literal, of every self-expounding passage. Oh, how much confusion, hypocrisy, dissembling, and, at the same time, what mediocrity, since the death of Schleiermacher and Neander! The principal feature, however, is κακία, cowardice—fear of not giving full satisfaction to the craving demands of the new generation of clergy and of governments after positivism—and so falling back upon 'old wives' fables.' I foolishly distressed myself formerly about hitting the right tone in addressing the congregation in my annotations under the text, which cannot fail to be most

generally influential—as if there could be any choice as to writing what is demanded by one's own convictions! The spirit was roused in me when I reached the Sermon on the Mount, and I wrote what I felt compelled to write.

The Jesus of the Evangelists is far more difficult of recognition, in His depth and greatness, than the Jesus of the Apostles and eye-witnesses. When, after concluding a section, I have turned to the previous commentators, I have only been strengthened and cheered by the three great minds of Calvin, J. A. Bengel, and Lamennais. The others are mere philologers or historians. The new school of Erlangen, with Delitzsch at their head, are mediævals, without real depth, and, as philologers, unripe, or mere schoolmen.

The thing essential is to hold fast the eternal, which is beyond the conditions of time. When one has arrived at the conviction that the Kingdom of God does not begin beyond this earth, but is to be founded and perfected upon this earth, as far as the earthly can attain perfection; then one enquires, 'Where is Eternity?' To which the Gospel gives the same answer as to the question, 'Where is the Eternal?'—viz., Where the bottom of the sea is when we contemplate its billows and tides, its smooth surface and breaking waves—invisible, and yet necessarily pre-supposed! No one ever perceived this more clearly, no one had a more vivid and enduring present consciousness of it, than Jesus—whether as represented by the Evangelists or by St. John. All this appears clearly to lie before me. I utter my belief in the notes, courageously and unreservedly, as the spirit prompts me; and, on the whole, I am sure that I have been successful.

By 1861, the old world will be sufficiently unhinged for the building up of the new; and then I shall write, please God, the close of the 'Signs of the Times.' All is tending to ruin in the Romanic States; that is, to dissolution and revolution.

We, in Prussia, are, thank God, on the groove of Reform.

Bunsen to another Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 30th March, 1859.

My blessing and greeting will come after that of your mother, because I desired to add a piece of good news as

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a birthday offering. It is eight o'clock in the morning, and I have just finished the translation and explanation of the Gospel of Matthew as far as the Passion and Resurrection, that is all but the last three chapters. That view of the teaching of Jesus as to the Last Judgment and the Kingdom of God on Earth, from which I have started in the 'Life of Jesus,' had still to undergo this trial; I had passed over that point (treating of the Last Judgment) because only by the connected interpretation of Matthew could I arrive at any certainty in my conception of Christianity. The struggles and difficulties of enquiry, through which the conscientious interpreter must pass, begin, as you know, with the Sermon on the Mount—that Gospel of the Judaic Christians, in which, nevertheless, the Christ not only of James, but the Christ of Paul and of John, is to be found. There is not a verse in it which receives not, by means of this free and comprehensive contemplation, its true, full, and clear sense. The same holds good of the innumerable parables of the Kingdom of God—all relating to this earth, but in a wholly transmuted moral condition of human society. And all this stretches out far beyond the Jewish system, beyond all Heathenism, even beyond thousands of years of Christianity 'among all nations.' Thus also the great and difficult chapters xxiv., xxv., are unlocked to me. Chapter xxv. 31, unto the end, contains that which the Apocalypse models out into the establishment of the Millennium—a vision of the confessors of Christianity. With that are to be connected the verses of chapter xiii. 37—45, and we behold the Kingdom of God thereupon succeeding.

With respect to our personal continuance after death, I have formed for myself new ways of demonstrating it: of all this, more by word of mouth.

Bunsen to another Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 3rd April, 1859.

What happiness, to expound the words of Jesus, in a connected form! I have now the solution of the enigma of the end of Matthew, and of the breaking off of Mark at the close, all in order and quite satisfactory.

My philosophical thoughts have received a new impulse from the chapters on the 'latter days.' Neither this doc-

trine, nor that of personal immortality, can well be proved against Pantheists and Deists without accepting the much-contemned hypothesis which has been laughed at by Hegel and rejected by dogmatisers, of the plurality of worlds, as dwellings of rational spirits, above, and, perhaps also, below the standard of this our earth's inhabitants. The line taken by Leibnitz must here be resumed. The Gospel presupposes a plurality of worlds.

Baden Powell's 'Unity of Worlds' (1855, against Whewell and in part against Brewster, Wesley, &c.,) has been very helpful to me.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] April, 1859.

Heavy times are coming, as I have long anticipated, yet I hope nothing will come in the way of my return to Cannes by November 1. It is a hermit family life that we lead, not without stimulating and instructive communication from without.

15*th April.*—Tocqueville still breathed yesterday evening, but unconscious, or at least speechless.

20*th April.*—The steamer from Marseilles is not yet in sight—the faithful Ampère, if he arrives, will be too late for the funeral solemnity.

30*th April.*—Ampère was informed of the death of Tocqueville at Marseilles, and arrived here the next day in time for the funeral. I had replied immediately to his telegraphic enquiry. He must now have long since reached Rome again.

Bunsen to ——.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Easter Tuesday, 26th April, 1859.

You ought (as the King said of myself) to come out once more into the genuine Prussian vital air, and to confer with friends and the (real) men of the day about the actual present. The air of the Rhine-valley is impregnated with priestly intrigue and agitation, and engrossed by that Austro-Germanic phantom, which in 1848–49 inveigled Gagern and Frankfort and Radowitz and Germany into the abyss, there to perish.

That Prussia should (by the Peace of Basle) get out of that madly-undertaken war of political infatuation was felt

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as a necessity, by Pitt equally with ourselves; and that we, seven years later, in 1805, stood aloof in the hour of conflict, was as much the fault of Austrian arrogance and faithlessness as that of our own irresolution. But *then*, a portion of Germany was actually invaded, whereas *now*, Germany is not even threatened, but more secure than ever, under the guardianship and protection of Prussia. Now we have before us an European question, in short the essential question which has demanded solution ever since 1832, not to say since 1817—the Papal and Jesuit rule, and the Austrian tyranny in Italy, against all treaties, not merely without the sanction of treaties.

Has not every effort been made, on all sides, for thirty-six years, to bring Austria to reason? Have not all the faithful and sagacious among European statesmen, including Canning, foretold to them what now has happened? namely, that Austria would irresistibly provoke the power of France (as the history of half a century shows) to dislodge her from her brutal supremacy over Italy. Has not Austria slighted all warnings, persecuted and stigmatised all those diviners of truth, as well as all the moderate and earnest patriots of Italy? Has she not been continually imposing on her stronger chains and heavier burdens? But it is said, 'Who could think that Austria would be so obstinate?' Nay, who could expect any other conduct? Only those who expect the Pope to become Gallican, Anglican, or Lutheran! Should Austria, *to-morrow*, evacuate Central Italy, the day after to-morrow it will be in the hands of the national party, which is now monarchical, not republican—conservative, not revolutionary. Then the system of that arrogant House will be struck down, and what more could be the result, even of an unsuccessful war?

And now, what cause will be served by the agitation of these furious foes of France? 1. That of the Pope and the Jesuits. 2. That of the prolongation of Austrian tyranny. Therefore, its tendency is against our essential life, against Protestantism, and confessional freedom, against Prussia, against the German Federal State! France and Russia are opponents of a German Federal State, but the House of Austria alone is directly antagonistic to Germany herself. I will not conjure up the shades of Olmütz and Dresden, but I must be spared the argument of Basle!

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This I utter, as a statesman grown gray, and as one who has endeavoured to take a lesson from the sufferings of the period from 1848 to 1850; but what I feel most heavy upon my heart is this:—It is the first time that the ruling public opinion of the moment in Germany contemptibly and pitilessly renounces a great and noble cause, rebels against the providential agency of God in favour of a hardly-tried people, and that Protestants not only kiss the political but also the spiritual fetters, and lastly, that the organs of this public opinion either ignore, or wilfully distort, the reality of facts. Retribution is infallibly in store for this; as surely and more deservedly than the levity of unripe politicians in 1848 met with its punishment. Is there no protecting *instinct* left against direct falsehood and childish misrepresentation? Is there no Protestant instinct left, for or against? And is this wrath an ebullition of spirit? Alas! too many are actuated by fear alone. 'Germany cannot defend itself against France but by the aid of Austria,' was written in the 'Edinburgh Review' of April last. Without *Austria*! who herself gave notice, after 1815, that she could and would no longer defend Germany beyond the Danube—and, therefore, ridiculed the idea of fortifying Rastadt! Austria! who in 1815 sent not a man to fight in Belgium for the common cause against Napoleon! In the policy of France and Russia may well be comprised the necessity of resisting a monster of seventy millions horse-power, such as the entire German Empire; but the same danger exists not in a Federal collective State when once released by the Cesarean operation from the strangling navelstring of the House of Lorraine. The word uttered at Kremsier is the only solution.*

Now all has burst forth, all that I had on my mind, not against you, but against the air of the Rhine, to say nothing of that of Southern Germany. On this account I must give up going to the banks of the Rhine, where I should scandalise others, and be vexed myself. At Heidelberg I could not

* This refers to a remarkable speech by the late Prince Schwartzenberg, then Prime Minister, before the Austrian Parliament assembled at Kremsier, in 1848: 'Let Austria consolidate herself into one body politic,—let Germany consolidate herself into another,—and on the day when both these processes shall have been completed, let both agree on a form of good understanding and close union.' Austria and Prince Schwartzenberg himself soon abandoned this saving thought,—with what results the year 1866 has shown.

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remain two days, were it not for necessary work, for I have no inclination to dispute on first principles with G. and M.

4th May.—This time I shall not enter into the question which of the many dangers is the most threatening to our beloved German fatherland—my joy is almost too great, I mean the joy of beholding another nation, at least, and that the one which *Germany* and *France* have oppressed, the one for 800, and the other for 300 years—rising from prostration, and brave not in words only but in deeds of arms, going forth not in the anarchy of despair, but in the legality of hope and faith in the future, under the visible protection of Providence, to set free the first-born daughter of Christian civilisation.

Contemporary Letter to a Daughter-in-Law, who had written to explain that she could not visit Heidelberg.

Charlottenberg: 26th May, 1859.

I comfort myself that your not coming is providential. You can form no idea of the discomfort of the state of public feeling. There is a complex of nonsense brewed together into a poison, producing intoxication and a cloud over the intellect, in the case of almost every one you speak to; only Herr von Dusch, as an old statesman and diplomatist, upon whom Bunsen first called, looked upon things in the same light as himself; as does also Gervinus, who latterly could hardly venture to go out but in the dusk, lest stones should have been thrown at him! The public mind has been worked upon (certainly by agitators) to such a pitch that Prussian travellers have been warned to keep out of sight, and not appear at the table d'hôte, lest they should be insulted! because Prussia, though well prepared and ready for war, intends to keep out of it, if she can; whereas, the Southern States are, in fact, calling upon others to enter into the war they presuppose, and are endeavouring to kindle, not being themselves in any way prepared—having neither fortresses provided, nor regiments equipped. But enough, and too much! I tremble at every conversation, lest Bunsen should not put a guard upon his expressions, and pain those who are bound by their material interests to Austria. It is fearful to discover how many are entangled financially in the Austrian losses.

At Geneva we suffered much from the '*bise*,' on the three

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celebrated military saints' days, in the middle of May, always cold on the continent, and all the worse for us as coming from the summery south. We enjoyed seeing Mdlle. Vernet and Mdlle. Calandrini, and Bunsen had much of the conversation of M. Rilliet, with whom he dined and met persons interesting to him.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Whitsuntide, 1859.

We arrived on the 20th May, in the finest sunshine, after days of heavy rain in Switzerland. In Geneva and Basle I had conversations both literary and political; the latter turned upon the great point which now occupies all heads and many hearts. On my journey to the South, in the beginning of December, I had to urge upon the unbelieving, deep sunk in the slumber of peace, the fact that war in Italy was at hand; this time I had to endeavour to persuade the thoroughly disturbed that peace was near, particularly in case of Palmerston's return to the Ministry. From the state of delirium into which the South of Germany is plunged, I was fortunate in recalling my friends in Switzerland, but not my friends here! With the exception of Gervinus and Schenkel, all desire to rush into a war with France, in order to help Austria—some, however, would rather wait till the immediate necessity shall have actually appeared. But the turn of opinion is at hand; people's eyes are about to be opened to the excessive amount of falsehood and exaggeration of the Austrians and their party. The middle class of the nation in the country, and many of the cultivated class, perceive out of what an abyss the steadiness of Prussia has kept them, and begin to change their tone, and to take courage. Those who, with Austria, endeavour to kindle a war, are,—*a*, the Priests; *b*, the Dynasties, which prop themselves up by means of Austria; *c*, the holders of Austrian State bonds; *d*, the Ultramontanes of 1848. They may be classed as—reactionary and actionary, Ultra*montane* and Ultra-*Montagne*. All that will not signify, if only (as I firmly hope) Prussia will go forward with the declaration that Germany shall not be dragged into war! Derby and Malmesbury are both in heart Austrian, from mistrust of Napoleon, who conducts himself correctly and patiently. Therefore

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I say, Italy free before the end of August; then a Congress of Peace, and peace itself before the 1st October, on which day I hope to commence my pilgrimage to Florence, and from thence to Cannes.

I found at home heaps of work waiting for me, and have laboured unremittingly to make a clearance; so that I am now again in full course of advancing. Henry has been here a week, rejoicing us with his presence; and we have not given up the hope of getting George also here, with wife and child, if the rain will but give way, which is now pouring upon us.

Bunsen's departure from the beloved South, on the 14th May, 1859, took place in a happy consciousness of improved health, and with the hope of returning before the close of the year. The journey by voiturier, as far as Aix in Provence (where the railway could first be joined), was attended by the unwonted spectacle of a succession of French regiments, cheerful, well appointed, and orderly, on their way to the fields of Magenta and Solferino. Bunsen had followed the development of events during the last winter with his accustomed fervour of anticipation, and, with his usual hopefulness, reckoned upon success more complete to the Italian cause than was at once to be granted; but having gone deeper than most of his contemporaries into the causes of the abasement of Italy, and estimating her capacity and her deserts at a rate not usually admitted among Germans, he considered that to rejoice in the prospect of her freedom and independence, and to believe in a high career of distinction among nations as reserved for her, were things of course. He was therefore not prepared for the state of universal feeling against Italy, and for the frantic enthusiasm in the cause of Austrian preponderance, which he found first in Switzerland on his way, and in yet greater intensity in the South of Germany. It was a new and painful experience to him to be expatriated in the midst of his own country, by the necessity of closing up in silence opinions that glowed with the heart's fire, and were

rooted in the convictions of his life. For few indeed were those who would attend with patience to his attempts, by reason and argument, to stem the current of convictions, the harder to be dealt with, as not being grounded in any tangible reality of fact, but resting on catchwords, 'jealousies and fears.' The prevailing sequence of argument would seem to have been, 'Italy is not an object for which the French Emperor would pour forth his hundreds of thousands, *therefore* it is the conquest of Germany that he intends; and *therefore* Germany must rise, and march to Paris to dictate a peace.' Let it not be thought that such sentiments or expressions have been fabricated by subsequent fancy; on the contrary, every variety of cadence and variation was framed and reiterated; the tone that sounds through them and individuals, whether insignificant or of weight, who risked ever so mild a dissonance, were subjected, in Heidelberg and elsewhere, to one form or other of proscription. The circumstance that Prussians were at this time not merely railed at, but exposed to insult, when venturing as single travellers into a mixed company of Southern Germans, is a clue to the origin of the volcanic explosion of 1859, and perhaps the only one, until the time shall come for bringing to light the documentary history of the present day, as has been done with that of the Seven Years' War, now known to have been both roused and kept up by the universal efforts of the Romanist clergy, bound by authoritative commands to effect the destruction of the one only Protestant power of the Continent.

In the extracts given from letters, a few hints may be observed of the discomfort experienced by Bunsen in contemplating the state of the public mind; and, had health and life been granted, much on this subject would have entered into those additional comments on the 'Signs of the Times,' which he promised himself to add to that work on the 'Life of Luther,' which now only

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exists in the compressed sketch that forms the article in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia.' This experience of life sunk deep with Bunsen, and caused a momentary longing for removal to a scene of different interest and activity. It would seem that his friends had supposed that when he was in Berlin in the preceding autumn, he would have applied for the appointment of Envoy to the Swiss Cantons, resident at Berne, as a post of repose in his latter years: it could hardly be offered to him, after the higher position that he had held, but would have been granted to him at his request. During a short absence of his wife in 1859, at Wildbad, she was surprised by a letter, stating the prospect as follows:—

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Monday, 25th July, 1859.

A thought having occurred to me, beloved, without seeking it, which was yesterday (Sunday) morning as new as it will now be to you, I will now talk it over with you, before I mention it to the children. If nothing should come of it, there would equally be a reply to the enquiry that we address to Providence.

May not the moment be come for applying for the Legation in Switzerland for myself? There is no Court, no representation! As Rochow said, 'Cattle and nature, beautiful,'—to which *we* add, 'Country and inhabitants good and free.' In the German and in the French Switzerland we have valued friends right and left. The vexed question of Neufchâtel is happily settled; the Prince will in all sincerity maintain friendship with the country, whose goodwill is courted by powerful rivals, with the two Emperors at their head: the nearest future will not alter this state of things, but will probably throw more light upon it. I can in Switzerland continue, and, please God, finish, the work of my life quite as well as here: indeed, as I have often thought and said, Switzerland is the proper soil of German tongue and evangelical spirit for my '*Bibelwerk*' and 'God-Consciousness' to take root in. Professor Schweizer, at Zurich,—Rilliet, at Geneva,—Edgar Quinet, at Montreux! In case of need I could pass the winter at Montreux, instead of at Cannes; and to Cannes we should be two days' journey

nearer than from hence. Political concerns would not cost me more time there than they do here, with writing and speaking. And here all becomes intolerable! The hatred against Prussia is daily growing worse. Gervinus was a few days ago cast out of the Club, for having spoken in defence of Prussia! The Concordat with Rome, and bitter railings against Prussia, is the order of the day in the Carlsruhe newspaper. Vexation at all this has made me restless.

I have prayed to God to show me the way: nothing bad or selfish was in the idea, which all at once stood before me,—God alone knows whether it would be good for us to follow it up: and *He will show the way.*

There you have the thoughts, and the history, of twenty-four hours. Had I but time, I should come myself to Wildbad: but we understand one another, even without being able to talk it over.

One sentence may as well be transcribed from the answer received by Bunsen two days after the last date, which was found among his papers:—

I applaud your new and most unthought-of plan, as to which I have not the shadow of misgiving, except as to your winter at Montreux! I grasp at the whole change with both hands, and could write more pages than there will be time for words, to show how I have shared the feeling of *expatriation* which evidently has been forced upon you by the incredible state of the public mind.

His next letter, dated 30th July, begins as follows:—

[Translation.]

What a comfort and joy, that you accept the idea of Berne so entirely and so joyfully, new and unprepared as it came to you! I have thereupon written to ——, and his reply to the confidential communication leaves nothing to be desired. Now that this has been done, I think no more of the matter, and I have not the feeling as if anything would come of it.

I have worked much, and with good result. I think that England has now played a great and fine part. *Disarming*, and acknowledging the rights of nationalities, with proper regard to ancient treaties, and the decision of the Great

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Powers. These are noble, and true, and human thoughts! We in Prussia have spent six million pounds sterling in three months, to make ourselves respected; and we speak only of the ancient treaties as the starting-point: and our only comfort is, not to have been thereby dragged into war. But where is political or Protestant instinct? Only grand, high-minded ideas can warm, guide, urge, and raise nations and humanity: and upon what else does Prussia rest? Woe to us, if the 'holy alliance' be our highest aim!

The North of Germany has returned to a sound temper of mind, but all Swabia is still mad.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Wildbad.*)

[Translation.]

2nd August, 1859.

My last letter contained significant words which will have prepared you for what might else be incomprehensible. Switzerland is given up. I felt that my inward spirit was never satisfied or tranquillised in the resolution to leave Germany. Soon after I had written to you, it knocked so loud that I was obliged to hear. I cannot, because I ought not to leave Germany: that would not be to remain on the height of my determination in 1854. It would be emigration: for I should never return!

Here, *or* at Berlin to close my life—that I feel to be my calling, and for that I feel courage and strength. Should I have no call, I remain where I am. '*Wo du bist, da bleib,*' as Luther says.

The last debates in Parliament of last Thursday are decisive. Palmerston and Lord John have spoken after my heart; and Cobden made a fine speech on Friday.

The plan of removal was given up, but the restlessness remained, which prompted removal; and never was the fullness of conscious life and power more observable in Bunsen, or the belief in his own ability to meet the demands of public interests that might be confided to him, than in this, the closing year of actual buoyant life. The position originally held by Leibnitz at the head of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, was at one time about to be offered to him;

but the project remained unexecuted for want of the funds necessary for a new endowment, and for placing the Institution upon an improved system. It will be observed, that the virulent hatred against Prussia, existing throughout Germany, is commented upon in the very same letter which speaks of the sums disbursed to place the Prussian army on a war-footing, for the defence of the common fatherland against an aggression which was supposed to be imminent,—for which act of patriotism no thanks were considered due, on the contrary, irritation was increased by the very spectacle of the power and preponderance of the *one* Protestant State, the one only rival of Austria, to whom the all-pervading, inostensible dictators of public feeling would give the undivided leadership of Germany. The fact of power and preponderance alone, *without* the existence of injuries to resent, is shown to be quite sufficient ground for the unsparing national hatred, entertained by a great proportion of Germans (whether Protestant or Romanist) against England; but the confessional ground of proscription takes in a far greater number of minds in Germany than that of jealousy of greatness. The power and preponderance of Prussia, less in degree, gives more umbrage in fact than that of England by being close at hand, within measurement, and supposed capable of being crushed. Which consummation may God avert! and that *He* will avert it, let others believe, with as firm a faith as Bunsen ever held! *

The thousands of Austrian prisoners, who, intermixed with the wounded of the Italian army in the summer of 1859, filled the hospitals of Turin, strongly excited the sympathy of Charles Bunsen, who, during the greater part of this summer, was alone in the Prussian Legation,—the occupations of which had been more than doubled since the declaration of war by Austria.

* All the above passages were written before 1866. The events of that year have, indeed, confirmed the views and the hopes here expressed.

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For the Austrian Government had, on withdrawing its Legation from Turin, left the multitudinous concerns of Austrians to be cared for by Prussia. Much leisure, therefore, the Prussian chargé d'affaires had not, for the melancholy office of perambulating the wards, to enquire into the state of soldiers wounded, suffering and dying, unacquainted as they were with the language of the hospital attendants, and therefore unable to communicate their wants and wishes. But his wife, with one other Prussian lady, undertook the office of daily visiting, morning and evening, one receptacle of sufferers or another. Other Germans were not to be found at Turin, or, if there were such, they were not disposed or capable to act in this matter. Besides uttering words of kindness in the language of the sufferers, taking commissions from some to write to relations, dispensing refreshing beverage, &c., &c., the visitors found the want of an additional supply of linen to be most pressing; the hospital stores and regulations allowed of a change but once in two days, and the heat of the season in that climate had reached its highest point—30 deg. of Réaumur. The portion which they had to give was soon exhausted, and thus Charles was induced to write to his parents at Heidelberg, with a statement and a request to interest friends in making a collection—of the manner of employment of which he promised to give an exact account to the subscribers. Immediately on the receipt of this application, Bunsen wrote his name at the head of a paper, which was the same day sent round to every house in Heidelberg where the family had either friends or acquaintances. The existing Austrian sympathies helped forward every good inclination to liberality, and an amount much beyond hope or calculation was the very next day forwarded by banker's order to Turin—where the gratitude of the dispensers of others' bounty was at least as great as that of the poor receivers. The transaction here indicated has a right to appear in a sketch of the life of

Bunsen, because it occupied his mind in many ways; satisfactorily reviving, among surrounding mankind, the sense of the warm and active sympathy of himself and all his family with everything that was German; and in various respects, historically remarkable, as part of the picture of the times.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 9th August, 1859.

I have just sent off to Leipzig the last portion of my 'Life of Moses.' . . . In addition to this I have had care, anxiety, and work up to the present moment; the crisis was decisive for Prussia, and the struggle of opinions at Berlin a hard one, so that I could not help making my voice to be heard,—which brought me into a long and exciting correspondence. Those who were decidedly against making war *for Austria* have at last conquered, and the hardening of the heart of Pharaoh (the Emperor of Austria) has done the most. All the more can we show our confederate faithfulness and willingness to self-sacrifice, just because we have not been driven too far. I think that the English Ministry has done right—I mean the present, Palmerston and Lord John; for Derby and Malmesbury have exercised an influence wholly in favour of Austria, by means of all their agents; the cause of Italian nationality was to them mere Piedmontese ambition; and Malmesbury used every effort to drive Prussia into war. Lord John's despatches to Berlin were quite the right thing, and Lord Palmerston (as I have always assured you) from the beginning understood the matter rightly,—'No occupation and no intervention!' I believe that Napoleon has *not* bound himself, and is *not* inclined, to use force or to allow it to be used, for bringing back the two fugitive Dukes. The alarm about an invasion of England, I consider to be madness: on account of the Danubian Principalities, and the Suez Canal, England will certainly not begin a war! Napoleon has made peace, from fear of the Excommunication of the Pope. This I know. The Empress is very bigoted. I have read Cobden's and Bright's speeches with pleasure, and I agree with them in all the main points; but Palmerston is in the best way to act in that sense—only England must

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have an arrangement for finding 5,000 seamen ready in case of need; the Volunteers will prove themselves what they are, also a Militia, of which Palmerston has already spoken.

My dear wife returned yesterday with Matilda from Wildbad. We expect Max Müller *with his wife* on the 20th—G. on the 24th. By that time I must have got my entire volume out of slips into sheets—the greater part during this week. Then I shall work very little for a fortnight; but holidays I cannot have at the earliest till the 15th October, on the way towards Italy and Cannes. My health is decidedly better, but I must again pass the winter there.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 14th September, 1859.

I have read Susannah Winkworth's translation of Tauler—in which labour she has sacrificed her health, but truly not in vain. Her historical treatment of the subject is admirable; she had, one may say, as good as *no* forerunner, and for information as to primary sources of intelligence, only a book in old German (the secret correspondence of the 'Friends of God') and a MS. lent her by Schmidt of Strasburg, who contributed nothing besides but a preface.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

26th September, 1859.

I have suggested and urged, that in 1860, when the fifty-years' jubilee of the Berlin University takes place, the two greatly-sunken establishments of the Academy of Arts and the Academy of Sciences should receive a new endowment,—the first, with Cornelius at its head, as director; another (Rietschl) had been thought of, under the supposition that Cornelius would not return from Rome, which I believe to be erroneous: at any rate, the first refusal is due to him. The Academy of Sciences, founded by Leibnitz, ought to have an endowment of 30,000 thalers annually, of which from 15,000 to 18,000 should go for the salaries, the rest for scientific enquiries.

[A letter dated *15th October*, adds on this subject the following:—] They cannot, at Berlin, make out the extra expense for the Academy; as the war-preparations and

other (necessary) charges swallow up the whole reserve fund.

We have taken our house at Cannes from the 1st December to the middle of March following, when I shall, if possible, carry out my plan of seeing again free Tuscany. But I must first see you, and I accept your kind invitation to Paris, if you are there by the middle of November; from whence I should be able to meet my family at Lyons at the end of the month. I shall be glad to see quietly many things at Paris, and my wife doubly rejoices in my journey thither, that I may be out of the disturbance of packing, which meanwhile must take place here. She sends you her love and thanks for including her in your kind invitation, but her presence is necessary to assist F. and E.

Charlottenberg: 5th October.—I knew not when I accepted your kind invitation that Ernest, with Elizabeth, would be at Paris on the 5th November, when, according to an old promise, I go to them, which will not prevent my being with you much, and I rejoice in the prospect. I continue in my belief that Napoleon will leave the Italians free to arrange their own concerns independently of himself. His reply to the Archbishop of Bordeaux is excellent and unequivocal.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: 23rd October, 1859.

I dictated the day before yesterday for eight hours and a half, alternately to Frances and Theodora, seventeen quarto pages altogether, and was afterwards fresh enough to read aloud Milsand's remarkable article in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' of the 15th of this month, 'Le Protestantisme Moderne,' treating of my 'Christianity and Mankind.'

You will be pleased with my second half volume, just completed. I am now in full course, and swim freely in the stream that I have cleared for myself; and I have yet the grandest part before me. 'Isaiah,' is finished for the documents, but wings will yet be added to him, as I have now left all cares of criticism behind.

2nd November.—Next winter, if I live, I shall not leave home; I suffer too much by being separated from my library. My departure is fixed, please God, for Friday, the 11th, right through to Paris.

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Bunsen to his Wife. (From Paris.)

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg, no! Paris: 17th November, 1859, Hôtel du Louvre.

Here I am, my beloved! after a thoroughly prosperous night-journey, brisk and strong as ever, not at all excited. At Kehl, and going to the Strasburg station, I was indisposed, which the amiable Charles Waddington bore with admirably. Ernest received me at half-past five, according to our time—here five o'clock—at the station. At the Custom-house, my card having been shown, they declined to examine anything.

And now for a vision out of the Thousand and One Nights! Opposite to the entrance of the Louvre Palace, an hotel nearly as large. Before my room-windows, the old and new Louvre, with two grass-plots right and left from the entrance of—the Gallery!

At half-past ten this morning to the Louvre,—the Venus of Milo seen for the first time!—then the ancient divinities, which I knew before. But something is wanting, and that is, all of you, and in particular yourself! To show Paris to you remains for another time, please God!

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Paris: 24th November, 1859.

I have just rejoiced over your letter from Basle. I think you will be soonest found at Charlotte Kestner's, and therefore shall recommend this letter to her kindness. That amiable image of our never-to-be-forgotten Kestner combines, as he did, the heart full of loving-kindness with an ever-lively and fresh intelligence.

I run up and down stairs daily at the Louvre and the Bibliothèque; and in the evening am very often occupied in conversation until eleven o'clock. In the morning, friends call from nine to twelve o'clock. I am imbibing a new world, and enjoy speaking to persons who think and know much. I may hope to have left an impression here. Cobden is here, still laid low by fever: yet it is believed that the danger of a more serious illness is past. His sojourn at Paris, and his life altogether, are of the greatest importance.

My assertions as to the continuance of peace, and the Emperor's pacific sentiments, met with universal oppo-

sition at first; but now people begin to find out that I was right. The weather is incomparable; sunshine and a mild temperature. CHAP. XIX.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Mrs. Schwabe's, 4 Rue de Berri, Champs Elysées: 29th November, 1859.

Yesterday, half an hour before midnight, I took leave of Ernest and Elizabeth, after accompanying them to the Hôtel du Chemin de Fer from Rosseuw St. Hilaire's wonderfully agreeable evening. In this house I found the kind friend who had lent me her carriage, awaiting me—all in charming preparation, only too much so; ante-room, bedchamber (the same which was occupied by the Princess of Wied in 1853-54), another room, besides one for the servant. Soon after midnight, I was in the best sleep. I do not cough much, and live as it were in Paradise. I shall write to Theodora, and to Emilia. What recollections I have in this house of the relief so wonderfully experienced! * So we meet again, please God, on Saturday.

Bunsen to Theodora von Ungern-Sternberg.

[Translation.]

Rue de Berri, Paris: 29th November, 1859.

This is the day of family separation for you, beloved Theodora; and my soul is therefore peculiarly present with you, and I thank God more than ever that you are so happy as a wife and mother, and that you are *what you are*—the object of love and admiration to us all. We are separated, but only to feel ourselves in fact nearer than ever.

I am here, surrounded with good will and respect, and I may hope to have both given and received impressions that will not perish. I bring many autographs for my dear daughter's collection. Here I live, as in a dream; yet I long after the stillness of the family hearth. A thousand greetings to your excellent husband, so dear to us all! and kiss for me the two angels who know their grandfather. How often I think of Rosa, and miss her!

Four o'clock.—I have just been in the painting-room of

* The restoration of Emilia, by the hands of Count Szapary, in 1854, which took place in that very house.

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Scheffer, and have seen the high-priestess of that mausoleum of genius. I am enraptured. I had no conception before of the wide grasp and deep reach of the artist; and the daughter is a wonderful being, between a Muse and a Medusa. God be with you! Farewell!

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Hôtel de l'Univers, Lyons: Sunday, 4th December, 1859.

Last night, having happily arrived, I found my dear family arrived before me after a cold journey; and after a somewhat lengthened rest, I feel refreshed in the rooms, which want nothing but the presence of the kind friend who awaited us here in May last. My head and heart are so full, that I can but write a few poor lines. I have the entire fortnight of a whole life-period before me, and I long for the rest and stillness of my earthly paradise, to be able to arrange and put in order my impressions before I can write them down. But first of all I must express my thankful affection in return for your inexhaustible kindness and care—upon which my thoughts were for ever dwelling, during the somewhat too long, but agreeable drive of eleven hours.

Cannes: 8*th December*, 1859.—We left Lyons on Monday morning, half-past seven, the 5th, in icy coldness, but already between Valence and Orange we entered the mild region of the South, and at Avignon we found the Spring—at Toulon, roses were blossoming in a hedge. Here we live among orange-blossoms and ripe oranges, blooming hedges of myrtle and rosemary, under the finest blue sky. I accomplished a walk yesterday of an hour and half, and to-day of two hours, with visits between, without any oppression of breath. I intend to write down my impressions of Paris.

20*th December*.—I have written to ——, with full consideration of his strange and unregenerate nature, which acts by impulse, and not according to fixed principles, and is full of mistrust and suspicion of all high-placed persons; of course, you may be sure I have written with sincerity. We shall see how he accepts the letter, and proceed accordingly: one can help no one, against his will. My own view of the case is, that Rome is or may become poison to him, as it has been to —— and to so many Germans. 1860

will be a terrible year, in which everywhere preparations for war are being made, although there will be as certainly no war, as that the silver moon is setting before my window, and the sun is about to rise from the waves in the cloudless sky.

On Sunday, at last, I took up my Gospel-translation once more, and worked with inexpressible pleasure at it. We have had much rain, with a temperature of half a degree below zero by night, and 12° Centigrade by day. But this is a true day of the sun—in which we may attain 20°, although shallow water froze in the night. I walk daily without difficulty. The house that we wished for at Bonn would seem to be secured to us from the 15th May.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Friday, 9th December, 1859.

In spite of remains of a cold, I am better than I ever was last year. With all the excitement and fatigue I went through at Paris, I was yet strengthened and refreshed there, bodily and mentally. I was received with the greatest distinction—and found all my powers called forth enjoyably in a congenial circle of independent minds belonging to various parties, who had been drawn to a point of union by my researches, or felt an attraction towards myself; and I felt on my side an inward experience of that in which the French are before us, and of that in which we have the superiority over them;—*we*, in research,—*they*, in the power of combining research and its results with the consciousness of the cultivated classes, and the needs of the present time. They had supposed me personally more of an anchorite than they found me, and my books more learned than myself: and what they in reality encountered proved acceptable from first to last. I lived there as in a dream; conversation-hours, from nine o'clock to twelve, and again from three to five: from twelve to three, sights and visits: from five to six, sleeping, before the social campaign from seven to twelve. Speech and thought became unloosed, which before had seemed bound, in the society of such men as Mignet, Villemain, Cousin, Laboulaye, Renan, Milsand, Saisset, Pressensé, Bersier, Parieu, Michel Chevalier. The last-named insists upon my being presented to the Emperor (on my *supposed* return by Paris

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in May)—in order to speak to him of the mode of constituting self-government in cities. The great work of peace is quietly progressing between the Emperor and Cobden, and will have wonderful results; Cobden makes full use of the 'franc parler' allowed him; and he assures me he can only confirm what both Lord Palmerston and Lord John had said to him beforehand—that there has never been before upon the French throne a Monarch and Ally so trustworthy and desirous of peace as Louis Napoleon. Gladstone has behaved admirably. We shall therefore have peace! And Non-intervention! That is all that is needed by the noble-minded, brave, wise, and moderate individuals and people of Italy. The Jesuits and their patrons will *not* return.

I have contended much with Legitimists and Orleanists,—the spirit was moved in me to utter my convictions of truth. There is a want of political wisdom among them: they are influenced by hatred and vexation,—vexation, when *He* does what they dislike, and yet greater, when *He* does that which they would have reserved for themselves to do.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Saturday morning, 10th December, 1859.

Theodore's appointment to the Japanese Expedition removes a weight from my heart. God be thanked! . . . He will enter with one leap into the midst of a fine career, without the senseless, time-killing, ultra-Chinese examinations; without fagging in the business of provincial Courts or a government office—*mediam in rem*—as if we lived under a rational system, based upon division of labour, resting and reckoning upon intellectual cultivation, and not upon the training of a 'maid of all work.' After the present fashion our diplomatic body must sink to the lowest ebb. The fundamental error is supposing that the State is bound to find a position for every man who has passed his examination. Here our national infirmity, I mean, poverty—is in fault; but still more the system which draws off the strength of the nation into military and government offices.

Nothing pleases me more than that you should have resolved thoroughly to study the great practical science of the century—National Economy. Should you fall into the German

sin, of bringing forward matter to which the last *rédaction* is yet wanting—take it not too much to heart. Other nations consider this the principal point of importance—as I clearly saw more than ever when present at the meetings of the French Institute. Everyone must learn to know what his own nature requires; I never make out the right *rédaction* in what I write, without having had my first well-worked draft transcribed, so that I can with ease read it to myself; and often does it happen to me to consider that first sketch as the work of the pedant (*Philister*) in me, and after having made beginning and end clear to my mind, I make a new thing of it, writing it out fair, with a new pen, wholly or in part. To address other minds is an art that must be learnt and exercised,—like every other, including elocution,—which in our schools ought to be more practised than singing: the latter is for a few, the former for all; the one is an ornament, the other a want and a necessity.

To judge from my own experience, I should say you would never enter well into National Economy but by studying the thing from its very beginning. That truly great man, the Kepler and Copernicus of the science,—Adam Smith, seems to me still to be the best guide in that subject. All subsequent writers, more or less consciously, base their arguments on Adam Smith, presupposing the student to be already possessed of his reasonings and results; and pass lightly over that, which with him is in the act of struggling into life. Of these the most thorough-going, but also the most tiresome, is Stuart Mill. He works out all speculative questions by the four rules of logic, instead of employing higher methods; which to us Germans is intolerable, though it may be a wholesome discipline. The work of Minghetti is of its kind the most justly constructed on the basis of universal humanity, because he ranks National Economy below the moral-political, without distorting or falsely conceiving (like Atkinson) the fundamental truths of the science. Among the English Ministers, Palmerston and Gladstone understand the thing thoroughly; the former was a pupil of the great man.

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To the Same.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Christmas Eve, 1859.

One o'Clock.—I am just returned from church, where we all collected round the Lord's table. Roussel, the preacher, and Admiral Pakenham (who built the chapel) as elder, distributed bread and wine, the congregation forming a wide semicircle in front of the Communion-table. It was the first time that I had communicated according to the purely 'reformed' custom of Geneva; and I now know by experience that this manner of celebration is the right one. The Dutch sit round a table—which is the literal principle wrongly conceived; but the method of Geneva preserves the real sense, considering the congregation as the worshipping family of God. There were communicants of various nations,—many French, besides English, Americans, and Germans. A consciousness of the devotion pervading all seized me powerfully and invigoratingly; and I found utterance for a prayer which in the latter years has ever recurred to me more intensely—'Lord, take away from me all, even the perception and comprehension of Thy works,—but only not the belief in Thy eternal goodness and mercy, and in Christ and His Spirit, as the living soul of the moral order of the universe! Amen.' May I feel the same in the hour of my death! Amen!

My work has progressed prosperously. After having got rid of the revisal of printed sheets of 'Egypt,' of the 'Bible Documents,' and of the Italian translation of 'Signs of the Times,' I read through, and here and there corrected, my achievements of last winter—the 'Life of Jesus' and my translation of Matthew and Mark. I have found the whole correct, and now I can work on, out of the fullness of my material. A comparative view of the three Gospels will form the opening of the (Bible) volume of the New Testament. The inner construction of the three evangelical narratives, and the course of the 'Life of Jesus,' are now so distinct before me, that I can at once make all divisions and sub-divisions clear in this general view, and carry them through in the text, instead of the usual chapter-divisions, which are to be only marked on the margin. With every step in progress, this view, entertained in 1818 and 1832, is ever more and more confirmed,—as is always the case with the truth. But I am come thus to

the conviction, that I have originated something new, both as to translation and explanation, which must in the course of the next century overthrow all the half-measures hitherto practised, as well as all the pedantic, visionary, and delusive systems of interpretation; and with this feeling I shall now write the ninth volume—'The Bible in Universal History, and Universal History in the Bible'—from the beginning, freely out of my head—everywhere giving utterance to the final questions.

The work for the rest of the winter is to be the completion of the translation of the Gospels. John and the Acts of the Apostles I hope to bring with me. I have not been so well for years! God be thanked!

Bunsen to Theodora von Ungern-Sternberg.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 29th December, 1859.

I must send a New Year's greeting to my beloved Theodora and her dear husband; at this festival-time my heart is peculiarly with them and their dear children. How I missed you all on Christmas Eve! Frances had arranged everything beautifully, and accomplished seeming impossibilities in the given space, both as to the tree, and the collecting children and others; we had fifteen Protestant women and children, and many to all appearance awakened souls, of this place. Marie von Ungern-Sternberg was also present; but she is now, with her mother, gone to Nice. Besides getting rid of the most pressing writing debts, I have sent off sixteen English and two German corrected sheets, and twelve Italian 'Segni del Tempo,' which are about to come out; and I am better than I have been for years. At Paris I did more than I could have supposed possible, but in that there was much of mental excitement; I was indescribably happy there, in finding so many intellectual points of union, such boundless kindness, and only too great an appreciation of myself as a writer of enquiring spirit, and also as a man of seriousness and of sincerity.—Tell me how that *unique* Cat goes on! I say *unique*, for where did one ever hear of another cat, that watched like a Dog to walk out with one?

CHAP XIX.

Bunsen to Miss Winkworth.

Cannes: Christmas, 1859.

My fortnight's stay at Paris was very instructive and rousing to me, but I could not long have borne to remain in that distracted condition of society. My general impression is, that in the minds of the men of highest intellect, a preparation is going forward for a new epoch; namely, that for which I work, and for which I pray; a period of serious and yet free research after the reality of Christianity among the Catholics, and of advancement in the same direction among the learned Protestants, with a quick growth and spread of congregational life. A free Italy will yet overtake France! I consider Renan to be sincere, and hope that his philosophy will increase in spirituality.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 30th December, 1859.

A blessed New Year, and peace, be to our hearts, to the world, to this deeply diseased and confused humanity! I must send these words before I seat myself in the carriage which is waiting to take us for the rest of this year to Nice, where I shall this day and to-morrow visit the Grand Duchess Stéphanie and the Dowager Countess Bernstorff. Then we return to await the New Year in serious stillness, and on the 1st January all is ready for my beginning to write. I have got rid of my worst debts of letters, and am half dead, tired, but otherwise better than for many years. The weather has been magnificent, 11 to 15 degrees in the shade, clear sky, the earth full of blossoms, and the air of perfume.

I think Napoleon III. has become the Alexander of the modern world, in cutting through the Gordian knot of the question of Romagna and of Rome; and that only *he* could do. May God give a blessing to the work! and, above all, to the noblest work of peace, which in your near neighbourhood is carried on in 'quietness and hope.'*

2*nd January*, 1860, *six o'clock, morning*.—The manifesto pamphlet of the Emperor Napoleon is the greatest event of this century; for it announces the decisive resolution of the one man of power of the time, to execute with wisdom at the

* Allusion to Cobden's negotiation for a commercial treaty.

right moment what Napoleon I. undertook in the spirit of conquest and achieved by violence. However, the writing has its weak parts; the logical proof goes only so far as to make out that neither the Pope nor any other can or ought to reconquer the Romagna, and that the diplomatic form of Walewski is the right one: 'The Pope loses nothing, he retains all that he really possessed.' But that juicy morsel he has not! How long will the rule of force, and yet powerless, continue over the Marches, which have no frontier towards the Romagna? And then Umbria, with its capital, Perugia! Lastly, Rome itself! All this is as yet dark; for the clearing up, events are necessary; but to me it is a sign of the fulfilment of that which I anticipated in 1838, on the day of quitting Rome at the close of a sonnet addressed to the Pope:—

> A mightier than thou is at hand to overwhelm thee:
> The power of Rome sinks but before the Gospel.*

The weather is indescribably delightful; we drove out in an open carriage from two till four yesterday, to our great refreshment. I accept your kind offer to send me pamphlets, for I can get nothing here, and would ask for, 1. '*Le Pape et le Congrès*;' 2. the 'Reply of the Bishop of Orleans;' 3. Azeglio's noble pamphlets. The Priests will injure their own cause by their immoderate uproar; it is just the same with us.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

14th January, 1860.

The day before yesterday I received the noble publication of Azeglio. Nothing could be better! I am preaching it up in Germany, where the lazy spirits will not catch fire! I have proposed to Brockhaus to have it translated; if he will not, I shall try Nicolai at Berlin, offering to furnish anonymous notes to it. I am ashamed of German narrowness of heart. The nation will have to suffer for it, and the priests and the smaller States will do their part in that retribution! *Vetter Michel* always gets right again, but too late. It is a real pleasure, at this time, to look towards England and Prussia, more especially to England. The human and Chris-

* See Appendix for the original.

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tian view of things is become the view taken by statesmen—Humanitary Christianity has become national policy. May God bless Cobden, and Palmerston, and Lord John for it!

I continue to be well, and I accomplish much.

Bunsen to a Lady.

Cannes: Saturday, 14th January, 1860.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have read your letter addressed to me, dated yesterday, with due attention; and I thank you for the Christian frankness of your remarks on my writings, or at least on the extracts which have met your eyes; for which I cannot make a better return than replying with the same openness.

It is unfortunate that your objection is grounded on a decided misapprehension of the sense of the passage you quote from my 'Constitution of the Church of the Future.' The aim of that whole treatise is to prove that we want in all Christendom a second Reformation, based upon the glorious movement of the sixteenth century, but controlled by the paramount authority of the Bible well understood, and centering in Christ, His person, and His Gospel. Nothing, therefore, could be further from my mind than to say (as you imagine I did) that the Church of the Future would have less of Christ. The meaning of the words that Luther wanted more of Christ, the Church of the Future more of the Spirit (or words to that effect), is, obviously, according to the whole argument of the book, that the Reformation having established the great principle of faith in Christ, which at that period was the point to be established, it seemed now incumbent upon us to see whether the doctrine of the Gospel, respecting the Spirit of the Father and the Son, had been equally well understood by the Churches which have sprung from the Reformation. I assert, upon the testimony of the Gospels, and especially that of St. John, and the doctrines of the Apostolic Epistles, particularly the first of St. John, that this question must be negatived. Now, of course, this assertion may be controverted; but the assumption that it implies the Church of the Future being less centred in Christ than that of the first Reformation is incontrovertibly a mistake, because it is contradicted by every word in that treatise, not to speak of the books in which I have since endeavoured to develope and demonstrate that

assertion. In these books I have also had occasion to lament the visionary character of many evangelical writers of this century, founded upon a most deplorable misinterpretation of Daniel and of the Apocalypse, and distorting and overlooking Christ's promise of the Spirit to His disciples and the followers of the Gospel, *on this earth*, and upon the basis of Christ's teaching and example. I must, therefore, deeply regret that you call Dr. Arnold's views on this subject explicitly 'visionary;' for I am convinced that his Christian greatness and holiness of character centre in that belief, and that in the preaching of it in all his works, he combated what I must call, with him, the 'visionary' views of those who look for another state of existence here, such as shall change the condition of mankind from one of injustice and violence into one based upon the application of the Gospel to all our domestic, social, and political relations.

Of the strength of that conviction I cannot give you a proof stronger than that of my having dedicated the work of which M. Milsand has given some extracts (in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*') to the 'blessed memory of Arnold,' with words such as admiration and Christian conviction can furnish. I am sorry to perceive that you have no other idea of Christian research and philosophy than that its spring of action is the desire to exercise the understanding, and that it is founded on the pride of reason. No, my dear Madam; let a humble and sinful, but true and sincere disciple of Christ, who has dedicated a life of study for more than fifty years to the subject and aim of research after *all Truth*, and in particular the Truth that is in Christ,—let him tell you in his old age, that only by a great *moral effort* can the intellectual labour be sustained, or even originated; that the effect of knowledge is to humble, and not to excite, the pride and vanity of intellect. Neither science, nor ignorance, neither research nor visionary conjecture, can lead us to Christ, and give that peace of mind after which every human soul is yearning; nor fill the spirit with that charity, or strengthen the will to that self-sacrifice, which are the only efficient tests of Christian faith. Had you but *read* my writings, you would, in spite of differences of opinion on single points, admit that through their whole long course I have never separated Truth from God, nor reason from conscience. On the contrary, I have combated such divorce as the ruin of religion, and the opposite of Christianity.

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Let me also assure you that the search after truth, and particularly after Christian truth, is not a path strewn with roses, but a thorny path, upon which all the evil influences of ignorance, conceit, prejudice, and, above all, of self-interest and of Mammon, await the faithful enquirer; and every one would avoid entering upon it who does not consider the doing so as a sacred duty, as a mission, which must be accepted, on pain of becoming a faithless steward and a traitor. Research of this kind has its peculiar and divine charm, and carries its reward in itself, whenever it holds fast conscientiously by truth.

A great judgment of God is going on before us, visible to the searching eye, beginning with the date of 1517, becoming more awful in the seventeenth century, and pouring forth its avenging wrath in the course of revolutions beginning in 1789, even striking the most obtuse minds, at the same time refreshing the Christian with the meaning of the Psalm, 'The Lord is King for evermore.'

What we have witnessed in Italy is clearly only the beginning of a great regenerating work of the Spirit of God in all the Roman Catholic nations. What a humiliation then must it be to all Christian souls, and above all to the Christian philosopher, in whatever system or form he may cast his thoughts, to see how paltry dissensions and disputes (sometimes merely personal) separate evangelical Christians, and prevent the growth of Christian congregations, to the triumph of sneering enemies!

But perhaps this humiliation is wanted, that we may make a return upon ourselves, and more than ever implore strength and life of the Spirit of God to rise above all such impediments of the Kingdom of Christ in our hearts, as promised upon earth 'to men of good will.'

Let this be the New Year's wish and prayer for both of us, and for all our Christian friends, as it is of,

Yours sincerely, BUNSEN.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

13th January, 1860.'

My enthusiasm is ever increasing as I dwell upon the great deed of Massimo d'Azeglio, in his golden work, admirably written—'*La Politique et le Droit Chrétien, dans la Question Italienne,*' Nov. 1859.

I only await the answer of one publisher (who will probably decline) to attack another, but the book must not appear naked: it must be first arranged for the German horizon, and that demands a pithy, forcible preface, and sufficient notes, either under or after the text. And then Azeglio himself is not in all points thoroughly well informed, particularly with reference to the Memorandum addressed to the Pope on May 28, 1832. He says, 'All was promised—nothing executed;' but he should have said, The Pope and all the members of the Conference were willing to accept the terms of the Memorandum, and Cardinal Bernetti had zealously prepared for its being faithfully carried out; but the Emperor of Austria insisted upon the omission of the essential words, 'municipalités, élues par les populations'—and His Holiness gave way, so that the roots of the tree were cut off, and nothing living could be developed out of it.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 18th January, 1860.

I have composed much; yesterday the explanation (for the 'Life of Jesus') of John v. 16—47, which was entirely wanting, in my opinion, although Lücke had already rightly pointed out the spiritual sense, from 24 to 30, as that of the whole. Neither has the development and progression in the teaching and influence of Jesus been considered, partly owing to want of courage, partly from shallowness. How thankful I was to find that the historical arrangement I made in 1835, and wrote out fairly in my MS. at Frascati, was fit to be transcribed for printing, with but few corrections and improvements in single points! There is something very satisfactory in the feeling of having carried on a research during a quarter of a century, with most careful testing, and finding it at last as sound as genuine wine!

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 26th January, 1860.

Early to-day I received, by your kindness, a great piece of intelligence, for France, for the peace of Europe, for the freedom of Italy. Cobden is become the first diplomatist of the world. He has stimulated the Emperor to the boldest of

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deeds, to attack the most hateful prejudices, just in that part of the population where he used to have many friends. May God bless the work!

For many the present is a war of religion; for those whose God is Mammon, and their Gospel the old Continental system of Napoleon I. But the true God must conquer.

How poor is the Report of the Minister, in answer to the Emperor's State paper! That will not do. It is the old error, dating from 1599, only strengthened by the fiscality of centralisation. That the Communes should yield to the State one half of the deserts and marshes reclaimed by their own labour and money, is worse than the demands of Pharaoh. Until the Emperor calls the Communes into life—encourages them to live and to act—all the money is thrown away. If the State undertakes such works itself, it is robbed and cheated; the Emperor experienced that in the Sologne. May God grant him better Ministers, and subjects less irrational!

27*th January.*—Many thanks for the pamphlets! to which I join a request that you would send me, in the same manner, '*Julien—les Epoques des Révolutions de la Terre et de la Mer*,' Paris, end of 1859. The author is a lieutenant in the French service. '*Galignani*' has twice given extracts from this book; it explains a theory I have first applied to chronology in my 'Egypt,' and I must mention it in the Preface to my last volume of the English edition.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Sunday, 29th January, 1860.

I reckon upon not spending the two next winters in the South. At this moment, placed upon the Alps, my heart calls out, 'Italia! Italia!' beholding Rome before my feet. But, my calling is—personal teaching and influencing others. I feel so greatly revived as not to give up this hope.

I am puzzling my head as to what the Pope will do. 'Il Leone quando arriva il giorno (che avvegnerà tosto) che si vede chiuso nella gabbia, farà tremar l' Europa prima di rendersi,' said Capaccini on taking leave of me. But, how will this be? War, he will not be able to rouse. Every State has too much on hand at home; money is wanting; the two maritime Powers are all-powerful, and all follow in

their wake. The Interdict would be dangerous, if unsuccessful. Will he assemble an Œcumenical Council, as a shield, like the American in Paris on the 2d December, who screened himself behind a girl supplicating him for protection? . .

I am composing with spirit and success; if it please God, I may, in the spring of 1861, be able to give a course of lectures 'on the Theory and History of the Consciousness of God,' in the Aula at Bonn.

Bunsen to M. Renan.

[Translation from the French.]

Cannes: 30th January, 1860.

Since I parted from you at the entrance of the Library, I have meditated upon a letter to you, which I am impatient to write. To make your personal acquaintance was one of the principal objects of my journey to Paris; and to have seen you, looked upon you, listened to you, observed, studied, and valued you, has been among the most precious stores of remembrance that I bore away with me to my winter-hermitage. You opened to me your mind and your soul, and I found there in reality what, from the beginning, I judged to be the mainspring of your thoughts and aspirations; easily, because willingly convinced that, although starting from very different and often opposite points, we yet both tend towards the same end—the seeking after truth, revealed by conscience as well as reason; certain that such truth exists, and that the mystery of the soul of man is not only the mystery, but also the conscience, of the universe, and, consequently, its key. The study of your admirable volume, '*Essais de Morale et de Critique*,' could only confirm me in this conviction. I perceive in it that you have advanced greatly, revealing more and more the depth and seriousness of your soul, and the freedom of mind demonstrated by self-command over painfully-irritating impressions, which were, perhaps, still too marked in your first volume. I admire the Preface more especially, as a grand confession of faith; and the rare quality displayed, of courage in conviction, there where you are well aware of being about to wound self-love, both personal and national, to rouse bitter animosity on the part of those whose idols you are breaking, and occasion misunderstanding even among your friends and admirers. Also

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the *pessimisms* of which you accuse yourself, and yet in which you have a right to take credit are, to my mind, only the utterance of faith in that which is essentially good—which implies a firm belief in the final victory of the Good—and therefore of truth, in spite of evil, and by means of the very energy of evil. In this sense I am as much a pessimist as yourself, except that I trust, more than you do, to the germs of good that I believe to be expanding in our time, and to the signs of the approach of a second Reformation, which must be evangelical and not theological, biblical and not dogmatic, although religious throughout, based upon a social regeneration of the Latin and Germanic nations.

The two several epochs of 1517 and 1789 must unite; and it was that of 1688 which gave the signal for such a union.

You will, therefore, imagine the satisfaction I experienced in your attack upon the worship of Béranger, rather than upon Béranger himself! It is indispensable first to cast down idols, before the ground can be prepared for the altar of the living God. Your volume having been my first occupation on arriving here, I had wished to have written to you without delay; but, I felt the need of first arranging the work left unfinished at Charlottenberg, and, as the creative instinct revived in me, I required the renewal of inward consciousness that the conception had not escaped from me, and that I had, as before, the weaving-threads all in hand.

I had been obliged to leave, for my winter-quarters of 1860, the completion of an undertaking begun in 1836—the restoration of the chronologic order of the 'Life of Jesus,' from the beginning of the second year of His preaching until His return from the second journey to Jerusalem (for the Festival of Purim). I was sure that my sketch was true, and my reckoning exact, and in the quarter of a century which has since elapsed, I had on all sides collected new evidence in its support; but, both time and courage were wanting to me, in the spring of 1859, to attempt explaining the whole to my public (which I call the Congregation) without being tiresome, and yet, so as to furnish the means, as well as to stimulate resolution to follow me, by the use of this clue of Ariadne, through the labyrinth. I was thus driven by necessity to set to work, and I hope you will be satisfied with what I shall have accomplished.

The separate work (not forming a portion of the '*Bibel-*

werk') is the 'Life of Christ,' without any scaffolding; a life, in the first place, of *two years* out of thirty-two, and since, of 1800 years. A week ago I finished filling up the void of which I told you; and then, taking in hand my correspondence, I was about to write to you, when your article in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' of the 15th November came to hand, followed by the '*Journal des Débats*' of the 28th, with the article of M. Bersier. Now, I write at last in haste, as the moment inspires me, in the apprehension lest my letter should not be written, because I have been so continually occupied with you and your writings! It shall depart to-day, just as it has issued freshly from my heart.

In the endeavour to make clear to my own mind what it is that unites us, and what it is that appears to separate us, I come to the consolatory conviction that we are separated by nothing essential, and that our divergencies are, in part, those of age, in part that of the starting-point. You know my opinion as to empiricism on the one hand, and on the other, as to wholly logical metaphysics (so called pure, equal to empty) in the science of the finite mind. It is as if astronomy were to be studied without making observations, either according to apparent phenomena, or according to the circles of Ptolemy (which being geocentric, answer to the psychological method), or lastly, according to an abstract system, which should ignore the facts of the planetary motions. And yet, this is the point at which we have arrived at this very hour! We are in want of the knowledge of facts, and of the science of their connection, of their finite causality, which, in our historical sphere, signifies development, or science of *evolution*.

The real science of the finite mind should be, then, the combination, on one hand, both scientific and methodical, of a theory of existence in reference to evolution, and of a method of progress from logic (the negative) to reality (the positive) by the categories of evolution, modified by the specific nature of the subjects logically formulised, such as Language, Religion, Art, Science—and, on the other hand, of the critical arrangement of facts, considered philologically (the fact, itself, that is, the accomplished fact), and historically (the fact in process of becoming, the fact as member of a series, as the link of a chain).

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God has given to us both, my dear friend, a glorious task, but a very laborious one. The curve of the orbit of the finite mind, which Plato and Aristotle had partially divined, is now before us, enlarged by 5,000 years of history, and charged with a Pantheon of the languages and the civilising religions of our species. Without interfering with the taste of others, I envy not, any more than yourself, those who treat the philosophy of history either in the manner of Voltaire or of Hegel. I am impatient, more especially since my retirement in 1854, to return to my sketch made as a young man of twenty-five years of age;—but whether I leave the task to another, or whether I accomplish it myself, it must be carried through by possession of all the observations and the results of knowledge which are strictly necessary—defective and fragmentary though they be, like everything done or attempted by man. That is *my* scientific task—and I believe that you and I are not so much at variance, as I feared on first reading your Semitic Grammar, as regards the principles of the analyses of languages in their primitive connection, nor with respect to the philosophy of religion, and more particularly of *Christianity*. Since I have seen you, I have the testimony of personal impression, which is worth more to me than all possible written ones: that is, the hidden source, the complex, and the key, of the past, present, and future of the writer; the infinite factor is comprised in it.

As to your last article more particularly, I begin where it terminates, by that fine prayer to the Heavenly Father, which assuredly was granted as it issued from your soul. You have also admirably demonstrated the need of erudition: for that is the first desideratum to oppose to the abstract philosophers, and the men of many words, as the author of a recent work which I showed to you. Perhaps you have gone too far in defending antiquarianism, which in Italy has stifled erudition; and in seeming to defend pedantry, which has had a similar evil effect in France, to the advantage of a literature apparently erudite, but not founded upon reality of research. I am sure you would be the last to separate the labour and the value of research from its just object; and to place on the same line the ascertaining of facts which decide the fate of humanity, and the research into barbarian conditions which

lead to no important issue; or to equalise enquiries into languages bearing the most eminent impress of mind in the given stadium, with the collecting of incoherent words, like to metals effaced, or originally ill-struck. Similar to this is the case of systems of religion: but in the most important sphere of these,—the only one which it is in our power thoroughly to know, and closely to follow in the course of development, it is perfectly true that nothing therein is small or indifferent, considered as an integral part—if only the collective whole be kept in sight.

You will have seen, in my preface to the 'Documents' (*Urkunden*), that I have engaged to write some more complete historical Apocrypha for the four centuries between Malachi and the death of Herod. It is a Curtius-enterprise;—but that void must be filled up, and would have been filled up this long time, if the 'History of the Old Testament' had ever been read, as a course of events having really taken place.

This is the last serious labour that remains to me in the field of research; and I feel already like Hannibal at the summit of the Alps,—the glorious Italy of the Kingdom of God before me, and Rome at my feet!

Rome!—her destinies are on the way of fulfilment, and the prophecy of St. Benedict of its accomplishment.

I will not speak of politics, although who does not live in the thought of them, in this grand climacteric year of Latin Europe? I am less surprised than concerned at many appearances in the French press; it might be thought that to everybody the epoch was too serious to be treated of in merely witty phrases. I believe, in my conscience, that it is the duty of all to demonstrate to the Emperor that he can only accomplish the gigantic task he has imposed upon himself, by trusting to liberty of discussion, and to the free action of municipalities. The Report of the Minister proves to me that with the ideas therein established, the *Letter* of the Emperor will remain a dead letter; and the attempt will be renewed to make the nation move with shackled feet;—I say not, with closed mouth, for it is clear that the discussion as to the method of executing the plans of Henri Quatre is perfectly free in France at this moment. The Emperor personally desires the action of the

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communes; the essential conditions of such action ought to be demonstrated to him,—which might be done without attacking the actual Empire in its principle.

How far have you proceeded in your 'Song of Songs'? There is nobody who awaits it with such warmth of impatience as myself. Forgive the length, the frankness, and the want of style of this letter! *Vale et fave!*

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to M. Réville (Pasteur at Rotterdam).

[Translation from the French.]

Cannes: 31st January, 1860.

I had already intended, during my sojourn at Cannes last year, to have addressed to you a letter of Christian and theological fraternity, after reading your articles (in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*') upon the history of the doctrine of Justification by Faith; where I met you upon the same road that I have travelled myself, drawn towards the same end, by the force of attraction of the same truth. The formulæ of the old theology are dead, even those relating to the most essential doctrines, such as that of Justification, and that of the Eternal Decrees of God; and the only ground of hope is in the inherent strength of the Gospel, the centre of which is the consciousness of the personal God, manifested in Jesus Christ, and the Spirit which Jesus has left to His people—that is, to the congregation of believers—or, in other words, to humanity regenerated.

But on reflection I preferred sending you first my *printed letter* under the title of 'God in History,' of which I hope you will have received the copy which I directed Brockhaus to forward to you. You will have found it a long letter, peculiarly addressed to yourself. Should a French edition of it be intended, I should re-cast the work by abridging the first volume.

I cannot, however, now delay any longer addressing to you a few winged words from your own France, being impelled to give utterance to what I had almost termed my *exultation* in all that you have said in the article of the 1st November, 1859 (in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*'), suggested by the work of M. Renan on the present problem of Christian science, and of the history of the Spirit, which

is inseparable from it. These words are written out of my very heart; and I feel that you regret as much as I do the remainder of the *old leaven* of negation in M. Renan's preface to Job; but according to his volume of '*Essais de Morale et de Critique*,' and his article of the 15th of this month, upon 'The Future of Metaphysics in France,' it is impossible that he should not have made, and still be making, vast progress in the right way; and in sincere progress; because he possesses real sincerity of soul, as well as depth of heart.

I should be glad indeed to make your personal acquaintance, and wish that you could visit me this next summer at Bonn. Much as I should desire again to see my beloved Holland, I perceive no present possibility of a journey thither.

M. Milsand has passed judgment upon my 'Christianity and Mankind' with much ability and kindness. I cannot comprehend what has given him the idea that my ideal for Europe would be Congregational independentism; this is indeed the most ancient of historical forms, at least I have endeavoured to prove this to have been the case; but my peculiar aim and object is that of the constitution of national churches, or Christian nationalities—which amounts to the same thing.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Cannes: 8th February, 1860.

It were to be wished that some Member of Parliament, interested in the Italian question, should ask for the papers relating to the European conferences at Rome on the Reform of the Papal States in 1832. They have never been laid before Parliament, and they could not be refused now, whereas the current negotiations will at present be withheld. And even if they should be in part communicated, the question of 1859 cannot be understood without a knowledge of the proceedings and results of 1832, and of some documents of Pio Nono (by Rossi), from 1848 to 1850. Lord Palmerston, as a true statesman, mastering the domain of diplomacy as no one else does, *in Europe*, has expressly pointed to those conferences of 1832, and whoever has read the documents of that period will subscribe to every word that he has said.

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M. de Parieu, Vice-President of the Imperial Council of State, in a letter dated Paris, February 1860, expressed a wish for information as to the Conferences at Rome on the Reform of the Papal States, in 1832, and their immediate result; in reply to which Bunsen made out the following sketch of these important transactions, in which he was personally engaged.

La Réforme des Etats Pontificaux.

A. *Le Projet de Réforme*, 1832.

Le seul Acte émané de la Conférence européenne qui au printemps de 1832 siégeait à Rome, sur le désir du gouvernement pontifical, est le Mémorandum du 28 mai de l'année indiquée.

Le Ministre de Prusse (Bunsen) avait été chargé par le vote unanime de ses collégues de présenter à la Conférence un projet de réforme d'après les principes qu'il avait développés dans les premières séances, et qui étaient ceux de son gouvernement et de son pays.

Ce projet partait du principe que le système actuel de l'administration et des finances, n'ayant aucun contrôle sérieux, ne pouvait pas être maintenu. Il venait de s'écrouler presque sans résistance pour ainsi dire; c'était une banqueroute complète. Le gouvernement même était convaincu de la nécessité d'une réforme réelle,—le Cardinal Bernetti, Secrétaire d'État, en était pénétré. De l'autre côté, un gouvernement constitutionnel fut reconnu entièrement inadmissible pour le gouvernement pontifical.

Le système prussien se trouvait entre les deux. Il était basé sur l'émancipation des villes de la monarchie en 1808, et sur la formation de conseils (états) provinciaux, émanant des municipalités élues par les propriétaires. Ces conseils s'occupant des intérêts de la province, ont une part réelle dans son administration, et sont enfin munis du droit des pétitions au souverain pour les affaires provinciales. Il est connu que c'est sur ces bases que la monarchie prussienne s'est reconstruite de 1808 à 1845, et que la restauration de l'ordre et de la tranquillité s'est opéré au moyen et par la force de la stabilité qui est dans ce système.

Ce système paraît d'autant plus adapté aux États pontifi-

caux que l'immense majorité de la population, y compris la noblesse, vit dans ces cités, et que presque chaque ville avait eu un statut (*statuto*), fruit d'une expérience de plusieurs siècles, et que les Italiens se sont toujours montrés capables de s'occuper des intérêts municipaux et locaux, et jaloux des droits qui s'y rapportent.

La cime de l'édifice devant être un Conseil (*Consulta*) siégeant à Rome, avec des pouvoirs consultatifs, et y exerçant un contrôle moral sur l'administration et les finances, l'*élément populaire* ne pouvait se trouver que dans les élections municipales.

Avec cette base, il n'y avait pas de danger pour le maintien du gouvernement du Pape : sans elle, l'édifice s'écroulait, manquait de base, n'inspirant de confiance à personne.

Ces idées furent développées par le Ministre de Prusse dans un *Mémoire justificatif*, résumé des Conférences, dont des copies furent données aux membres de la Conférence.

Après des discussions sérieuses, le projet fut accepté unanimement, et signé, *sub spe rati*, par les Ambassadeurs d'Autriche et de France, et les Ministres d'Angleterre, de Prusse et de Russie.

Le gouvernement pontifical approuva ce plan de restauration si complètement, que le Cardinal Bernetti fit imprimer des circulaires, donnant le texte du Mémorandum, et établissant les principes des mesures à prendre pour les exécuter.

Ce fut au mois de juin qu'arriva une lettre autographe de l'Empereur François, déclarant qu'il ne pourrait sanctionner le projet si l'on ne rayait pas les mots '*élus par les populations :*' que s'il y avait une telle municipalité à Bologne, il serait impossible d'en refuser une à Milan, ce qui n'était pas compatible avec les principes selon lesquels la maison impériale était résolue de gouverner le Royaume Lombardo-Vénitien.

Il est bon de savoir que la *loi électorale* avait été laissée entièrement au gouvernement pontifical. Le Mémoire justificatif, en établissant ce principe, entrant même en discussion sur l'idée, si, au lieu de donner une loi électorale uniforme, on ne pourrait pas faire revivre les anciens statuts locaux et historiques, sauf les modifications requises par les circonstances actuelles. Le Pape avait donc la liberté la plus ample pour régler l'exécution du principe.

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Grégoire XVI dut céder aux instances de l'Autriche : la Conférence fut dissoute. Le projet tomba avec sa base : les autres mesures, faiblement exécutées, n'eurent aucun résultat, —exactement comme tout le monde l'avait prévu. La corruption de l'administration, la péculation, la fraude systématique, l'anarchie, l'épuisement des finances, augmentèrent terriblement de 1833 à 1846, année de l'avénement de Pie IX.

B. *De* 1846 *à* 1859.

Le Mémorandum de 1832 fut donc tué par l'Autriche, et ses débris furent trahis par les cardinaux et les prélats. Ce même Mémorandum, dans toute sa plénitude, fut proclamé par Pie IX comme base de sa réforme. Il fallait bien donner plus en 1848 que ce qui aurait suffi en 1832. Cependant la base resta même après que la révolution succomba, comme le prouve la loi électorale de Pie IX de 1852.

En écartant d'abord la question italienne dans sa généralité, et en ne s'attachant qu'au problème d'une réforme réelle des États pontificaux, on devra toujours dire que cette réforme ne peut avoir d'autre base que celle posée dans le Mémorandum.

Le mot de notre âge est *décentralisation administrative*, dans le sens de *self-government*, ou d'un mouvement indépendant dans la base, c'est à dire dans la formation de municipalités élues par les populations, et agissant avec un contrôle intérieur, ce qui donc n'est pas celui de la police centrale, que depuis Louis XIV on appelle sur le continent *le gouvernement*.

Si l'expérience a prouvé qu'on ne peut pas former un gouvernement constitutionnel malgré tout l'échafaudage parlementaire, sans une administration libre, cette vérité est encore infiniment plus saillante dans une forme de gouvernement qui, comme le système pontifical, ne peut jamais devenir constitutionnel dans ce sens.

Il est clair qu'il ne peut avoir de racine vivante que dans les municipalités. Les quatre-cinquièmes de toutes les populations de l'État pontifical vivent dans des villes : et même les plus petites villes peuvent très-facilement s'organiser en Italie municipalement.

Il est dangereux de mettre l'élément démocratique sur les degrés du trône, en commençant par des élections parlementaires. La vie communale assure l'intérêt du peuple dans

son gouvernement, la stabilité vivante de la société, et forme la garantie contre l'absolutisme comme contre l'anarchie. On ne peut trop se hâter de la favoriser partout, mais dans l'État pontifical, considéré en soi-même, c'est la seule vie politique possible.

L'Autriche, en tant qu'elle ne change pas la nature et de son gouvernement et de sa politique, ne peut même admettre ce système. L'Empereur Napoléon III peut le faire, aux applaudissemens de l'Europe, le lendemain du jour où il aura proclamé pour la France le principe de 'municipalités élues par les populations,' et posé ainsi la base de la seule vraie décentralisation, qui est l'administration libre. Le principe et le but sont reconnus expressément dans les 'Idées Napoléonniennes.' Le seul homme qui eut le courage et le privilége de dire la vérité sur ce point à Napoléon I—Fiévée—reconnut et démontra dans sa 'Correspondance' que l'admission de ce système serait non seulement conforme au principe de l'Empire, mais indispensable pour son maintien. Et cependant le socialisme n'existait pas encore dans ce temps; phénomène dont le seul antidote est l'organisation légale de l'administration communale.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Saturday, 11th February, 1860.

Is not this a good close of the week,—that I have this morning completed the last sheets of the new volume of 'Egypt,' and a very important Preface,—and after that have received such a letter from you, and have still leisure and strength to reply, *Deo soli gloria!*

We have all been touched by your observations:—yes, indeed! the Lord brings us to rest, after an agitated and yet happy life, and after the wanderings of forty years, not in the desert, but in the early paradise of life, whether beyond or on this side of the Alps. And now 'is the lot fallen to us in a fair place'—on the Rhine, on the western boundary-land of Germany, within a day's journey of England,—among friends and the graves of friends (Niebuhr, and now again Arndt!) and in an University which has a high calling. The house prepared for us, a family-house, spacious and as if contrived on purpose for us, with the Kiosk looking on the Rhine and the Seven Hills. Yes, my beloved son, how often

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do I think of my entrance into Rome on 30th October, 1816 (the festival of the Reformation), when I had hastened on before the voiturier, on foot and with a staff, crossing the Tiber,—not without the consciousness of a Future before me; and with a cheerful spirit advancing to the conflict with Rome and with the world,—the deep saying of your inspired grandfather, about 'the blue sky of God ever above me'—(which you so feelingly mention) strong on my mind. . . .

I am longing for personal intercourse with the nation, such as I can only have by assuming the office of an academical teacher. Laboulaye, in his three remarkable articles upon Saisset ('Essais de Philosophie réligieuse,' '*Journal des Débats*,' 1–5 February), has treated of my position relative to the abstract systems of philosophy from Descartes and Spinosa down to Schelling and Hegel, as well as to the empirical endeavours to prove the being of God; and has made a representation, such as I can, according to my objects and ideal conceptions, accept as my thought. You must read those articles; they are somewhat too individually directed against Vacherot; but in the main points are just. To me, the theory has been clear before my soul, ever since January, 1816, when I wrote it in that little book which has ever since accompanied me. But I need to speak on these subjects; thereby to find the final, definite form for the *Organon Reale*. Soon, I hope, we shall have at Bonn two Universities—for the Polytechnic Institute must not be placed at Cologne, but at Bonn!

What a fortunate coincidence for me, that in my labour of thirty-four years I am enabled to include 'The Book of the Dead'—one chapter of which (an actual Psalm) is found on the coffin of a King of the eleventh dynasty (2800 before Christ, as I reckon—2400 according to Lepsius)—which presupposes much, anterior to its composition! God, the eternal soul of the universe,—the spirit of man, of the same nature when good, being His image in the world; that is the doctrine of the book, on all its 150 pages.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Wednesday, 17th February, 1860.

Should a biographical sketch of the life of Neukomm be made out, I would gladly (in Bonn, that is, in July or August) give, by way of an appendix, a life-picture of him

according to the impressions of many years of domestic intercourse with him.

11*th March.*—We expect Theodore to-morrow for a week, on his road to Trieste:—alas! a short stay—but he is on the way of his calling. Our plan is on the 28th May to set out for Paris, and arrive the 30th. . . Thus I shall have time for some literary business and for seeing friends. That will give time for the banks of the Rhine to get warm, that we may not have to remain shut up in the house. It has struck me, that to judge from the Memoir (by Mrs. Grote) Scheffer had taken no cognisance of the greatest artistic movement of the century, which is and remains the re-awakening of true historical fresco-painting by Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, and Schnorr, from 1812 to 1830. I am convinced, that he would therein have recognised an essentially cognate mental direction to his own, although he is more lyrically subjective than they:—for that school of art, like his own, strove after the re-establishment of inward truth, which the school of the eighteenth century had lost. I have not been so well for the last fortnight, as I was before; still I have been able to work well, and have accomplished much. I sent yesterday the last sheets of my 'Bible-Atlas' to Leipzig, and the last corrected sheets of the 'Elder Prophets.' I have been obliged to give two months to the completion of the work on Egypt for the English edition—where one of the most important chapters will be added, and I consider it my duty to work out a compendious statement of the results for the English reader.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: February, 1860.

A matter which I have much at heart concerns Mr. Birch, who wrote to me on the 25th October of last year, in answer to the expression of my wishes for him—'It is just this day sixteen years that I obtained through your kindness my present post; let me thank you again for it.' He has an invalid wife—must himself watch over the education of his three younger sons; and is so worn by excess of labour as to say, 'The work that I have undertaken for your supplementary volume (which, however, will appear with both our names) will be the *last.* I have no more strength left.

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I dread change, or even promotion, because we are all (at the British Museum) nothing but storekeepers of a national magazine, and the head of the establishment is only *chief* storekeeper. All is as it was settled 100 years ago: the English nation is too materialistic to think of *men*; *things* are wanted, and *machines* for doing the daily business.' Alas! this is but too true; but there is a better element in the nation, only one must call it forth by an outcry. Birch is a member of the 'Institut de France' (which even Grote is not yet); de Rougé in his admirable commentary of 1858 upon a *Stele* in the Louvre (of Rameses X.) calls Birch '*le maître*,' and Lepsius declares, that Birch *alone* was capable of *such* a review, as he has made of the 'Book of the Dead.' And how was that work accomplished?—In the midst of family cares and sufferings, and laborious, monotonous business—(every Saturday must each individual article of the collections pass under inspection, in order to attest their being all safe)—and of what importance is not this explanation? 'The Book of the Dead' is the most ancient Document of Religion on earth—the text being found on monuments of the eleventh dynasty, about 2800 years before Christ, and already at that time held sacred!—and the sole genuine ancient document of mankind regarding the development of the consciousness of God in mythology, which began to unfold towards 11,000 years before Christ, and up to about 4000, or 3500 years before our era was evolved amid that race of men. In my 'Preface' I have only reckoned up facts, and then declared the results.'

Have they not a right at Paris and Berlin to wonder how such a man can be suffered to wear himself out in mechanical business? The means and leisure should long since have been granted to him to collect the materials still wanting for a critical collation of all portions of the 'Book of the Dead,' by a journey through France, Italy, and Germany, in order to accomplish a complete edition.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 8th March, 1860.

The malicious Diary of Varnhagen has given sufficient scandal. I am glad that the suppression of the book was rescinded; society ought spontaneously to carry out its sentence

against the woman who published it. As far as I am concerned, all my letters to Humboldt, and his to me, might be published; his are as far as mine from containing anything disrespectful towards the Royal friend of each. I well remember having expressed my opinion of Lange and Steinmeyer, on that occasion when I complained of the decline of that critical-exegetical school which was represented at Bonn by Bleek; and in the same sense I have also expressed myself in the English 'Hippolytus' as to Lange's critical works on the New Testament; but how truly I honour him in his proper province of pastoral theology, and as a preacher of living Christian spirit, he knows, and all know, with whom I have spoken of him. Pray, say something of this to him, when you have an opportunity. But you all make too much uproar about the gossip of Varnhagen; before twenty years have passed, *very different* things will have been revealed. I must, however, have the book sent to me.

16*th March*.—Varnhagen's outpouring is the revenge of a 'barbarian tamed in Courts,' as he styled himself, with his own signature, in Mrs. Schwabe's album; systematically giving way to a malicious spirit, wounded by ill-usage experienced in 1820, and who hated *me* because I had never sought his acquaintance, and because he could not comprehend me. We never met but at the table of Prince Augustus. The man was uncongenial to me as an egotist and a negation; and men like Niebuhr, Stein, Schleiermacher, kept aloof from him. But the terrible part of the book, to my feeling, is the maxim of Humboldt, prefixed as a motto: 'One owes the truth only to those whom one deeply esteems.' That is as bad as the worst utterances of Jesuitism. I am of opinion that Varnhagen, and, through him, Ludmilla Assing, is completely empowered by Humboldt to publish the whole; but not, therefore, justified in doing so while the King is alive. That is inhuman and immoral.

It is very difficult with dignity and truth to say anything about what concerns myself. It were mean to remark upon trifles: and to declare the whole truth without exposing the King to animadversion, is scarcely possible. The nonsense about the two Archbishops is a proof of Varnhagen's half comprehension; Humboldt must have alluded to a letter which the King desired me to write to *the* Archbishop, that

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is, of *Canterbury*; and he must have made at the same time a witticism upon my always getting into archiepiscopal complications (Freiburg, Maintz), and thus the absurdity must have originated. In short, I shall leave the thing to ripen with me —meanwhile I finish 'Egypt,' and then it will be time enough to know what to do. Pray give a kind message from me to the excellent Lange!

The Ides of March, in the year of salvation 1860, are come and gone, and never did they bring to humanity a finer gift than in the *Scrutinium* yesterday closed in Central Italy, when almost three millions of men have declared that they will live and die for one united Italy. At the utmost ten per cent. minority in Tuscany, in Romagna but one per cent. The demeanour of all has been dignified, and edifying to contemplate. The peace of the world will be preserved, in spite of the spirit of evil. God be thanked!

I have given to ——, early this morning, as *Vade mecum*, a letter of eight pages, containing a suggestion to devote a part of his large property (as the Richartz of Berlin) for the foundation of an University there, for the practical sciences—in this year, 1860, the anniversary of the fifty years' foundation of the University by Frederick William III. He greets the idea warmly. I have made a complete plan for its execution.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Cannes: 11th May, 1860.

You know what a hard blow has fallen upon us!—but here again has the love and providence of God shown itself —helping and saving.

A fall, utterly without fault or heedlessness,—from an ill-secured wooden flight of steps, which fell upon her while lying on a stone staircase, more than twenty feet below, might have caused death. The consequence must be a shortening of the limb, but, it may be hoped, not very considerably. Thus our fifth daughter may be again restored to us, as the second was! Matilda has shown all the clearness and strength of mind, resignation and resolution, which we believed her to be possessed of; and all admire her. We may hope by the 20th August to be again united in our home. I have been in a suffering state latterly—

much troubled by symptoms which deprive me of nightly repose. I have received all your kind communications about Paris, and regret having given you so much trouble on account of a sojourn there, which now cannot take place. My wife has been wonderfully supported through this heavy time. Frances is our helper in all things: we can hardly comprehend how we are to live without her. Meanwhile, Emilia, with George, has unpacked and arranged everything in our new house at Bonn. I have, on account of illness, not been able to finish everything—still, much has been sent off. I continue firm in my assertion, that there will be no war in Europe. Yet, the Emperor has made great mistakes.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Monday, 8th May, 1860.

We are borne as on angels' wings by the love and care of our children. Theodore is as ready as love itself for any possible sacrifice; but his embarkation from Trieste is fixed for the evening of the 26th,—and so our days here are numbered.

I have finished a piece of hard work, which was a weight on my conscience, *a retrospective view of the chronological system* for the period between Moses and Joseph,—from the nineteenth dynasty to the twelfth. That the method I have pursued is the best of all as yet tried, and the only one justifiable, is confirmed to me: and it has also the recommendation of revealing the real result of the chronology of Manetho. But for the time of the Hyksos, all control is wanting, if Manetho is to be our guide. Therefore, after justifying with new arguments the method which I have hitherto followed, I declare myself in favour of the *simple restoration of the reckoning of Eratosthenes and of Apollodorus.* The Bible-history is only hereby touched so far as regards the date of Joseph, that is of the entrance into Egypt, and therefore, also, that of Abraham. The whole frame of history remains as it is; neither the Asiatic nor the Egyptian histories are concerned in the alteration, only the number of years taken away from the period between Menes and Amos is transferred to the more considerable period of political development, immediately before Menes. According to this view,

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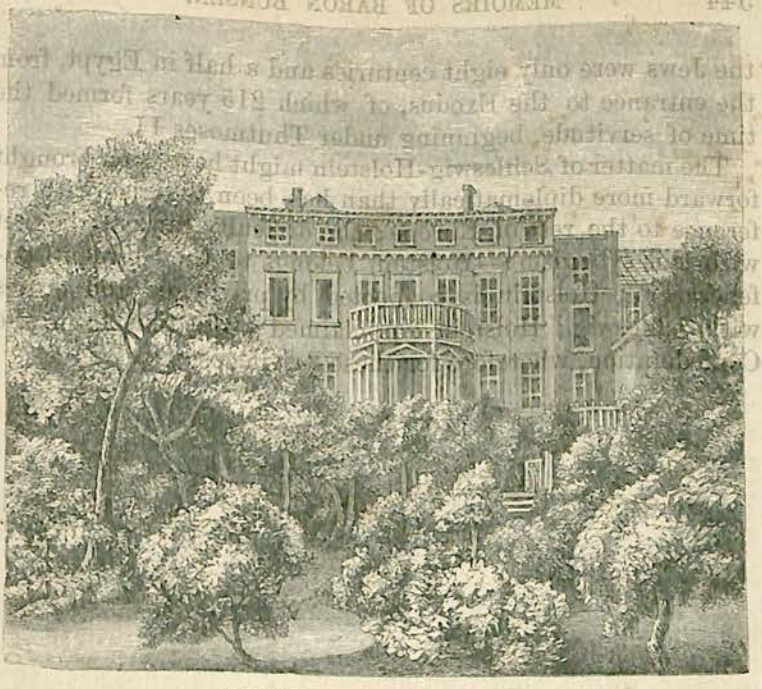
the Jews were only eight centuries and a half in Egypt, from the entrance to the Exodus, of which 215 years formed the time of servitude, beginning under Thutmoses II.

The matter of Schleswig-Holstein might have been brought forward more diplomatically than has been the case with reference to the rest of Europe; the difficulty can only be met with this syllogism:—Holstein belongs to the German Confederation; Holstein is connected by privileges and duties with Schleswig; Holstein has claimed protection from the Confederation, wherefore for these privileges also.



RESIDENCE OF BUNSEN AT BONN.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST YEAR OF LIFE.—NOVEMBER 1859 TO NOVEMBER 1860.

CENTENARY OF SCHILLER'S BIRTH—BUNSEN FINALLY LEAVES HEIDELBERG —JOURNEY TO PARIS AND CANNES—FAMILY TROUBLES—JOURNEY TO BONN—PURCHASE OF A HOUSE THERE—VISITS FROM HIS CHILDREN AND THEIR FAMILIES — HIS LAST BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860 — INCREASE OF SUFFERING — TAKES TO HIS BED, OCTOBER 28, 1860 — RALLIES AGAIN — HIS DEATH, NOVEMBER 28, 1860—HIS FUNERAL, DECEMBER 1, 1860—CLOSING REMARKS.

THE first of these dates found Bunsen, as we have seen, still in Heidelberg, earnestly labouring to finish and send off the promised portion of his '*Bibelwerk*,' that he might feel free for the journey by Paris to Cannes, where the experience of the preceding year had been encouraging, as to the effect of sea air and a southern climate in alleviating his habitual suffering. He was eager and impatient to be gone, dreading the winter,

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which had set in early and with an unusual degree of gloom and inclemency; but he was also full of solemn emotion at the prospect of leaving the beautiful spot in which he had dwelt many years, and the cheerful room filled as it were with his thoughts, in which he had worked with so much energy and satisfaction. The vision of being ultimately settled at Bonn, and of entering there on a new course of mental activity and influence over the young, also occupied him much, although as yet no suitable house had been found; but he entertained no doubt that this difficulty would eventually be removed, and he grasped in idea the *home of his own*, which was to be the last he should occupy on earth, and not far from which was the spot destined for his grave.

The celebration of the centenary festival of Schiller's birth was partly witnessed by Bunsen and with peculiar interest, for he had the most truly German heart, and gloried in every thing and every person who did honour to Germany. On the morning of that celebration, he drove into Heidelberg to see the procession of the dignitaries of the University and of the Town-Corporation, with a portion of the students and all the trades; and he heard some of the speeches in the hall of the University:—but this was the last time in which he was able to take part in a national demonstration. As it was, the agitation caused by his sympathy with the universal emotion produced much immediate suffering. That day was, however, exceptionably bright, and the night cloudless with a full moon, which showed the shadowy masses of the hills and the forms of the Castle, the bridge and the church, while the torches of the students glared along the streets, and were reflected in the Neckar, contrasting with the Bengal lights, which coruscated in front of the Castle,—the whole forming a spectacle not to be forgotten, as beheld from Bunsen's study at Charlottenberg.

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A few days later, he issued forth, for the last time, from the abode of five years, turning back at the door of his study to gaze around mournfully at the familiar scene to which he would never return, and then hastening to the carriage; in which he suffered much on the way to the railroad station. On the journey to Paris, Professor Charles Waddington of Strasburg (well known as a philosophical writer) performed a much-valued act of friendship by meeting him at Kehl, and seeing him safely into the train at Strasburg. Bunsen reached Paris at five o'clock the next morning, and was met at the station by his son Ernest, and conveyed to a comfortable abode in the Hôtel du Louvre. This arrangement was made in execution of a long-formed project of visiting Paris, in order at once to give him an opportunity of conversing with his numerous friends there, and to spare him the comfortless and depressing spectacle of the breaking up of his beloved and familiar home at Heidelberg,—while to his wife and daughters that trial was lessened by his not being there to share it. After completing their task, they travelled by Basle and Geneva to Lyons, where Bunsen joined them in the evening of the 3rd December.

His time at Paris had been divided between his son Ernest at the Hôtel du Louvre and his friend Mrs. Salis Schwabe at her house. His mornings and most of his evenings had been spent in animated conversation; he also enjoyed the sight of the Galleries of the Louvre and the paintings of the lamented Ary Scheffer lately deceased, and was once present at a Séance of the Institute, in which he was gratified at being named a corresponding member of that body. Sometimes, but rarely, he was able to share in the high gratification afforded by those well-selected dinner-parties, for which Paris has been ever celebrated—one of which, in the house of M. and Madame Edouard Laboulaye, and another with M. and Madame Rosseuw de St. Hilaire, he remembered

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with peculiar pleasure; regretting that, owing to increased suffering, he was unable to be present at another party, promising unusual gratification, which had been arranged by Professor Jules and Madame Mohl, and where many of the literary celebrities were assembled.

Kind friends were always ready to come and see him on the evenings when he could not leave his room; and one such evening remained particularly engraved on his memory, when M. Renan discussed at length with him the matter of a commentary of the 'Song of Solomon,' which he soon after published, and dedicated to Bunsen. The Countess de St. Aulaire, and the venerable Chanoine Martin de Noirlieu, were among those whom he more especially rejoiced to meet again.

The temptation is strong to dwell longer than would be reasonable upon days so gilded by intellectual and social enjoyments, that they heightened the feeling of life and vigour, which was ever strong in him, and enabled him to forget for the moment the progress of that insidious disease which was gradually laying hold of him. The well-known haunts at Cannes were hailed with pleasure, but not enjoyed as much as the year before, because the unaccustomed frost of November 1859, had left its traces upon the vegetation even in that favoured spot, and the weather was chill and wintry. The last four days of the year were spent at Nice, principally for the sake of renewing his intercourse with the venerable Countess Bernstorff—widow of Bunsen's patron and friend at Berlin in the early years of his diplomatic career. The society of many other friends was matter of interest and attraction; and the mournful satisfaction was allowed him of a last interview with the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden. He came away much depressed, with the certainty that her bodily powers were exhausted, though the mind was as fresh as ever. In January 1860, those that loved and watched him were still allowed to entertain the hope of a pos-

sible recovery. During that month and the greater part of February, besides working with his usual vigour and zest at the Bible-translation and commentary, and at the last finishing touches and additions to the English edition of his work on Egypt, he was able occasionally to take more exercise in the open air than had for a long time been possible, and to enjoy much intellectual conversation with several welcome visitors, among whom were M. Prosper Mérimée, M. Jean Reynaud, Mrs. Cobden, and the Marquis and Marquise de Lillers. But among the most precious and enjoyable recollections of this period was the visit of his son Charles and his wife from Turin, with their lovely boy, then in flourishing health, who, however, was only 'lent, not given' to his parents.*

In the night of the 25th of February, the actual stroke of approaching death was first experienced in a more than usually severe attack of suffocation, accompanied by pain in the region of the heart, which differed only in degree, not in kind, from those to which he had been liable ever since his stay at Stolzenfels on the Rhine, in August 1845, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to King Frederick William IV. The hour of intense suffering which he had to endure from this last-mentioned attack proved, one may say, to be the beginning of the end. On no previous occasion had he supposed himself to be dying—distressing as his condition often was to the eyes of others, as well as agonising to himself. Now, however, he did not expect to survive, and uttered expressions of solemn leave-taking, the names of children and friends, with prayer for a blessing upon them,—declared his faith in God through Christ,—in broken syllables, gasping for what seemed to be his last breath.

Not then, however, was he to be released. And

* He died at Turin, a few months before his grandfather, on 26th June, 1860.

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though it would hardly seem possible to conceive, that, after such an attack as the last, he should have flattered himself with the vain hope of a final recovery to health and strength, yet it is certain, that the consciousness of possessing in its fullest vigour the power to give utterance to, and to condense into written words, the stored-up treasures of a long life's meditation, led him to hope on for intervals of time, sufficiently free from pain, to enable him to bring his great work, the '*Bibelwerk*,' somewhat nearer its completion. The requisite preliminary studies had been made,—it remained but to cast the well-prepared metal. Moreover, he indulged his fancy with a long-cherished plan of delivering lectures at Bonn, from which he anticipated a species of relief, instead of considering it an effort; and his natural hopefulness cheered him with the prospect of his exercising even greater influence over the minds of his youthful audience than he had been able to do by his writings over those of his contemporaries.

On the 4th March, a week after the seizure just described, he had, as usual, risen early, and sent to his wife, while she was dressing, a large letter, directed in full, as if it came from a distance, and marked 'By Air-Telegraph.' The contents were as follows:—

Air-Telegram.

[Translation.]

'From the Rhine Quay at Bonn: Sunday morning, 4th March, 1860, one minute past eight.

MY BELOVED FANNY,—I arrived here two hours ago, and hasten to inform you that George has succeeded in purchasing the house for us at the price settled. I shall write by the commoner medium of communication the particulars to *my duplicate* self in the land of prose (*Philister-land*),—the Privy Councillor, I mean, whom I left fast asleep this morning at five o'clock.

I am sitting here, looking out of the window, in sight of the Seven Mountains, after having completed my sketch for a course of public lectures on the history of world-contempla-

tion, from a preliminary plan made on the 18th of last month, and written out for you. I send it to you,—for the Air-Telegraph conveys even parcels,—as a birthday greeting from that actual and real young Bunsen, in his character of M.A., who nearly forty-three years ago courted your love in Rome. I have left my duplicate self, the *Philister*, meanwhile with you (he is become a man of importance—a Privy Councillor), and shall come again in my own proper person, very humbly, to fetch you as the wife of a Professor of that very University whither, in 1817, I promised to take you.

I send the prospectus beforehand; in the afternoon, at four o'clock, I shall retrace my way through the air, and be ready to give my first lecture before you.

The violet-mothers announce to you, with their sweetest greeting, that their daughters are still fast asleep, and it is to be apprehended that they will wake quite pale. But E. promises to deliver to them such an instructive course of lectures, that they will soon turn quite *blue!*

All blessing to *you*, who are *my* blessing!

Your, CHRISTIAN CARL.

This 4th of March was his wife's birthday, which he had never failed to greet with a more than ordinary effusion of feeling; and he sought, with an affecting mixture of joke and earnest, thus to contrive for her a birthday pleasure, on the first of those anniversaries, during a long course of forty-three years, which had found her with a weight of sorrow and apprehension on her mind,—feelings which, though unexpressed, could not but be perceived by him. The acquisition of a house at Bonn, of an abode of his own, and the prospect of executing a desire long entertained, of giving there a course of lectures to which he knew his wife had looked forward as a species of mental activity which would be in itself inspiriting, and a relief from the constant work of composition;—these were both points to dwell upon with satisfaction, and the attempt at pleasantry in pointing them out proved his own consciousness of the need to escape, if possible, from the depression of the present moment. That day, an unexpected visit from Count

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Pietro Guicciardini and the Baron and Baroness Boris d'Üxküll from Nice, was a peculiarly welcome stimulus to the depressed spirits of all; and a kind invitation to return their visit, by coming over to the Villa Potocka, on the Cimier-hill above Nice, was made and accepted, in the hope of some refreshment from the change. On the 31st March, Bunsen undertook the drive, accompanied by his eldest daughter, his wife remaining behind with the youngest, and with the beloved grandson, who was so soon to lead the way through the gate of death, to be followed by his grandfather. It was the last time that Bunsen and his wife were separated, even for hours,—before the last earthly parting; but the object of obtaining refreshment from change of air, of scenes, and of society, was not, alas! attained—he returned with the same mournful expression of suffering with which he had gone forth,—that expression which the last portrait taken of him by Roeting, of Düsseldorf, has almost too faithfully preserved.

A visit of the youngest son, Theodore, to take leave of his parents on the way to Trieste, where he was to join the diplomatic mission of Prussia to Japan and China, headed by Count Eulenburg,—and the return of his son Charles and daughter-in-law Mary from a tour to Rome and Naples, were events producing in some degree the solace and the variety but too much needed, to help in passing the time, until the northward journey to Bonn could be undertaken, without the risk of too sudden a change of temperature. During December and January, Bunsen was often making plans for seeing part of his beloved Italy again on his way home, under the present more hopeful auspices; and then again he would give up the greater undertaking, and promise himself the easier journey round by Paris, where he might renew the friendly intercourse upon which his mind dwelt with so much satisfaction, and be enabled to enjoy the Louvre again, and to show his wife the paint-

ings of Ary Scheffer. But since his attack in February, these visions had vanished, and an inward consciousness of incapacity to exert or enjoy himself, as in times past, must have taken the place of those sanguine projects in which he had formerly delighted. And now, on 30th April, Bunsen and his family were to be reminded, that there may be much to add to the cup of affliction, even when, to human view, it may already seem full. The sudden fall of a heavy staircase upon his youngest daughter, Matilda, in a moment lamed for life the well-formed, vigorous girl, and rendered her for a long time helpless and suffering. Her restoration to independent power of moving, and the experience that 'sweet are the uses of adversity,' were mercies reserved for a later time, which her father did not live to witness.* The immediate consequence of this blow was the added trial of a family-separation,—for Matilda could not be moved, and the father had need to reach his northern home, before a hotter season should add to the risk and pain of the journey. The parents, therefore, escorted by their youngest son, took their departure on the 14th May from Maison Pinchinat, the dwelling inhabited during two successive winters, which they had quitted just a year before with cheerful anticipations of returning there, and now finally quitted with the anguish of leaving their youngest daughter to lengthened suffering, and the eldest under a weight of anxious care. That each would bravely bear up under the dispensation, and that

* Matilda was suddenly removed from the sorrows and joys, and the restless yearnings of this life, into everlasting rest, in the month of February 1867, at Neuen Dettelsau, near Anspach in Bavaria, where she had sought and undertaken, but a few weeks before, the most arduous duties which the calling of a deaconess can offer, and had performed them humbly, courageously, and efficiently. A bronchial affection had rapidly grown into an inflammation of the lungs, and death ensued—a death of consciousness and peace, on the third day after she had, unwillingly, taken to her bed—almost as soon as danger had been perceived by the devoted friends who attended her. She expressed herself thankful for having been permitted to die in such a sphere of activity.

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This pilgrimage of sorrow had been favoured by a variety of outward circumstances, for the weather and temperature were perfect, and the face of the earth expressed only joy and blessing, presenting fullness of beauty at the moment, and the gladdening promise of plenty for the future. The rocky barrier of the Estérel, between Cannes and Fréjus, clothed in verdure with blooming cistus and golden broom, the varied vegetation and the granite mountains of Provence, could not but soothe and cheer, contemplated at leisure, as the party travelled with post-horses to Toulon: from whence to Basle the railroad was not quitted, except during the necessary pause at Lyons, and for a night at Geneva and at Neufchâtel. On arriving at Basle, the 19th May, a few hours after parting from one son, a telegram was found announcing that another was expecting his parents at Baden Baden, where they had hoped to wait upon the Princess of Prussia on their way to Bonn. But Bunsen did not feel equal to that exertion and pleasure; and Ernest was sent for by telegram to join his parents at Basle, where his father desired to rest, and to seek relief at the hands of Dr. Jung. The conversation and personal character of that eminent physician, however, had a more reviving effect than his medical treatment. The concluding advice received was that Bunsen should try the effect of days,

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or weeks, at Baden-Weiler, to which beautiful spot he proceeded, the fourth day after reaching Basle: he had been there once before, and was willing to anticipate a renewal of the refreshment then experienced. The sunshine, the spring-temperature, the rich vegetation, the abundance of blossom,—all these circumstances combined to grace Bunsen's return to his native country; and he hailed with delight the many pleasing characteristics of a German and Protestant village; more especially the part-singing of a numerous assembly of youths, under a tree after nightfall, guided by the schoolmaster of the place, who was discovered on enquiry to be one of those persons of education, far above his condition in life, often found in Germany, who are not vulgarised by the struggle with each day's necessities. He had been in the habit of bestowing part of the scanty leisure left by his laborious calling, in keeping up the power of song and its humanising influences in his former pupils, who were past the age of school, by selecting good music, and helping them to perform it. Bunsen enjoyed the performance, and yet more did he delight in its origin. One song more especially gave him particular pleasure. It was one which contained the often-repeated lines: '*Wo ist mein Haus? Im Himmel ist mein Haus!*' ('Where is my home? In heaven is my home!') His kind notice and encouragement may probably be still remembered there. He rode in the oak-woods, drove in the charming valley, and enjoyed his son's soothing attention,—but after three days he became impatient to reach his home, feeling, only too well, that what he wanted was not attainable by means of air and scenery, and fixing his hope upon the well-known skill and judgment of Dr. Wolff of Bonn. It was peculiar to Bunsen to look up to a learned physician with that reverential confidence, somewhat akin to the deference usually paid to spiritual advisers—a feeling probably not unlike that

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with which in his childhood he used to look up to his teachers. He always respected authority.

On the 24th May the party reached Mannheim, where Bunsen was met by his daughter Theodora, with her husband Baron von Ungern-Sternberg. On the 25th the Rhine steamer conveyed him to Bonn, taking on board by the way, at Neu Wied, his daughter-in-law, Elizabeth, and her children, and in his own house he was received by his daughter Emilia, his son George and daughter-in-law Emma, who had been indefatigable in their preparations for his comfort. Thus was the last weary journey completed, and the last earthly resting place attained: gleams of hope and happiness returned, as Bunsen busied himself with arranging his books, placing his standing desks, and at intervals resuming the works of his life. In the house arrangements he made neither comment nor suggestion,—quite unlike his wont on all other occasions of a fresh settlement; but expressed satisfaction at seeing that his own portrait had been placed in a recess, so as to look across at the 'Christ' of Leonardo da Vinci: 'This is what I like!—I wish to be thought of as looking to Christ.'

The daily attendance of Dr. Wolff began the second evening after his arrival; and by means of his prescriptions an interval of ease from attacks of oppression was obtained, which lasted almost a fortnight: but after the 11th June, all trace of amendment vanished, and the downward way was never again interrupted.

The opinion given by Dr. Wolff, after a few days' study of the case, expressed with his accustomed clearness and sincerity to Bunsen's family, was, that a disturbance of the functions of the heart existed, for which the medical art possessed no remedy; that alleviation might be possible, but the disorder would have its course. When asked as to his calculation of the probable duration of life under such circumstances, he replied, 'You, and I, and every one of us, have the

germ of our death within us: but the struggle with life in Bunsen's case may be short or long: it is impossible to say. God grant it may be short, and then death will be easy!'

The struggle, however, was to continue six months longer, and each several month was marked by increased suffering, through the deepening shadow of death. The beautiful weather which favoured his homeward journey ceased on the 25th May, and the naturally bright festival of Whitsuntide was ushered in by a chilling storm, which proved the entrance on a series of ungenial months, frowning in succession, and suiting but too well with the mournful temper of the moral atmosphere. However, Bunsen continued daily his beloved occupation, which ought not to be called his *work*, if under the term be understood effort, for with him writing down the results of the meditations and researches of years was not labour, but a pouring out from his fullness. When taking his daily drive, he was anxious not to omit leaving a card to signify a visit, at the door of each of the dignitaries of the University in succession, with a message to explain his inability to ascend stairs; and opportunities of intercourse, when he was able to receive the visits made in return, were always interesting to him, as they will have been to those who recollect the animated flow of intellectual conversation, which betrayed nothing of the presence of a gnawing disease. In this respect a long visit of the two young Princes of Hohenzollern is strongly marked in memory. Several visits of friends from a distance were also peculiarly cheering; and as late as July, he enjoyed the conversation and the music of Joachim, a man of worth and of intellect, as well as master in his art.

One day Bunsen discovered accidentally the great interest which Joachim took in Buddhism, the ruling religious persuasion of Asia, and he at once determined

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to give a lecture to a few friends on the subject of Buddha, his original teaching, and the alteration of his doctrines by his subsequent worshippers. When the day came on which Bunsen felt able to execute his purpose, Joachim was unluckily absent from Bonn; but Miss Charlotte Williams Wynn, General von Pfuel, General Tuckermann, Professor Brandis, and several others, will not have forgotten the life, the vigour, and the lucidity with which he treated the subject proposed. For upwards of an hour he spoke without apparent fatigue: his hopeful nature seemed to revive as he experienced that his power of speaking was yet undiminished, and that he was able to treat fully a subject which he had investigated with peculiar interest. But the effort was never repeated, the almost daily continuance of actual writing and correcting his '*Bibelwerk*' entailing as much exertion as for him was possible. The mind and intelligence were as powerful as ever: but the bodily powers were fast declining. His chief solace at this time was the presence of sons and daughters; all of whom in succession were near him, occupied in constant and varied offices of love, in their endeavours to soothe the weary hours of continued want of rest. A true and unselfish heart had his been at all times towards his children, and true and unselfish were their hearts towards him.

In the course of July his portrait was painted by Professor Roeting, of Düsseldorf, at the earnest wish of his son Ernest, which he could not resist, although the effort of continuing long in the same position increased his sufferings. An attempt was made to entertain him by reading aloud some of his favourite passages from the poetry of Göthe; but all emotion, only too strong and too marked, was the consequence, the expression of which unfortunately remains in the picture. Yet the portrait is an invaluable one, because a faithful shadow of the time, its form and pressure;

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and those only who most frequently saw and most strongly felt the peculiar majesty and solemnity of his appearance during that last period passed in the constant close contemplation of death, can duly estimate the merit of the painting. The representation is inaccurate only in colour, which is too much flushed. The contrast is great between this last likeness and the portrait by Richmond, beaming with joyous consciousness of intellectual life and bodily health, executed fourteen years earlier.

Bunsen was deeply conscious of the sorrows which at this period crowded into this seemingly afflicted portion of a life which had in its previous course been so generally prosperous. The calamitous condition of his youngest daughter, and the trial of care and watching thereby entailed upon his eldest daughter, called forth a constant exertion of his sympathy. But, above all, he was affected by the dangerous illness of his son Charles, at Turin, attacked by the measles, together with his then only child, the lovely boy who in high health had parted from his grandparents at Cannes, only six weeks before his death. On the other hand, a gleam of satisfaction and devout thankfulness broke through the habitual gloom, when in the course of the summer, each of his two married daughters obtained the wish of her heart in the birth of a son. Early in August, he was comforted by the return of his eldest and youngest daughters from their compulsory banishment at Cannes, and he took an animated interest in securing the opinion of the famous Langenbeck, of Berlin, on his passage through Bonn, as to the possibility of some amends being made for the failure of the treatment by the French surgeon. When, a few weeks later, on the return of Professor Busch, the opinion of Langenbeck was acted upon, too late for the desired result, so great was the change which the progress of disease had wrought upon Bunsen, that the day and

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hour when the operation was to take place had to be kept secret from him, for fear of causing too great an emotion. And yet he had taken all his life the most lively interest in surgical operations, having evidently a taste for that science. Life was now ebbing away fast, even though his eagerness to hurry on his '*Bibelwerk*' never flagged, any more than the interest he took in passing events. The arrival of the 'Cologne Gazette,' for instance, every evening, was looked forward to with impatience, and even after he had given up reading it himself, parts of it, and other papers, were read aloud to him for some time longer.

Bunsen to his Son Henry (shortly before he joined him at Bonn).

[Translation.]

Bonn: 22nd June, 1860.

It must seem as though I had forgotten you; but your mother and sisters are my witnesses that it is not so. Never have I thought of you more often, and with more joy, than in these latter months of suffering. I reckon so fully upon your coming here, with wife and children, that I put off all favourite subjects to the time of personal intercourse; besides which, I cannot conceal from you that till very lately writing has cost me a severe effort. God be thanked! to-day, yesterday, and the day before, I have again been able to compose. I took in hand my 'Epilogue' to the English edition of 'Egypt,' &c. &c. I am now recovering from the effects of the treatment, which has shaken me more than the disorder: it was a real poisoning, against which my digestion rebelled. The nights are more tolerable, in proportion to the revival of my strength. In two or three weeks, 'Egypt,' 'Jeremiah,' and 'Ezekiel,' will be out of my hands, and, please God, you will find me when you arrive, there, where I hope to spend the rest of my days, dwelling upon and with Christ the Saviour, not only spiritually, but also as a writer. I am inexpressibly affected by the great kindness of the Duchess of Argyll, that she should remember me in the midst of her own anxieties. I thank God that those are lessened. But the Duke must allow himself rest. The first letter I can write shall be to her.

Your love to me, in the midst of your beneficent activity, rejoices my heart. Farewell! soon to meet. CHAP. XX.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Bonn: 25th June, 1860, seven o'clock in the morning.

You already know, dear friend, that I have not written to you, because I could not write at all. The two past months have been very bad, and I have caused my family much trouble and anxiety. Now, however, I am somewhat better; I can again sleep a few hours, without being compelled to rise from a feeling of oppression. God has ordered all things graciously, and I cannot be thankful enough for all the consolation, help, and refreshment that I have found, and daily experience. You know that your kindness and sympathy I reckon as among not the least of these.

The house and garden are so far beyond my expectations excellent and enjoyable, and have been so well and speedily arranged, by the indefatigable activity and care of our children, that we are really, for our needs and wishes, better and more comfortably lodged than we were even in Carlton Terrace.

I began again on the 21st of this month to write, and nothing less than the close of a very detailed and important addition (entitled 'Problems and Key') to the English edition of my just-finished work on Egypt. I have also begun again the 'Conferences (with my assistants) on the Prophets.' Next week, the last touch will be put, please God, to the 'Gospels.' My motto, as I yesterday said to my children, shall be, 'Withdrawal inwards:' all threads with the outward world are already or will be by degrees cut off: but the threads which connect heart with heart belong not to the outer world. From the 1st July I shall read no more political papers.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Bonn: 8th August, 1860.

I cannot let our good Henry's letter go without giving you the sign of life and affection which on account of illness I was prevented doing yesterday. The day after to-morrow, George will bring back to the paternal dwelling, from Paris, the two hardly-tried and nobly-proved sisters.

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Fear not that I work too hard; alas! alas! as long as the complication of my disorder with a troublesome cough lasts, I can work only two or three hours in the day. But I have written to you all this, that you may see that God's good Spirit has not forsaken me. Henry's presence here is an hourly blessing.

Bunsen to the Duchess of Argyll.

Bonn: 8th August, 1860.

MY DEAREST DUCHESS,—Words of kindest affection, like those of your last letter, must draw down a blessing. Thanks! from my dying soul. Yes, my kindest friend, I *have* been supported, and *am* continually supported, by that Eternal Love, in which we live and move and have our being, and which manifested itself in Christ Jesus. The days have been heavy, and the nights dark, but His light has surrounded and strengthened my soul, and will, I hope and believe, carry me through the gates of death to behold His eternal glory.

My suffering is greater than the immediate danger of my illness, particularly by transitory complications and aggravations. Still my spirit is not dimmed. I have carried an English and a German volume through the press. The printing of the Gospels begins on the 1st September, and *this* is the centre of my thoughts more than ever.

I am surrounded by the tenderest love and care of wife and children, and enjoy this beautiful place daily, in spite of the incredibly unseasonable weather.

I daily thank God that I have lived to see Italy free, and Garibaldi her hero! Now, twenty-six millions will be able to believe that God governs the world, and to believe in Him!

God bless you! Ever your affectionate friend,

BUNSEN.

Und so, in enger stets und engerm Kreis,
Beweg ich mich dem engesten und letzten,
Wo alles Leben still steht, langsam zu.

SCHILLER, '*Wilhelm Tell*,' Act ii. Scene i.

The 25th August, his birthday, had been a gladsome festival for a long series of years; but was this time to be

celebrated, under the consciousness of all present, that it must be the last in which it would be permitted to them to behold him; that a prolongation of his life was scarcely possible; and, under such circumstances, not to be desired by those who most loved him.

A visit to the garden-pavilion made a refreshing and cheering impression upon him. The four portraits, accomplished by the masterly hands of Professors Sohn and Roeting, of Düsseldorf, had arrived, and were hung up, surrounded by all that fullness of tasteful decoration with green branches and wreaths of fresh flowers which is so peculiarly understood in Germany; his own portrait was hung by itself at the one extremity of the room, at the other were the portrait of his wife and those of Ernest and his wife, one on each side. That they should be all four finished to adorn his birthday he had not anticipated; and this pleasing surprise, together with the preparation for the family dinner party, which Ernest and his wife were making in that same cheerful garden-pavilion, contributed to cause a soothing emotion. One of his daughters remembers his melting into tears after looking for a time at the portrait of her mother—when it so happened that no one but herself stood near him. Throughout the morning his whole being gave the impression of a continued struggle to command the multitude of thoughts and feelings which crowded upon him: but a short slumber somewhat restored him before he was fetched to dinner at one o'clock.

It was determined to avoid as much as possible causing agitation of mind to the beloved object of the day's celebration. Henry, his eldest son, by his well-chosen and impressive words, gave utterance only too fully to the mournful consciousness of the entire company, referring, as he did, to the Scriptural words of the family motto, '*In silentio et spe*' (from Isaiah xxx. 15), which appeared to be particularly appropriate on that solemn occasion, and closing with the benediction of

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the Old Testament, 'The Eternal* bless thee and keep thee—the Eternal make His face to shine upon thee—the Eternal lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, now and evermore.'" While these hallowed words of blessing were uttered, he to whom they were addressed had taken off the black velvet cap from his head, and sat bowing forwards with folded hands.

When after a time he rose to speak, the ever fresh spirit could only by slow degrees cast off the body's shackles, the depressing effect of suffering and emotion, in order to expand into native youthfulness.

'My beloved children and friends,' he began, 'I know one thing clearly and certainly,—that if in the counsel of God it is good for me, *this will not be* my last birthday celebration; and also, that if God calls me, I shall joyfully obey the summons and depart this life.' In allusion to the ornaments on the cake which was placed before him, containing the names of parents, children, and allied families, and in front of all the inscription, 'Bunsen—Waddington, Rome, 1817,' he spoke of the sojourn in the Eternal City by the side of his wife, in connection with those inestimable friends Niebuhr, Brandis, and others, one of whom (Gerhard) was present, surrounded by a memorial of a mighty past, and borne up by hopes of a better and purer future. In an agitated epoch had he left Rome twenty-three years ago, with a heavy heart, and yet with the feeling which he had expressed to his wife, on issuing forth from the door on that memorable morning of departure, 'With God's help we will build another Capitol!' And thus it was! After a bright period of greeting English friends (1838-9,) and a short residence at the foot of the Alps, which had furthered and advanced many of his pursuits and

* Bunsen has throughout his '*Bibelwerk*' translated the name 'Jehovah' by the word 'The Eternal;' this is also the case in the French Protestant translation of the Bible, in which 'L'Eternel' stands for 'The Lord.'

researches, a new Capitol was constructed in free England for him (1841), and enjoyed for twelve years and a half. How graciously had God conducted him during this whole time!

During this speech, the emotion of all present had been with difficulty repressed, such was the peculiar emphasis, as well as the deep meaning expressed; but when the speaker closed with a warm utterance of thankfulness and blessing towards all, collectively and individually, the feeling was that the hearts of all hearers, as well as his own, must burst. But soon his countenance and speech brightened into renewed joyousness.

After a lengthened pause, during which a continued flow of conversation was kept up, Bunsen, raising his voice, addressed another of his sons as follows:—'Dear Ernest, in such times, it were impossible to disregard politics. We are all devoted in heart to our country, and bound in love and loyalty to the King, and our dear Regent, and need no peculiar call to arouse that consciousness; but in another direction I am urged to demand of you to join me in wishing joy and prosperity to Italy and to Garibaldi!' And he rose from his seat, and continued, 'We all, dear Gerhard, who have known and loved Italy, have from of old anticipated and foreseen the return to life of that blessed country, no matter whether in our own time, or in fifty or in a hundred years; and now we are actually beholding it in progress, with our astonished eyes, under the mighty shield of God! Italy, the cradle of our modern civilisation, of our intellectual advancement, *is free*. The day has dawned, in which the most intelligent, the most creative nation of Europe, for centuries degraded and oppressed, the sport of foreign Powers, and torn asunder by the violence of contending parties, celebrates its own resurrection, strong in self-sacrifice, in valour, and (what is highest of all) in moderation. The Hero has arisen to set his country free from thraldom, at once a hero

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without stain, and a highly gifted military commander. Garibaldi founds his hopes not alone on the sword, or even on negotiation, but upon the moral and spiritual resurrection of the entire nation. This remarkable man wrote not long since, "The best of allies that you can procure for us is the Bible; which will bring us the reality of freedom." Rather than he should be tempted to undertake the least thing inconsistent with the glorious task of saving his country, may his great life find an honoured end!'

The spirits of all present rose in proportion to the evident improvement (however momentary) in Bunsen's own state. One by one the absent were mentioned, who were sure to be present in spirit and in sympathy; and the joyous grandfather himself proposed with fervour the health of the infant, John Charles Harford, who in England was to receive baptism on this festival-day. The universal consciousness of family love and devout aspiration cast a warm glow even over the parting with Ernest and Elizabeth and their children, who, at four o'clock, started on their way to England.

Though nothing in Bunsen's state of health authorised the hope of his eventual recovery, there were yet several hours every morning during which he showed a wonderful capacity for work, and occupied himself with the critical examination and correction of his '*Bibelwerk*.' And besides conferences with his assistant, Dr. Kamphausen, on the Old Testament, he was able to go through the three first Gospels, with the help of his son Henry, in whose rich fund of biblical knowledge and scholarship he felt cordial delight. Several occasions are remembered, of bright and cheerful conversation with friends from a distance, the pleasure of whose greeting suspended for the moment the sense of habitual suffering: as, for instance, when Abeken made a short but inspiriting visit, and took part in a dinner party with him at Rheindorf (his son George's resi-

dence), on the 4th September. The departure of Henry and his family on the 14th of that month (returning home to his parochial duties) made room for his daughter, Mary Harford, who hastened over (with her husband and three of her children) as soon as able to travel, that she might once more look into the eyes of her father, and feel the present warmth of his affection. But the days were come, in which all felt 'there was no pleasure in them.' Meyer, the friend of long years, stayed for a time, departed and returned, watching for any occasion of usefulness: for many a day, he was the reader of the Cologne paper, until even that was too much for the sufferer.

In the beginning of October, a decided change for the worse took place in his health. On the 11th, a visit from the Princess of Wied was soothing to his feelings, but everything that used to be unmixed pleasure was now a painful effort. Still more was this the case, when her Royal Highness the Princess (now the Queen) of Prussia granted him (on the 15th) her gracious and sympathising presence. How had he, on every previous occasion of approaching her, enjoyed the intercourse to which he was admitted! Standing upright at the top of the stairs, dressed with his peculiar neatness (and looking cheerful, as if unwilling to inflict pain even by his looks), he awaited his royal visitor, whom his wife and Lady Llanover were conducting up stairs. He asked leave to accompany her Royal Highness into his library, where a short but vivid conversation ensued on matters near to the heart and mind of both speakers. By the desire of the Princess, spontaneously and most feelingly expressed, she was led by Bunsen to a neighbouring room, where Matilda lay on her bed, awaiting the result of Dr. Langenbeck's operation. And he was able, without any *visible* effort, to remain during the visit which her Royal Highness then paid to the rest of the family assembled in the drawing-room.

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Two days later, a sudden interval of comparative ease made it possible for Bunsen to receive a visit from Mr. R. B. Morier, which gave an opportunity of expatiating on political subjects, in which the power and rich stores of his mind astonished the hearers. This was almost the last of the long and animated conversations, in which he used to delight to communicate to others his own rich and glowing thoughts, and to call forth the thoughts of others. After the arrival of his son Charles, on the 21st, he was once more enabled to converse on Italian and other public affairs, the greater part of the afternoon. In the course of that week, he was twice taken to his favourite garden-pavilion, being carried down stairs on a seat borne on poles, then wheeled in a chair—the object being to see the cast of the colossal head of Jupiter Olympus from the Vatican, which by his desire had been placed in the pavilion. It had been ordered from Berlin six weeks before, and he had been impatient of the long delay in its arrival: but now that it was put up in its proper place, while resting on a seat opposite, he could scarcely look at the much-prized object. The second occasion of being taken thither, on the 24th, he said 'it would be the last time.' Two days running after this, he was taken out for an airing in an easy carriage. It was then that he expressed to his son George his last wishes on various matters—touchingly refraining from orders—but desiring that, *if possible*, his collections (books and engravings) should not be dispersed, and observed that though the outward air was refreshing, the effort of being brought into and out of the carriage was too great for him; and accordingly the 26th was the date of the last drive. On the 28th, the actual grip of death was upon him for the second time (the first was 25th February)—from morning till night the gasping, the struggle ceased not. The experienced eye of Wolff considered the last hour to be at hand—he ut-

tered in a whisper, 'This is a fearfully prolonged death-struggle!' CHAP. XX.

Contemporary Letter to a Daughter-in-Law.

Wednesday, 10th July, 1860.

An anecdote of two days ago I will write down, that it may be preserved as a family tradition. He was in a heavy slumber in an armchair, all disturbance had been forbidden, but yet Kamphausen made his way into his room, as appointed, at eleven. Bunsen, scarcely opening his eyes, said, 'Dear Kamphausen, I am not able to hold a conference to-day—you will work on alone, and be ready for me. I shall not fail to let you know the hour when I shall be able to see you; but listen to me, I have made out the question about Obadiah,—he lived in the time of Jehosaphat, that is quite clear to me;'* and then he pointed out a correction of a word in Kamphausen's last piece of translation.

On Monday, 22nd October, he made an effort to receive the farewell visit of the venerable Pastor Wiesmann, on his removal as Superintendent-General to Coblentz. The pastor remained some time closeted with him, and when he left him he expressed himself very feelingly on the subject of the solemn impressions which he had received in that interview. Among other things he said that when he remarked to Bunsen, that after all it was the personal communion with Christ, in life as well as in death, which alone could bring us peace at last, Bunsen rejoined 'that many had endeavoured to build all kinds of *bridges* in order to reach this goal, but that he had come to the full conviction that all those bridges must be broken down, nor should they be trusted to for effectual mediation, as there was nothing to hold fast by, except the simple faith in Christ.' Wiesmann then quoted some short passages of Scripture, the last being,

* The words, spoken in German, were: 'So, lieber Kamphausen—ich bin nicht im Stande, Conferenz zu halten. Sie werden allein fort arbeiten und bereiten; aber hören Sie: Ich habe ausstudirt wegen Obadiah; der lebte zur Zeit Jehosaphats—das ist mir klar.'

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'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me' (Phil. iv. 13). This last passage Bunsen seized on with peculiar animation, and declared emphatically 'how he had felt the truth contained in these words daily more and more, and hoped to experience it yet more fully to the end.'

The Last Month.

To record here some of the words uttered under the present sense of imminent death is due to the memory of him, whose reality of opinion and inmost conviction has been much misunderstood and misconstrued: but it would seem needless to give an account of each and every utterance, precious and consolatory though it might be to surviving love. A selection has been made, such as will give a true indication of the mind, which had passed into life eternal, even before its release from the poor suffering body; for even before the critical 28th October, speaking had become at times difficult, articulation being impeded by the inflamed condition of the throat, and by the gradual progress of the malady; so that words to express the thoughts that were struggling for utterance were often indistinct, forcing their way, as it were, through a thicket.

But the whole of that 28th October will remain, as long as consciousness lasts, impressed upon the minds of the surviving witnesses. The sufferings were intense, but the spirit remained throughout bright and clear; and its utterances, under the increasing conviction of the near approach of dissolution, bore but one character —that of looking upwards to God, through Christ, and of turning to the past, as well as to all around him, with love and thankfulness. Many notes were made of the broken sentences uttered on the following day, felt to be very incomplete: yet those who heard them have resolutely refrained from allowing themselves to modify, interpret, or connect the ejaculations, a few of which

follow:—'God be praised *for all!* in eternity—Amen.' 'His love is endless, spread over all creatures—nearest to *His own in Christ.*' 'Eternal love—that is the first, the origin. Love that wills—will that loves.'* His wife repeated a verse of a German hymn, 'In den Auen jener Freuden,' to which he responded, 'Amen! O could I but speak! could I but give utterance to my thoughts!' His wife said, 'God understands you.' He continued, 'I thank Him that He has taught me to understand Him. But God will yet grant to me—God will give'—— (probably meaning the power of utterance).

This (often repeated in various broken words) took place near the close of that terrible day. At one o'clock in the morning of the 29th, he said, with a clear and strong voice, 'During the last quarter of an hour a great change has come over my thoughts—not with reference to my immortal soul, not as to Christ, the one only Saviour of my soul—but with regard to my body.' For the first time since that seizure on the 25th February, he must have supposed the moment of departure to be at hand, for after a severe struggle, about two a.m., he suddenly and distinctly said, 'My God! into Thy hands I commend my spirit! I bless *you all*, my children. Come, all of you, that I may declare before you all, that everything of which I can dispose I leave to your mother's disposal: she knows all my intentions and wishes. To the Eternal God, the Almighty, the All-merciful, I commend my immortal soul. May He bless you all, and all friends! Blessings upon the fatherland! our dear fatherland!' Having been helped to lie down, he turned his eyes, with an indescribable expression of affection and a long-dwelling smile, towards his wife—'Most precious Fanny, my first, my only love! In you I have loved that which is eternal. No one knows what you have been to me. Thanks, a thousand times, for your love!' Thereupon he addressed, with a beaming

* 'Wollendes Lieben—liebendes Wollen!'

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look, each of his children present, and named the absent ones, more especially Theodore, the youngest son. Between each name he paused, as if in silent prayer for each individual. He mentioned the wives of each of his sons, and the husbands of his daughters.

'Prussia, Germany, England, Italy, and her freedom, hail!' 'The Gospel over the whole world! may it rule the world!' 'All blessings on the Prince and Princess of Prussia!' 'God bless the Prince and Princess of Wied!' 'Thanks be to Niebuhr—Stein!'

After a long pause he addressed his servant, 'Thanks, dear Jacob, for all your love and faithfulness, which you have so constantly shown me! Remain and hold fast by all mine, and they will stand by you.'

'*It is sweet to die!*'—he uttered these words with an unspeakably fine expression of countenance. 'It is sweet to die!' 'With all feebleness and imperfection I have ever lived, striven after, and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ. I depart from this world without any feeling of uncharitableness towards any one. No uncharitableness, no! that is sin' (speaking with a kind of inward shuddering).

The ejaculation, 'Glory to God on high!' uttered by some one, was devoutly repeated by him; and he resumed, 'It is a wonderful retrospect upon this world and this life *from above*. Now first one begins to perceive what a dark existence it is that we have here passed through. Upwards! upwards! heavenwards! Not darkness, no! it is becoming ever more and more light around me.' He turned, addressing one of those present more particularly, 'I live in the Kingdom of God; I am in the Kingdom of God: here below it has been only an anticipation.' 'But now, we behold'——'face to face,' said one of those present, to which words he assented, adding, 'How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Lord!' Thus, with long intervals, in which looks of

exquisite tenderness were granted in silence to several of those present (more especially that expansive, beaming smile to his wife, while resting with effort on one arm in order to turn towards her), the time passed, until a tranquil sleep fell upon him, lasting two hours, until six o'clock.

On the morning of the 28th, George had telegraphed to Ernest in London, that he *believed* he might yet see his father in life, if he could come immediately. This seemed to all others to be answering for too much; but the summons procured to Ernest for nearly a month the mournful satisfaction of seeing, and ministering to his father, and receiving his benediction in person. In the course of the 29th, the alternation of bright moments with longer times of unutterable distress, gasping and struggling for breath, went on regularly. The sufferer was pleased to be told that Ernest was expected; and he continued to utter ejaculations of farewell and benediction, as before, interspersed with earnest declarations of his faith *in* and *through* Christ.

On the morning of the 29th, about ten o'clock, after contending for a long time against confusion, he called each of the sorrowing party close to him, and gave to each words of tenderness. Extending both arms towards his wife, he said, 'We shall meet again before the throne of God. If I have walked towards it, it was by your help.' Then he said to all, 'Watch well to keep up activity of life! Let life be evermore living! Forget not the light!' 'Good night—now shut the blinds—and close my eyes to eternal rest.' He closed his eyes; the slumber of an infant came over him,—but the final rest was not yet; and he awoke soon after, asking after Ernest. Seeing Brandis, he exclaimed, 'Dearest Brandis!' adding to the bystanding family something indistinct, signifying that they should hold fast by Brandis. An affectionate greeting to Meyer, with the words, 'You stand between my German and my Eng-

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lish world.' One of his children pointed out to him the bright evening sky, and he exclaimed, 'Glorious! love in all!' (many times reiterated)—'God's life—the life of God—lives in all!'

He recognised his son Ernest instantaneously on his arrival. Late that night he began, clear in thought, but not in utterance, *in English*:—'May I not say a word? My strength is going, but among my children and friends I wish to say a few words. Is it too hard a thing even to say a parting word to the world? It is some time since I have given up fulfilling any public duties. It is my wish, therefore, to disappear entirely. I die in perfect peace with all men; I have entirely the feeling of a man who has desired to live at peace with all men, at the same time to speak the truth, and to say what he thought. So likewise, I wish all men, if they think of me, to think of me with benevolence, as of one who wished and strove to do good to all. I offer my blessing—the blessing of an old man—to all who wish to have it.' 'I thank all for their kindness to me.' 'I see Christ, and I see, through Christ, God.' 'Christ is seeing us,—is creating us. Christ must become all in all.'

Taking the hands of two of his sons, he said, 'Que Dieu vous bénisse éternellement! *éternellement!*' (often reiterated, and with strong emphasis.) 'Dieu, c'est *l'Éternel!* Dieu est la vie et l'amour; la vie c'est l'amour. (Looking towards the darkening window:) Nuit et jour, c'est tout un—Dieu en tout!' All these utterances were often repeated; and in conclusion the benediction, 'Dieu vous bénisse, *tous!* Laissez-moi,' gently letting go the hands he had clasped. 'Partons en paix—paix—paix! Partons en Jésus-Christ. N'est-ce pas? En Jésus-Christ.' After a time, he said, 'Die Erkenntniss offenbart uns die Unsterblichkeit.' ('Knowledge reveals to us immortality).' Again, after a pause, 'Christus recognoscitur victor!' (often repeated) 'Christus *est! est!* Christus victor!' 'Ja! gewiss, das

glaube ich! dass Christus siegen wird, dass Christus ist! ja beide (Gott und Christus) sind Eins.' ('Yes, that I believe, that Christ will triumph, that Christ exists—both are *one*.') Long and often did the mind work on this theme, struggling after expressions; and much was spoken, the indistinctness of which distressed the sufferer as much as the hearers.

'All power founded on supposed privileges must perish; it is all of evil. The United States of America have much yet to do—much for their future—to purify themselves—to make themselves free.'

'I entreat that no one belonging to me will neglect keeping up the connection with England.'

'Christ—those who *live Christ*, who live in love, the life of Christ—those are *His*. Those who live *not* the life of Christ, are not His—let them be called by what name they may, let their confession of faith be what it may. To belong to a church, or to any denomination, is nothing.'

On the 31st October he stretched out his hand, with a smile, on seeing Lady Llanover, and said, 'God be with you!—I have always felt for you, and with you, more than you ever knew.'

'Where is mamma?—hasten to call her—I am dying, my time is come, and I must have a few words with her alone. I am quite clear, we are all sinners! There is only one—Christ in God.' Turning round to those present, he said, 'Have you any doubts? I have none.' Then addressing his wife, 'We only exist in so far as we are in God; we are all sinners, but in God we exist and shall be in life eternal. We have lived in it, partly, already in so far as we have lived in God. All the rest is nothing. We only *are*, in so far as we exist in love to God. You know that I love you, but my love to you is far greater than I could ever tell you. We have loved each other in God, and in God we shall see one another again.' Looking fixedly at her, '*We shall meet again, of that I*

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am sure—in the presence of God. I have assured you of my love—is there anything more? Do you expect anything more of me?' 'Christ is the Son of God, and we are only then His sons if the Spirit of love which was in Christ is also in us.'

On the 4th November an improvement took place, and during the following night he was for the last time *quite himself*, overflowing with affection in word and look, when, between two and three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, he took solemn leave of his wife, with a last kiss, and a flood of light beaming from his eyes, which 'looked their last,' for they never had their own full expression again. He repeated, as though he had not made impression enough before, 'Love, love—we have loved each other—live in the love of God, and we shall be united again! In the love of God we shall live on, for ever and ever! we shall meet again, I am *sure of that!* Love—God is love—love eternal!' Never again were his words so clear and connected; although often, throughout the remaining days of his life, single expressions denoted the under-current of thought. 'The Eternal—the Eternal—strive after the eternal. Man, the human being (*der Mensch*), must become a sacrifice to the Holy One.'

Taking food of any kind had for many days been impossible; when the last attempt was made he said distinctly, 'God sees it is no longer needful for me.' So frequently had death seemed to be at hand, and the continuance of *such a life* to be impossible, that no one supposed the release about to take place, when it was actually imminent. The 26th and 27th November were days of misery indescribable; a degree of composure, with a mournful gaze and smile was only obtained on two occasions, when Emilia played on the *orgue expressif*, just beyond the door of the next room, while Ernest sung several favourite hymns, 'Jesus, meine Zuversicht!' 'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme!' 'Jerusalem, du hoch-

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gebaute Stadt!' and others.* But only a little while did this endeavour to tranquillise him prove availing. He recognised, on the evening of the 27th, Lady Llanover, who had glided into the room and seated herself noiselessly at a little distance; he stretched out his hand to her, 'Very kind, very glad!' were the only words intelligible. Later, he sent for his eldest daughter, but what he eagerly endeavoured to utter could not be understood. Possibly the beautiful words of the Psalmist, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest!' may have been 'the cry of the soul that goeth home.'

The watchers round this bed of death had found it right and necessary to divide the night-time, and relieve each other, too many bystanders at once having plainly a disturbing effect. Emilia remained by her father's side the first part of the last night, November 27th to 28th, till relieved by George about one o'clock in the morning; George retired between three and four o'clock, when Ernest took his place, and their mother came in at four o'clock, as had regularly been the case; the sufferer had plainly indicated for some time that she should not sit up late, but in her approach early in the dark morning hour he was satisfied. Emilia had left the usual charge to George 'to let his father feel him near, but not *see* him,' she having experienced that the uneasiness, which she could not relieve, was increased when she looked at him. When his wife came in, she found him with closed eyes, and in perfect repose of body and limbs; but the hand, of which she took hold, answered not, as usual, to the touch, with a strong grasp; there was a continued sound as of clearing of the throat, but that had been noticed the evening before, and notified to Wolff at his last visit; who said, 'That embar-

* These will be found incomparably translated by Miss Catherine Winkworth in that beautiful book, entitled *'Lyra Germanica.'*

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rassment of the throat is not surprising, after a cough has lasted so long—that may increase.' Thus everything contributed to prevent the idea of the common sign of approaching dissolution from occurring to her, any more than to her sons. Soon, however, the fact became evident. As the clock struck five, a loud convulsive cough was followed instantaneously by a sudden stoppage of his breathing, which till then had been painfully loud. The two watchers, his wife and son, were going to raise him higher in his bed, but the head had already dropped upon her shoulder, and the last breath had fled! The family party came in haste, and remained some time round the beloved dead. The eyes continued closed,—the features, however, did not retain a trace of suffering,—the peace was profound: nothing of the ghastliness of death was there. For two whole days, the remains continued beautiful, as in the most tranquil sleep: and invaluable was the privilege to the mourners of being enabled thus long to contemplate them, and take in the full conception of the blessing granted in that life which had just closed:—the immeasurable privation sustained in the death just witnessed could only be taken in gradually, during the remainder of the survivors' time on earth.

In the afternoon of December 1st,—a bright and cloudless winter day,—the oaken coffin containing all that was mortal of Bunsen was conveyed to the cemetery at Bonn, and deposited there, in the last rays of an unclouded sun. His wish was thus fulfilled: for on quitting Berlin in the year 1858, on a clear and sunshiny day with a cloudless sky, he had remarked to his son Charles, who accompanied him, 'On such a day as this, as bright and cloudless, should I like to be borne to my grave!'

The loving sympathy of friends had covered his last earthly resting-place with wreaths of evergreens and

flowers; and a large concourse of people from all classes were waiting, in solemn silence, to testify by their presence to the general respect entertained for the departed.

As the procession of mourners began to move, the coffin was carried down the staircase by his sons,* Ernest, Charles, and George, and his son-in-law, Baron von Ungern-Sternberg, assisted by Drs. Kamphausen and Bleek, who had been Bunsen's fellow-labourers in the '*Bibelwerk*,' and by them it was borne along the streets of Bonn to the cemetery, some of the students taking their turn as bearers. The sounds of a favourite hymn-tune,† proceeding from the same *orgue expressif*, to which the loved departed had been so fond of listening in his lifetime, accompanied the coffin as it was being borne down the staircase, and ceased not till it had left the house. And then its strains were taken

* The eldest son, Henry, was unable, through illness, to be present. Theodore, the youngest, was in Japan.

† It was the tune to one of Bunsen's favourite hymns, breathing aspirations after that better life in God into which faith already beheld him as having entered—'Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt!' It is here subjoined in its English form, as translated by Miss Catherine Winkworth, in the '*Lyra Germanica*':—

Jerusalem, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly,
It will not stay with me;
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It hastes to seek its Fountain,
And quit this world of pain.

O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last?
When fearless, to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast.
My soul I gladly render,
For surely will His hand
Lead her with guidance tender,
To heaven her fatherland.

J. M. Meyfart, 1684.

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up by the band of the 7th Regiment, or the King's Hussars, which attended by the special orders of their colonel, Count von der Goltz, and was stationed outside the house. The procession was then formed, the band heading it, and continuing to play on their wind instruments, all the way, a number of German hymn tunes, which, when once heard, can never be forgotten—thus, not only adding to the solemnity of the occasion, but also breaking by the soothing sounds of their music the mournful silence of that funeral cortège, which moved on slowly on foot from the house to the grave. Next after the band followed a long line of students, being a deputation from the students of the University of Bonn, headed by their various banners, and attending, as a special mark of respect, in their various costumes. Then came the coffin, borne by loving hands, and, last of all, the friends who were able to attend. There were no hired officials: no outward trappings of funeral pomp. The whole was marked throughout as the work of loving affection and of true friendship—it was a reality, not a ceremonial.

As the procession neared the grave, the boys of the Protestant School at Bonn, who were stationed round it, struck up the funeral hymn, and with their voices began the last solemn service. Then Pastor Wolters, after offering up a prayer, spoke a few words of exhortation, directing, with force and feeling, the thoughts of the bystanders from death to immortality, from the grave to heaven, from man to God. Another hymn, and handfuls of earth thrown into the grave by each relative and friend as they cast a last loving look on the coffin, soon hid from view all that could remind one of the earthly remains now returning as earth to earth, as ashes to ashes, as dust to dust!

'His soul was joyful in God. Nor was this only the case in the latter years of his life: he had long before

his death reached that innermost depth of faith, where all doubts cease, and faith is lost in sight! He had ever remained unchanged amid the changes of the time, with that true piety of heart, which springs from the deepest recesses of a devout mind, and is for this very reason free from all dogmatic entanglements, and from mere ritual service.'

Such were the concluding remarks on Bunsen, in an article written by a friend,* who admired and loved him, and such was the close of a life on earth, whose course had been one of love to man, and of aspiration after God. Perhaps there never lived any man more remarkable for the combination of greatness of intellect and largeness of heart, with that depth of affection which flowed evenly towards all his fellow-men, irrespective of nationality, creed, or station! Wherever his lot had been cast,—whether in his native fatherland, or in his beautiful Italy, or in that no less beloved England, the fatherland of his wife,—there he attracted all with whom he came into contact by his sympathy and benevolence, by the brilliancy of his wonderful mind, no less than by the depth of his genuine humility, —loving all and beloved by all,—his beaming countenance reflecting, however imperfectly, a soul filled with the love of God. Thus, though dead to the world, he yet lives, and will continue to speak to his fellow-men, through that heaven-born spirit, which is the offspring of Him in whom we all 'live and move and have our being,' the Spirit of Truth and the Spirit of Wisdom, whose outgoings have been, and will ever continue to be, in Love and in Truth, unto all eternity.

In this spirit he now addresses all the readers of this book, as a last farewell, in the words of that loving ex-

* Dr. Schenkel, professor at Heidelberg, in the '*Allgemeine kirchliche Zeitschrift*,' Elberfeld, 1861.

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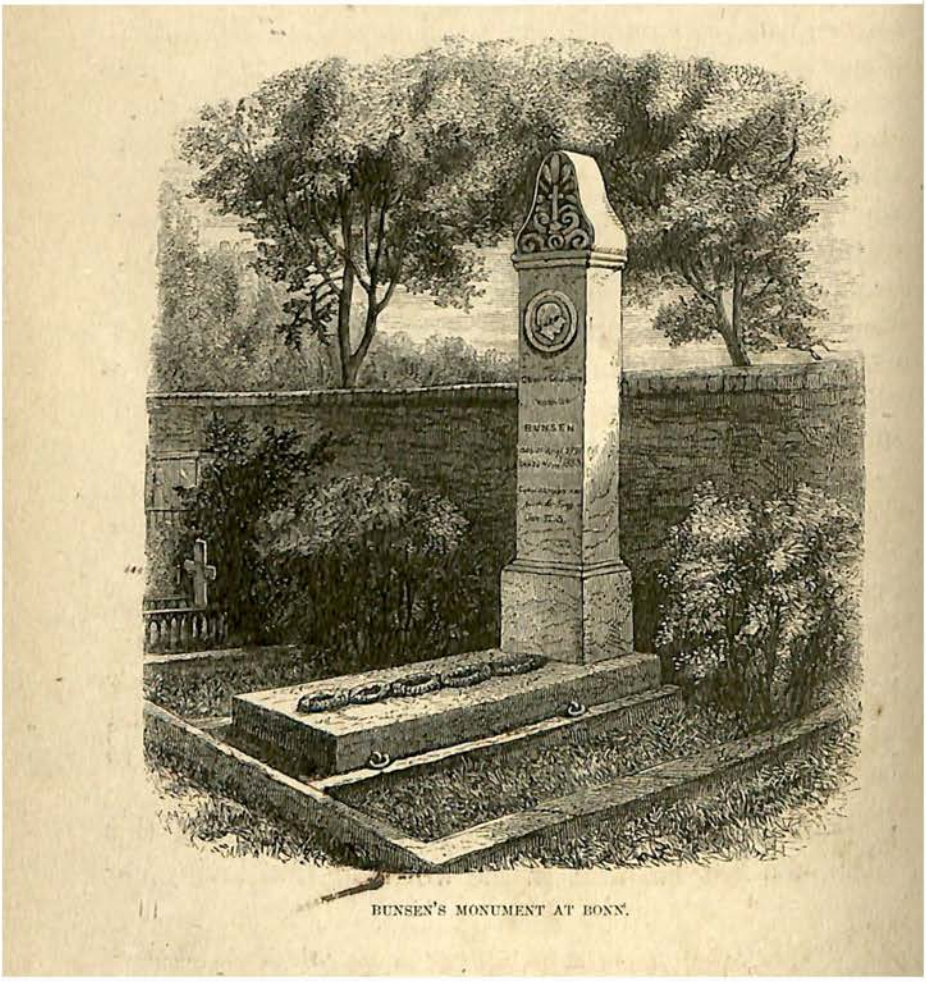
hortation of the inspired Prophet, engraved on the monument which marks his last earthly resting-place at Bonn:—

Laßt uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen!

'LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT OF THE ETERNAL.'*

* Isaiah ii. 5.



BUNSEN'S MONUMENT AT BONN.

APPENDIX.

A FEW OF BUNSEN'S POEMS IN THEIR GERMAN ORIGINAL

1814.

Reiſe in die Heimath.

Auf dem Wege von Arolſen nach Kaſſel, 2. Januar 1814.

1.

Früh in des Jahrs Beginn,
Heiter, mit leichtem Sinn,
Raſchen Schritts,
Feſten Tritts,
Wandl' ich durch Berg und Thal,
Vor mir der Sonnenſtrahl:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

2.

Wenn auch die Nordluft geht,
Stürmiſch der Mantel weht,
Frei der Arm,
Innen warm,
Wend' ich mein Sehnen hin,
Schau' nach dem Funken drin:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

3.

Führt ſelbſt zu ödem Ort
Täuſchend der Irrpfad dort,
Heilen Wegs,
Glatten Stegs,
Bald doch den frohen Blick
Wend' ich zum Licht zurück:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

4.

Nebel und Wolken fliehn
Finſter am Himmel hin;
Bergeshöhn
Hinten ſtehn;
Schwinde, mein Pfädchen, nicht,
Schimmre mir, treues Licht:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

5.

Dort auf des Waldes Höhn
Seh' ich das Zeichen ſtehn;
Wolken ziehn
Drüber hin;
Jenſeits in voller Pracht
Freundlicher Mondſchein lacht:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

6.

Endlich mit Siegsgefühl
Schau' ich der Wand'rung Ziel;
Ruh', die lohnt,
Dorten wohnt;
Traulich zu Heerdesſchein
Strahlet der goldne Wein:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

7.

Spät dann zum Kämmerlein
Geh' ich, so eng und klein;
Sternenglanz
Füllt es ganz;
Hin sinkt der Augen Licht,
Bis daß der Tag anbricht:
Weiter, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

8.

Froh denn, mit leichtem Sinn,
Eil' ich zur Heimath hin;
Geisteswehn!
Wiedersehn!
Dort, wo die Lichtwelt zieht,
Freundlich mein Sternlein glüht:
Dahin, mein lieber Stern,
Leuchte mir, nah und fern.

1814.

Schneegestöber.

Am 3. Januar 1814, zwischen Kassel und Göttingen.

1.

Der du geboren
In lichten Höhn,
Und auserkoren
Hinabzugehn,
Mit Glanzgefieder
Aus Wolken nieder
Zur Erde stiegst;
Daß sie erwarme,
In ihre Arme
Treuliebend fliegst;

2.

Jetzt deckst du linde
Das todte Land,
Flickst weiße Binde
Um Bergesrand:
Bald wird die Sonne
In Lenzeswonne
Hoch oben stehn;
Dann thaust Du nieder
Und steigest wieder
Zu Himmelshöhn.

3.

O Mann, vom Himmel
Mit Liebeshand
Ins Erdgetümmel
Herabgesandt,
Deß Licht und Wahrheit
Und Wärm' und Klarheit,
Die Gotteskraft,
Deß Trost dem Herzen
In Noth und Schmerzen
Sie segnend schafft:

4.

Streb' ohn' Ermatten
Auf heil'ger Bahn
Durchs Land der Schatten
Zum Ziel hinan.
Dort sinkt die Hülle
In Grabesstille
Zu sanfter Ruh.
Du steigst vor Sorgen
Und Gram geborgen
Dem Lichte zu.

1830.

Königslied.*

1.

Heil, unſerm König Heil,
Dir, Friedrich Wilhelm, Heil,
Flehen wir all:
Lang' ihn, o Herr, bewahr,
Stärk' ihn von Jahr zu Jahr,
Führer der Heldenſchaar:
Jubel erſchall!

2.

In deinem Gnadenblick,
Zu deines Volkes Glück,
Sandteſt du ihn:
Recht und Gerechtigkeit,
Wahrheit, Barmherzigkeit,
Freiheit, Geſetzlichkeit,
In ihm erblühn.

3.

Zollerns erhabner Stamm,
Leuchtend in Siegesflamm',
Stehet er da.
Von ſeinem Wipfel dringt,
Durch Leid und That verjüngt,
Dein Adler ruhmbeſchwingt,
Boruſſia!

4.

Unter des Sturmes Drohn,
Schallet um deinen Thron,
Laut Deutſchlands Wort:
Steh wie ein Fels im Meer,
Herrſche von Meer zu Meer,
Germania's Ruhm vermehr,
Vaterlandshort!

5.

Der du im Kriegesdruck
Friedlichen Muſenſchmuck
Mild uns beſcheert:
Vater des Vaterlands,
Schütze im Friedenskranz
Länger des deutſchen Manns
Heimiſchen Heerd.

6.

O, deck' mit Vaterhand
Gott unſer deutſches Land,
Sei unſer Schutz:
Schlinge der Eintracht Band
Mächtig ums Vaterland,
Zwietracht ſei ganz verbannt,
Dem Feinde trutz.

* These are the lines alluded to in vol. i. p. 231, and again p. 624, as composed by Bunsen for the birthday of King Frederick William III., August 3; the fifth verse being by Gerhard.

1837.

Astraea.

Ein Geſicht, geſchaut auf dem Capitol am 22. Januar 1837, niedergeſchrieben am 18. April.
Ueberreicht in Sans-Souci am 19. Auguſt 1837.

Ich ſtand auf heil'ger Zinne, dem ew'gen Capitol,
Und dacht' an ferne Lieben und an der Heimath Wohl:
Nach Nordens Bergen ſchaute der ſehnſuchtsvolle Blick,
Den nicht im Süden feſſelt Genuß und ſelig Glück.
Zum Königsſohne eilte das Aug' auf Geiſterflug,
Ihm, dem ſchon lang' im Buſen ich ſtille Huld'gung trug.
Denn Kunde war erſchollen von Leiden und von Schmerz -
Ans Lager war gefeſſelt Er, dem geweiht mein Herz.

...

Die Sonne ſank hinunter, dort hinterm ſtolzen Saal,
Der hoch und breit ſich wölbet, zwiefach ein Grabes Mal.
Es rauſchte trüb die Woge Marcellus Bau vorbei,
Der lehrt, wie bange Hoffnung des Volks oft nichtig ſei.
Die letzten Strahlen färbten den öden Lateran
Und ſchienen bleich und bleicher von Roma's Kreuzesfahn.
Doch ſilbern ſtieg dahinter, mit Rom im ſtillen Bund,
Der Vollmond auf, durchleuchtend des Coloſſeums Rund.

Da trat zu mir im Glanze, der Tag und Nacht vereint,
Ein Himmlsbild, wie's ſelten den Sterblichen erſcheint,
„Ein göttlich Weib, deß Rechte die Schlange kräftig ſchwingt;
Der Botenſtab der Linken iſt's, der uns Frieden bringt:
„Verſcheuche trübe Sorgen, ich trage frohe Mähr,
„Des Vaterlandes Freude und Troſtwort, zu dir her;
„Der Königsſohn, er lebet, er blühet friſch und groß,
„Und alter Wünſche Fülle birgt euch der Zukunft Schooß."

„Gegrüßet ſei mir innig, du holdes Himmelsbild,
„Du haſt mit Wort und Zeichen des Herzens Leid geſtillt,
„Wohl kenne ich der Heilung geheimnißvolles Pfand,
„Das Bild der ew'gen Tugend, den Himmliſchen verwandt.
„Du biſt's, die wunde Helden mit Götterkoſt gepflegt,
„Wie dich der Alten Glaube in Wort und Stein geprägt.
„Doch ſage, was bedeutet der Linken Wunder mir,
„Das Schlangenpaar am Stabe, des Boten Jovis Zier?"

„Nicht Hygien ſchauſt du, auch Hermes Zeichen nicht:
„Zeus Tochter iſt's, Aſträa, die thront im Sternenlicht,
„Des ew'gen Rechtes Göttin, die einſt der Welt entflohn,
„Doch ſtets zur Erde ſchauet vom ſel'gen Götterthron,
„Mein Zeichen iſt am Stabe der Schlangen friedlich Paar,
„Weil Recht und Fried' nur keimet aus Zwieſpalt immerdar.
„Es ward der Heilung Botſchaft in meine Hand gelegt,
„Weil ich den edlen Fürſten von Kindheit an gepflegt.

„Ihn hat mein Blick erkoren, als Schmach euch traf und Hohn,
„Des langen Schlummers Folge, des Uebermuthes Lohn.
„Ihn hat mein Aug' begrüßet, als ſich der Geiſt bewegt,
„Und in den jungen Seelen ſich alte Lieb' erregt:
„Als Freiheit ward errungen für Fürſt und Vaterland,
„Und Glaub' und Hoffnung ſchlangen um all' ein ſelig Band,
„Viel ward mir da gelobet, verheißen großes Glück,
„An meinen Namen knüpfte wie Jung ſo Alt den Blick.

„Und gern ſtieg ich hernieder vom ew'gen Himmelszelt,
„Und wollte bei euch pflegen, die ich geflohn, die Welt.
„Zwar eiſern war das Zeichen, in dem die Zeit erſchien,
„Doch ſollt' ein goldnes Alter der Welt aus ihm erblühn.
„Ein heil'ges Feuer zuckte durch jede Männerbruſt,
„Und drängt' aus aller Herzen weg Eigennutz und Luſt:
„In Liebe ward erfaſſet der Vorzeit heil'ges Recht,
„Und in die Zukunft blickte mit Glauben das Geſchlecht.

„Wie iſt die Zeit verklungen! wie alles öd' und kalt!
„Was groß und edel, birget ein ſtilles Grab gar bald.
„Ein klein Geſchlecht erſcheinet, an Glaub' und Liebe dünn;
„Wo dieſe ſind verſchwunden, wie ſoll das Recht erblühn?
„„Gehorſam zeigt (ſo klingt es), die Freiheit ihr begehrt:
„„Wer Gottes Recht ſich füget, nur der iſt ihrer werth.““
„„Der Schuldbrief iſt geſchrieben (ſchallt's dort) mit unſerm Blut,
„„Und künft'ge Rechte zahlten wir längſt mit Hab' und Gut.““

„„Verbannt die leeren Namen von Volk und Vaterland,
„„Sprecht nicht von Staat und Bürger, von eines Reiches Band.““
„„Wir hatten alte Rechte, die ſolcher Wahn zerſtört,
„„Bis ſie uns wieder werden, iſt nichts der Rede werth:
„„Das alte Recht wir fordern, das ſtützt allein den Thron,
„„Den frech in vielen Landen umtobt des Aufruhrs Ton.““
„„Euch g'nüge Bürgerfreiheit und Förd'rung im Verkehr;
„„Labt euch an Kunſt, wenn's lüſtet, und an der Weiſen Lehr'.““

„„Drum wollen (ſchrein die Meiſten) wir ſein ein neu Geſchlecht,
„„Wenn rechtlos, wer nicht euer, ſo gilt's um Menſchenrecht.““
„„Weg mit der Freiheit Scheine (ſo Andere), die uns drückt,
„„Des Königs Wille ſchalte, deß Milde gleich beglückt:
„„Wohl war uns mehr verheißen, doch laßt es nur geſchehn;
„„Wo ſei des Thrones Stärke, das werden einſt ſie ſehen.““
„Und jenſeits ſchallt's vom Fluſſe mit nicht verdecktem Hohn:
„„Seht, das iſt des Vertrauens auf Fürſten würd'ger Lohn.““

„Ich aber flieh' unwillig hinweg von dem Geſchlecht,
„Wo alle Rechte wollen und niemand will das Recht.
„Die heften heil'gen Namen an Selbſtſucht-frechem Spott!
„Die wollen Freiheit haben, doch Freiheit ohne Gott:
„Die ſehn im Buch der Zeiten nur ſchnöden Eingriffs Macht;
„Die wollen keine Rechte, als die ſie ſelbſt erdacht.
„So ſind ſie alle Thoren, denn alle wollen Tod,
„Weil, was ſie Leben wähnen, iſt wurzellos und todt.

„Doch lebt mein Recht in zweien, im Vater und dem Sohn,
„Ihm, dem im Sturm der König bewahrt den freien Thron.
„Er zürnt der Neurung Toben, weil ſie die Freiheit hemmt,
„Und wahren innern Lebens Geſtaltung feindlich dämmt.
„Er ſchützt, was groß, weil Kleines er heben will empor,
„Liebt Altes, weil zu bauen ihn lüſtet neuen Chor;
„Wo Vorzeit ihm die Steine zum hehren Baue reicht,
„Der Freiheit junges Leben zu heil'gem Dome ſteigt.

„Ja, nie Geſehnes ſchafft er, des heil'gen Reiches Bau;
„Des Vaters höchſtes Sehnen bringt allen er zur Schau:
„Was tauſend Jahr vergebens erſtrebt das Vaterland,
„Wird raſch ſich dann erheben von ſolches Bauherrn Hand.
„So wird der Fluch geſühnet, der alte Zauber los,
„Und Fried' und Freude keimen aus dieſes Reiches Schooß.
„Sein Name aber leuchtet, ein Segensbild der Zeit,
„Ein Stern in meinem Reigen voll Licht und Seligkeit.

„Ihm ſtehet mild zur Seite ein holdes Engelsbild,
„Der Sanftmuth heller Spiegel und alles Guten Schild:
„Sie hält mit Mutterliebe das theure Land umfaßt
„Und will verſöhnend binden, was jetzt ſich flieht und haßt.
„Gen Himmel iſt gerichtet des frommen Herzens Flug,
„Es flieht von ihrem Blicke weg Schmeichelei und Trug.
„Wie ſie mit bangem Herzen an ſeinem Bett gewacht,
„So blickt ſie neugetröſtet in ernſter Zukunft Nacht.

„Dir bracht' ich dieſe Kunde, weil du ihn treu geliebt,
„Und dich der Menſchheit Sorgen in ſeinem Weh betrübt.
„Drum ſtill der Sehnſucht Schmerzen, ſofern du mir vertrauſt;
„Einſt kommt ein ſchöner Morgen, deß Röthe du wohl ſchauſt."
Da ſchwand ſie hin im Schimmer der letzten Abendgluth;
Ich aber ſah's erglänzen, wie Sonne in der Fluth:
Ein Ring ward mir gezeiget, ihr Bild in Stein geprägt,
Das jetzt zu deinen Füßen dir treuſte Liebe legt.

1838.

Nachruf an den Pontifex Maximus.

Schau, hier im Fels, an dem du ſollſt zerſchellen,
Der grolleſt auf dem Zauberberge drüben,
Iſt des Geſchickes Nagel eingetrieben,
Wie ſich's gebührt, an Capitoles Schwellen.

Sieh, in den Felſen hab' ich ihn getrieben,
Von dem des ew'gen Lebens Ströme quellen,
Das Zeichen dieſer Zeit, aus dunkeln Wellen
Licht wiederſtrahlend in der Zahlen ſieben.

Und hinter ihm kannſt meinen Namen finden; —
Magſt du den Hügel aus dem Boden ſchneiden,
Des Nagels Spitze ſollſt du nie ergründen.

Wohl muß vielleicht ich von der Erde ſcheiden,
Eh' ich das Wort des Felſens darf verkünden: —
Ein Höh'rer kommt, von dem den Tod ſollſt leiden!

1838.

Segensgruß an Rom.

O, ewig heißgeliebter Stern der Erde,
Wo mir der Freund' und Kinder Gräber blühen
Unſern der Helden, die nach Lebensmühen
Jahrtauſende dort harren auf das Werde!

O Heldenſtadt, in nächt'gen und in frühen
Geweihten Stunden, wie vom heil'gen Heerde
Haſt du mit Mutterherzen und Geberde
Entzündet mir der tiefſten Sehnſucht Glühen.

Lebwohl! und mögen deine ew'gen Pforten
Sie fallen ſehn, die ſich im Lammeskleide
Geſetzt auf deinen Thron, den Geiſt zu morden:

Die Gottes Land gemacht zu öder Heide,
Die Aufruhrs und Unglaubens Mutter worden, —
Die Schuld an meines Volkes Blut und Leide.

1844.

An Niebuhr.*

Großes haſt du zerſtört und Größeres wieder gebauet,
Tief in der Urwelt Nacht leuchtet das römiſche Licht:
Volk und Gegenwart treu, durchlebteſt du liebend vergangene
Größe der Menſchheit im Geiſt, fühlend ihr Wohl und ihr Weh:
Wahrheit glaubend und ahndend, gewiß des verborgenen Schatzes,
Warfſt du der Forſchung Loth tief in die Klüfte der Zeit.
Roma liebend und Hellas, empfandeſt du Aſia's Zauber,
Lauſchend mit kindlichem Sinn älteſter Weiſen Geſang.
Auch Egyptens Geſtirn begrüßteſt du, freudig es ehrend,
Als es zu ſcheinen begann ob Pyramidengefild.
Forthin bahnend den Weg, erwähl' ich dich, Vater, als Leitſtern:
Leuchte im Dunkel du vor, ſtärke des Suchenden Blick.

1854.

An Arnold.†

Du haſt mit uns gekämpfet des Glaubens heil'gen Kampf,
Für alle tief empfunden der bittren Leiden Krampf:
Du ſahſt der Menſchheit nahen Gericht und blut'gen Streit,
Klar ſtand vor deinem Auge der Jammer dieſer Zeit.

* This is printed at the beginning of vol. i. of Bunsen's *Egypt.*

† Prefixed to vol. ii. of *Christianity and Mankind.* The translation of these lines, by Miss Anna Gurney, is given at p. 19 of this volume.

Da traf dich jenes Sehnen, das ſtillt der Erden Schmerz,
Es löſte ſich in Liebe das milde Streiterherz,
Begrüßteſt, Held, als Boten, geſandt vom Vaterland,
Den Engel, der dich führte ins ew'ge Heimathland.

Verſtummt iſt nun am Grabe des Zorns und Haſſes Wuth,
Ein Leuchtthurm ragſt du ſtrahlend aus nächt'ger Sturmes Fluth,
Es ſproſſet heil'ger Samen in mancher jungen Bruſt,
Ein Volk voll edlen Stolzes blickt auf zu dir mit Luſt.

Du ſelbſt biſt weggerücket aus der Verwirrung Noth,
Das ſchwerſte Seelenleiden hat dir erſpart der Tod:
Es liegt vor dir enthüllet das Räthſel dieſer Welt,
Schauſt nun, was du geglaubet, von Gottes Licht erhellt.

Wir aber wollen kämpfen, wie du es vorgethan,
In Hoffnung und in Liebe, mit Glauben angethan,
Die Ewigkeit vor Augen, Wahrhaftigkeit im Sinn,
Und geben für die Wahrheit das Leben willig hin!

1854.

An Julius Hare.*

1.

Unſer Weg geht über Gräber, wenn wir auf die Erde ſchaun,
Unſer Weg geht unter Sternen, blicken wir zu Himmels Aun;
Viele ſind hinweggeſchieden uns aus der geliebten Zahl,
Theure Todten früher Zeiten decket manches alte Mal.

2.

Laß den Blick uns denn aufrichten, wo uns winkt die Ewigkeit,
Leben wir doch ſchon im Ew'gen, mitten in der ird'ſchen Zeit,
Wenn wir ſinnen, wenn wir lieben, wenn anbetend wir vergehn
Im Gedanken dieſer Schöpfung, in des Geiſtes heil'gem Wehn.

3.

Denen iſt es nur verſchloſſen, die um Lohn das Gute thun,
Die mit ew'gen Qualen ſchrecken Seele, die in Gott will ruhn:
Blinde ſind ſie, die vom Zwielicht wandern in die Dunkelheit,
Kehrend Geiſtes ewig Walten in endloſe Zeitlichkeit.

* From *Christianity and Mankind*, vol. i. The English translation will be found at p. 320 of this volume.

4.

Freund, im Ew'gen laß uns leben, zu den Geiſtern ſchaun empor,
Dort in Gottes eignem Lichte ſtrahlt uns der Heroen Chor,
Die in engen Erdenſchranken hier gekämpft mit Gottes Muth,
Für der Menſchheit ew'ge Sache hingeopfert Gut und Blut. '''

5.

Was begeiſtert ſie erſtrebet, glänzet als ihr Ew'ges dort,
Leuchtet ungetrübt von Schwächen, durch der Zeiten Nebel fort:
Durchgebrochen ſind die Bande dort der armen Knechtgeſtalt,
Sel'ge Geiſter reden zu uns mit des Geiſtes Vollgewalt.

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